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# The Student

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# FROM THE EDITOR:

The question of what is fundamental has always burned on man's lips. But this, more than others, seems an age of lips raging beyond any poor power to control. And since the fires burn so hotly, much has been, and more will be, consumed.

As the number of those with lips condemned to fire increases, the lexicon of answers to the question of what is fundamental increases. We have answers piled upon answers, bagfuls of answers, and everywhere, someone or some group is declaring one particular bag to have the choicest answers: we stick in our hands, but what we pull out does not necessarily make us good boys and girls. Perhaps, then, the direction of the fires' energy should be altered somewhat. Perhaps we should attend to the way we answer rather than the number or "tastiness" of our answers. Perhaps so many will not be poisoned if the way of preparation of the contents we put in the bags is reconsidered.

Being an institution "committed" to the Christian gospel, at least on our neo-Georgian surface, we should be somewhat stirred by mention of a "way." That should recall, unless we are simply hypocrites, the *Way*. Whether or not such sympathetic recall occurs, Christ as Way, as Act, is important to the question of what is fundamental. Although his teaching may not be the fundamental element of life, the way he taught is open to our adoption as a form for the question of what is fundamental. For he taught by responding to ambiguity.

In parables, metaphors, in images, he fashioned verbal structures within which the non-absolutizable ambiguities of our lives might be approached. Ambiguities surrounding sex, law, war, politics, and love cannot be absolutized without strangling the mystery of life, the element of risk which makes freedom possible. To have and obey an absolute law for every event in life is to be unfree; accordingly, Christ came to eradicate the law, for his was a life and theology of freedom. Being that, his way of living and teaching was the way of image, the way of communication freed to multi-interpretation. Man seeks what is fundamental by constant revision and redefinition of what seems or is generally accepted as fundamental.

And when the search is conducted with image as a guide, the opportunity to revise and re-define is always open, for image is a structure, not a stricture. It does not contain ambiguity; it reveals ambiguity and the many varied approaches to it. Image does not clarify ambiguity, for then it would contain and control ambiguity, and that would be a false assumption of power. Image reveals ambiguity and the alternatives it involves so that each individual may use the image to choose his way of coping with ambiguity. This is the freedom of choice, the most awesome freedom.

Image then may be a way of freedom. Freedom from having to taste what can only inflame our lips further; freedom for every man to try what might cool his lips. Image may be a recipe which does not yield countless servings, each one triple the expected amount, but does yield a few precious bits of manna for everyone. Image may be the most sensible and sensitive power available for harnessing the energy of the fires that prepare the contents of the bags. Therefore, the editor of the 1969-70 STUDENT opens this year with certain images and their structure. For the STUDENT may be able to feed many that hunger after nourishing roots.

## DESERT QUARRY

### DUSK:

Ancient, desert flower,  
In endurance, alone, and  
Mad with enduring, spreads  
Withered petals, never dead,  
Around the cool, moist  
Breast of the night.

### DARK:

This hair had risen as weeds  
But that even weeds have life.  
Deeper than ever monster of the sea  
Sank, these eyes sank deep.  
And in the dark origin  
That then was now, I  
Could see no more; trapped, I hurled

The fundamental query  
Of what is fundamental.

From his eyes, a light—

The last, plaintive signal from  
Some sunken, dying kingdom—

Hurtled up the retinal walls:  
Reversed now was all seeing and in his eyes  
All images were luring, talismanic  
Logoi from before our sun  
From the sea  
Rose on this sun that it might  
Rise on him and me.

### DAWN:

And ancient, desert flower,  
Drooping its petals always dying,  
Curses the fundamental quarry  
That supplicates the sun, who fires  
Every desert.

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STUDENT: Dr. Scales, this summer you sent each Wake Forest student a letter informing him of the Board of Trustees' resolution on campus disorder. Do you feel this resolution has been deliberately worded ambiguously to stifle any form of protest?

DR. SCALES: No. It may be ambiguous, but not deliberately so. The intention of the trustees was very clearly to set up safeguards against violence in a time of danger, and at the same time, to preserve due process. Nothing was said about protest. This resolution is directed at violence to life and property. Due process was explicitly guaranteed by the leaving to the judicial bodies now having jurisdiction over student behavior the final determination of the status of students accused in a time of disorder.

STUDENT: Which bodies are these? The letter just states the "regular judicial bodies of the university."

DR. SCALES: They are the Men's Judicial Board, the Women's Government Association, and the Honor Council.

STUDENT: So it will still be left up to students to have the final judgment?

versities in the country got a similar letter telling of specific security measures which the college would take to preserve its integrity.

STUDENT: Why was the resolution so worded that it can be interpreted as eradicating due process of law—evidenced by the demand for summary suspension, and then the trial? Is this not a judgment of "guilty until proven innocent"?

DR. SCALES: *No one is guilty.* In the seven-day period, which we may call a cooling-off period, the president does have more than his usual powers of judgment in behavioral cases. I think your question probably ignores the very explosive conditions, the high emotions, the climate of fear, and threats of reprisals seen on American campuses in recent years. If I were accused of disruptive activity—damage to life or property—I think I would rather be tried seven days after the alleged action than the day of the alleged action, when in an atmosphere of violence, judicial proceedings are impossible.

I wish that everybody would read the whole letter, the trustees' action and my interpretation thereof. I said in all fervor that I hope

you—your privileges and obligations? Were you informed that there were certain things you must not do or say?

DR. SCALES: No, I suppose that it is a measure of the confidence of the trustees, and I hope it is a gauge of the quality of the institution that the President is given very broad latitude in defining the scope of his own job. I feel sure that the Trustees investigated my background in some detail. That is not always a guarantee of impeccable behavior, but it should not be necessary to say to the man under consideration for the presidency of a reputable school, "You must do this; you cannot say that." And no one tried, before or after my installation, to give me orders as to the limits of my job, my authority, or my behavior. And I'm grateful for that. Anyone interested in leading an institution must learn something of its reputation. He is usually given the vital documents: the charter, by-laws as well as the catalogue, audits and budgets, self-studies, and evaluations of accrediting teams. I feel that I face certain responsibilities with respect to the graduate and professional schools. I was given a copy of two detailed

# Two Years Later... An Interview with J. R. Scales

*James Ralph Scales is a busy man. THE STUDENT expected him to be politely attentive, but necessarily brusque. We were impressed by Dr. Scales' genuine concern for Wake Forest and his openness and desire to communicate. He is a creative and compassionate administrator in a demanding position. We scheduled two hours with him, with a tape recorder equipped to record considerably less. We ended up talking for six hours.*

R. A. Chamberlain

DR. SCALES: Certainly.

STUDENT: Is the fact that the Board of Trustees passed this resolution, and set up an ironclad system of answers to student activism... is this not an insult to your authority and responsibility as President of Wake Forest?

DR. SCALES: No, I think the question is framed wrong—there is no "ironclad system of answers to student activism." There is no such automatic system. There is provision for summary action by the president in emergencies. As matter of fact, does this not enlarge his powers? Some of us don't want more power, but we have to assume the additional burden of our jobs in volatile times. No, I certainly don't look on it as an insult to anyone. The trustees' action was probably one of the most moderate responses of a couple of thousand actions taken by Boards of Trustees in this country this past term. I think probably most students in colleges and uni-

versities is never used, but I don't think we can allow the campus to be burned down for want of prompt and vigorous action by those of us expected to guard it.

*I think the real protection against student disorder is openness on campus—attitudes, ideas, accessibility to students. The doors to these offices are open. Within them students will find men and women of understanding minds. This is really the only permanent guarantee, I think, of serenity: the knowledge that change can be effected, that we are responsive to rational discussion and to ordinary, even extraordinary, exhibitions of student protest. It is unfair, I think, to say that we are trying to stifle protest.*

STUDENT: Dr. Scales, you have been president of Wake Forest University for two years now. Looking back to your initial acquaintance with the University and acceptance of the position, what guidelines were you given as to the amount of responsibility entrusted to

self-studies of Wake Forest, its academic strengths and weaknesses, its capabilities for graduate work. I already knew a good deal about the character of its men.

STUDENT: What was your understanding of our goals and purposes then? With what challenges were you faced?

DR. SCALES: My understanding of the goals came from many impressions—talks with the trustees, talks with President Tribble, with former students who traced a pretty clear composite profile of the institution. *The chief goal was to keep this a good school; the challenge was to exceed the achievements of the past, particularly in the areas of graduate and research activities.* These have not been met largely because of the Vietnam War and the shutdown of a good many projects for the expansion of graduate study, and the slowdown of government and foundation support for research. We climb one hill, and without stopping for celebration, we see that there's





another just ahead that must be climbed. There will always be fresh goals. Even before we meet the present development goals of the school we must be setting new ones. These are very often statistical, and they amount to no more than keeping up with inflation, keeping up with the population explosion, keeping Wake Forest abreast of the fast-breaking events of our lives. Beyond that, I would not reach for the distinction of gimmickry. I want us to have the very best English Department that a private, liberal arts university in the South can possibly have; the very best History Department, the very best Mathematics Department, Philosophy, and so forth. It seems to me that these goals are worthy in themselves. I daresay that they can never all be met. By the time one department reaches distinction (through faculty appointments, student recruitment, sound programs), there may be some erosion in the strength of other departments, by reason of death, resignation, failure to secure the properly inspired major students, new gaps in the library holdings, obsolescence in equipment.

A basic strength of the school is evident to the stranger who spends an hour in our library, in some of these classroom or laboratory buildings, or in the recreational facilities. Some of the weaknesses are also evident. I think for example that the residences, the four quadrangles or houses, the fraternities, the women's residences, almost without exception, need improvement. The quality of our lives is affected by the pressures of large numbers of students in a comparatively small space. *We need more space for living, space for entertainment.* It is a challenge to me to make the four years at Wake Forest a more splendid experience for all the students, especially the undergraduates, who, I think, now are undergoing severe pressures; social, military, professional, and psychological. If there is to be a great intellectual awakening, the avoidable distractions must be minimized. We are not so well equipped as I would like to see us in dealing with non-academic deficiencies. The recreational possibilities, on-campus and off, are perhaps superior to those of the average campus. *In the college years, we are still trying to find our identity, individually and corporately. Some of us are swimming in space.* There's always some confusion as to what's expected of the Wake Forest student. Academically, this is the time for confusion! But the battle of ideas is best fought in an environment of stability. Keeping things in an uproar can hardly promote the highest standards of intellectual performance. So, along with the swirl of ideas in contention, let us seek some certainties, too. Orderly ways of life are needed for well-ordered thought. Yes, we have a crisis of identity, and I judge, listening to my fellow presidents, that most colleges and universities are suffering from that.

STUDENT: Realizing your allegiance must be divided to a great extent, where do you feel your final responsibility lies? With the trustees, faculty, donors, or students?

DR. SCALES: I don't think that question can be answered and I'm not trying to be judicious. I hope I'm not craven. I think the responsi-

bility, the legal responsibility, is to the trustees. There's no question about that. A man is faithless to the educational task who ignores the proper role of the faculty and the aspirations of the students. *Our common obligation is to make the four years the "supreme privilege of youth," the most productive that can be planned.* We fail, all of us, if we do not give the student that habitual vision of greatness that marks the good college.

STUDENT: Wake Forest is a liberal arts college in an increasingly technologically-oriented society. Are we a relic of a bygone age? What role does a liberal arts college have in our society?

DR. SCALES: No, we're not becoming a relic of any bygone age. I would hope that after four years, every undergraduate will come to see that a liberal arts education is the most practical there is. Technologically, the world has changed miraculously in my own lifetime, but the need for "Man thinking" is unchanged.

STUDENT: What must we do, and how can the administration help, to keep up with the vital humanistic needs affected by technocratic advance?

DR. SCALES: That is the business of the university community, isn't it? We have to make this learning, which is by no means entirely classical, relevant to the needs of contemporary life. The humane studies are needed more sorely than ever in a society that is brutalized by the explosion of numbers, by the pollution of the environment, the savage battle for existence in an urban setting, the machine itself. *Man needs lights, as Sandburg said, beyond the prison of the five senses. He needs to use the five senses as well, if he is to survive as a totally awakened civilized being.*

STUDENT: Have we become impervious to criticism? Is not negative thinking about the establishment, by its very presence, an indictment of our intellectual integrity?

DR. SCALES: I think you will have to separate the questions. I'm certainly not impervious to criticism. I don't know very many college administrators who survive very long without hides that are thickened by criticism—thickened, yet sensitized to the insistent demands for reform, in the intellectual community as well as the world outside.

By negative thinking, I suppose you mean the persuasive alienation of many youthful critics from the System. The fact that some of this criticism may be unfounded doesn't make me hostile to the critics. I suppose we are part of the Establishment, but we won't be for long if we remain "impervious" to these demands.

STUDENT: Dr. Scales, facing the issue squarely are we not still guilty of tokenism with regard to integration on campus?

DR. SCALES: No, it's well beyond tokenism. We haven't done enough, but so far as the attitudes of the trustees and faculty are concerned there is no footdragging. *There has been considerable difficulty in attracting a large number of qualified black students.* There may still be a few students, black and white, who resist integration and desegregation. I am thinking of the black separatist movement as

well as the lingering remnant of the Ku Klux Klan mentality.

STUDENT: What steps are being taken in the attitude of race relations?

DR. SCALES: More active recruitment, efforts to provide pre-enrollment, compensatory studies, tutoring for students with underprivileged or disadvantaged backgrounds, efforts to appoint black scholars to the faculty. These have not been successful except in the medical school, largely because these are the most prized people in education right now. Nearly every educational institution in the country is seeking black faculty members. *The question always turns on qualifications, and there is in my mind also a very serious doubt as to what we are doing to predominantly black institutions in the country if we strip them of some of their best qualified professors.*

STUDENT: Realizing the value of the tenure system among the faculty, it still can be used to keep professors around who have outlived their usefulness and relevance. Will students ever have a legitimate chance to evaluate with honesty their professors?

DR. SCALES: I hope so. The first statement concerns me. It is true that mistakes are made in the award of tenure. I think there have been few at Wake Forest across many years. I do believe that men wear out, that for one reason or another they grow less competent. Embittering experiences sometimes affect a man's professional career, but my impression is that at Wake Forest tenure is not lightly bestowed, and very few men assume that once they have attained tenure they can quit. They go on studying, they go on writing, and the great majority of them go on preparing for their classes, updating their notes, their methods of teaching, their own research. I have been critical of the operation of the tenure system at other institutions but much less so at Wake Forest. *Now as for the evaluation of teachers, tenured or not, I have no objection. I believe there is a proposal in the student government to consider this.* One of the joint Faculty-Student Committees is considering this very question, the proper form evaluation should take, what questions should be asked, whether an evaluation paper should be signed, whether it should be distributed to administrators or seen only by the faculty member himself. Some students suggested publishing a book, like those issued on some Ivy League campuses, evaluating some professors. These can be harsh and demoralizing. Of course much depends on who writes the book. I have seen some that were actually quite informative.

STUDENT: Do you foresee a program of student evaluation that is not numerical or grade ridden?

DR. SCALES: I think we have to stay open on that, too. There's nothing sacred, it seems to me, about A, B, C, 100%, 90%, 80%.

STUDENT: What about the ruling that an instructor may not stay here more than three or four years without working on his Ph.D.? Doesn't this prevent us from keeping a number of good instructors who do not want to take the time to do more research, or do not wish to have a Ph.D.?

DR. SCALES: Well, the university has to insure



its students a faculty with minimum credentials. Some are stimulating teachers. Few remain vital for very long unless they renew their scholarship with serious research. Like other requirements of faculty service this can work hardship on the individual instructor, and rob students of a lively personality, but on balance, that part of the system works very well. We get better men by insisting on their achieving the standards of professional competence and recognition.

STUDENT: What has come of the proposed curriculum changes discussed last spring?

DR. SCALES: They are still very much alive. *The processes of University governance are slow, patient, and often painful, but the end result justifies the means.* I believe Dr. Thomas Turner's committee should be ready to report about a midterm to the full undergraduate faculty. I don't know what the faculty will do with that proposal, but I believe that the more thorough-going curriculum revisions will put an end to semester hours, substituting for them courses, perhaps 35 in four years. Students would come in early September and complete the fall term by Christmas. There would be four courses, some meeting once, some four times, some many additional hours each week. We would concentrate on one course in January. The spring term would run from February through May. The "4-1-4" is fashionable just now. Whether it is actually better, time will tell.

STUDENT: When can we hope to have work begun on the long-awaited fine arts building?

DR. SCALES: *When we get the money.*

We have an abundance of plans; I have many advisers representing all schools of architecture and all theoretical positions on cultural shelters. I hope that, when it is at last a reality, we get the light switches in the right places.

STUDENT: On the one hand there are those fundamentally against any religious emphasis at all. They made themselves known in protest

against bi-weekly chapel, for example. On the other hand, there are hosts of confused young men and women who accuse us of instilling doubt, ridiculing belief, and betraying the trust of those who support us financially through their churches. Can this dilemma be resolved?

DR. SCALES: You can't reconcile the two positions, both of them I think reflecting serious misunderstanding of what really goes on at a university. The two positions, it seems to me, are equally misrepresentative of the nature of our program. We are not impious here, neither could anyone say that it is our first business to organize a church. *We are not a church; we are a school, and our business is education.* The Christian context of our work is apparent to anyone who knows us well.

STUDENT: In a world of shifting moral standards, college young people are often leading the way. But does Wake Forest not still "shelter its flock" in many ways? What about drinking on campus, for instance?

DR. SCALES: It may be hypocritical, but it is not uncommon for schools worldwide to hold to anti-drinking rules. This is chiefly to protect the environment for intellectual growth. The serious work of the classroom and laboratory demands clear-headed and healthy men and women.

STUDENT: What about the prospects for inter-visitation and coeducational dormitories?

DR. SCALES: Dim. *As for intervisitation, this is another of those unoriginal ideas that emancipated and humorless souls pursue with their persistent devotion to trivia.*

Intervisitation means the right of women to enter the private bedrooms of men students, and men to enter the private bedrooms of women students. I am against that as an unwarranted invasion of the privacy of a great number of students to satisfy the self-assertion of a few. The men's residences are badly designed for that. There are normally eight men in a suite. Seven men on a narrow hall

would be disturbed by a single visit. The Women's Government referendum showed the majority of women against intervisitation in their halls. It's just a question of orderly procedure. I think in the past our Presidents and Deans of Women and Men have been the target of ill-tempered accusations that our judgments are based on suspicion of students' morals. That is just not so.

We ought to encourage those things which contribute to intellectual growth and discourage whatever is harmful to the educational process. I think nothing can be gained on this campus by intervisitation. What I do want is more open lounges and more facilities in student houses or quadrangles; more opportunities for men and girls to see one another.

On the subject of coeducational dormitories, I have lived in a coeducational dormitory at the University of Michigan. It was in fact a large hotel, very well organized, very commodious. Students of all ages from freshman to post-doctoral candidates, all cultures, African, Asian, American, whites, blacks, Indians, all religions including nuns and priests. (In those days, all still wore habits.) All lived in a hotel-type situation. If that is what you mean by a coeducational dormitory, I can recommend it.

STUDENT: Does the university attempt to set up a moral standard for its students?

DR. SCALES: I should hope we do. If you are talking about written statements, about constitutions, by-laws, creeds, you will probably search in vain. *Our standards are found in the traditions of justice and fairness, the concern for the disadvantaged, for rectitude in professional lives.* I'm tremendously concerned that we define morality more broadly than it is usually stated in collegiate publications in such facile catchwords as the "New Morality." The moral standards that I am talking about apply to all the issues of life.

STUDENT: Dr. Scales, in the course of this interview, you have expressed openness and





receptivity to change in living conditions, in evaluation of professors by students, in change in grading policies, curriculum changes, and coeducational dormitories. Therefore, all that remains is for the student body to become more active and concerned. Do you agree?

DR. SCALES: *Well, the New Jerusalem will not come in a day. I think we may expect some reverses in mankind's slow upward progress. There will be disappointments. Student rights are not going to be ensured in a single year of revolutionary change, and neither will their responsibilities always be exercised with total fidelity, but I am hopeful that out of this upheaval American higher education has suffered in the last five or six years, we may be better able to do our intellectual task. I am persuaded that we are already becoming better schools through this time of troubles. We have more committed people, more people who are concerned, more unselfish people who are willing to use their many talents unselfishly and put their education to work in good causes.*

STUDENT: What role should Wake Forest have in the community—both students and administrators?

DR. SCALES: It should be appropriate to contemporary life. We've been searching for the proper level of activity in the community, consistent with academic demands, ever since we moved from the old town. In the old town, Wake Forest was the community itself. Here we have had to form new relationships, to approach the social structure tentatively. We've discovered that people are eager to accept us in the industrial, civic, and social life of the community, and now of course we want to make a stronger contribution in the solution of community problems—primarily the racial problem in such areas as religion, housing, employment, education, health, law, and aesthetics. With a law school, a business school and a medical school, and with a concerned and compassionate student body and faculty, I think Wake Forest is going to take more than its share of community work. There will be tensions. *Reformers are usually suspect, and academics are usually reformers.*

STUDENT: Do you think the student body is doing enough?

DR. SCALES: No. Under the Urban Affairs Institute of Wake Forest University, we're going to do more. This Institute may soon become the Urban Academic Consortium of Winston-Salem, pulling together the resources of the four institutions of higher learning.

STUDENT: Wake Forest is a Baptist-affiliated college. How has this affiliation restricted us?

DR. SCALES: Not at all. I don't feel restricted by anything but my own ignorance. No one from the Baptist headquarters in Raleigh or Nashville has ever told me what to do. There are no denominational restrictions about which I know except that we must have a balanced budget.

On the question of control and support, we are restricted under the charter to a board made up of North Carolina Baptists. That means that potential board members who are



not Baptist (or even devout Baptists who live elsewhere) cannot serve. With a sprinkling of outsiders, presumably we would gain financial strength and academic wisdom, strength along with experience in many fields of finance, the world of letters, and industrial technology. Personally, I've had no quarrel with the board I have. They bring strength from many areas of life.

STUDENT: But in this age of ecumenism in religious life, and of greater mobility and easier travel around the globe, do you not feel in all Baptist, all N. C. Board of Trustees can by its very definition only keep us localized, isolated, and backward?

DR. SCALES: I suppose this would be true if the individual members were parochial in background, attitudes, and opinions. They are not. I suppose we could have a limited, backward board of perfect racial, ethnic, and geographic balance, whereas, as happens to be true with Wake Forest, we have a wise, tolerant, and far-seeing Board of Trustees made up exclusively of N. C. Baptists. I agree that this goes contrary to the carefully nurtured stereotype. This is no paradox. In a world of mobility, our trustees are mobile, too. Better still, their minds are lively and hospitable to change.

STUDENT: Would you favor more liberalization of the Board?

DR. SCALES: If by liberalization you mean adding more non-North Carolinians and non-Baptists, yes.

STUDENT: How would this procedure be carried out?

DR. SCALES: The State Baptist Convention charter would have to be changed, either by the fairly minor adjustment of permitting changes in the makeup of governing boards, or by a far more drastic redefinition of relationship, freeing the institution from denominational control, permitting the existing Board of Trustees to nominate their successors from other sources, and perhaps also—this is a two-sided bargain—freeing the denomination from any responsibility for support. I would think that, in view of the fact that the present level of support is fairly low, the denomination would not want to do less. We could freeze denominational support at the current level and use the Baptist subsidies solely for the Department of Religion, the chaplain service, the Church Relations office and scholarships for students of religious vocation, and still maintain the historic Baptist concern for the total institution.

STUDENT: Do you foresee this in the immediate future?

DR. SCALES: Much depends on the reaction to the Committee of Twenty report to the Baptist State Convention in November.

STUDENT: Is Wake Forest a prodigal son to traditionally conservative Baptists? Aren't we going against the mainstream of Southern Baptist thought?

DR. SCALES: This may be an accurate view of the matter. I expect every good university must go against the mainstream of conventional thought. *The revealed wisdom of one age is the object of ridicule by the children*

*of the next.* It takes courage to combat the majority in your own age. It certainly is the business of any serious institution of higher learning to combat fundamentalism, which by my definition is a refusal to think. The fundamentalist fears new ideas.

STUDENT: Have we outgrown our need for affiliation? Should we discard it?

DR. SCALES: Certainly not. The eleven million-plus Southern Baptists need the contributions of the scholar. If and when benighted elements threaten the human spirit, then the scholar's work is more essential. The scholar's insights are needed more by his own people. And an institution which has been proudly, historically Baptist can make an enormous contribution to the revitalization of the Southern spirit, to the rebirth of religious life in the nation and the world.

Far from wanting to disaffiliate, I look on the role of Wake Forest as essential to denominational leadership and most crucial in the decades ahead. If we're going to make very much of an impact on social and political fields, it's important that we speak to the Baptists of North Carolina, for example. There are 3500 Baptist churches that are predominantly white, with something over a million members, and another one half million predominantly black. We can become the great catalyst in what has been described as the culture-church of the South. We can become redemptive. Wake Forest has been a force to be dealt with since 1834. We will continue to bear our part of the burden.

# college bookstore and sundry shop



# Mission:

By Steve Baker

# Irrelevant

At noon in a well-known, expensive restaurant, a quiet gentleman listens unobtrusively to a cheeseburger. His name is Jeff Jarvis and he commands and masterminds a small but potent task force of undercover agents. From a micro-tape recorder disguised as a pickle within the cheeseburger, Jeff is receiving instructions for his next

## MISSION: IRRELEVANT

"Jeff, it has come to our attention that the WF Board of Trustees has secretly voted to build the university's long-awaited fine arts building; in specifics they have designated \$153.00 of the new budget for the construction of the one room Chandelier Memorial Arts Complex to float on pontoons upon Reynolda Lake. Jeff, we would like to see that vital fund devoted to a more American activity—the football team *must* have this year's two-tone, leather-velvet chinstraps if they are to perform well this season. Your mission, should you accept it, would be to stop that directive before it reaches President Scales who has been showing a blatant overinterest in academic needs lately. As usual, if you or any member of your I-M squad is killed or captured, the secretary will have to disavow any knowledge of your activities. Good luck, Jeff. This pickle will self-destruct in five seconds."

Back in his plush penthouse apartment atop the Huffman Building, Jeff carefully selected the personnel whose talents and other assets will contribute to the execution of the fan-

tastic plan which is sprouting somewhere in his mind. Oscar Grunt—a man with super human strength; Paprika Parsons—mistress of seduction; the Marquis de Facade—the man of thirty-seven faces; Yom Kipp—*the* daredevil acrobat of Hebrew descent; Buster Payne—expert in the art of destruction; and Fred Jones—a good friend.

Early the next morning, Provost Edwin Wilson is seen driving up to Reynolda Hall and going inside to work. He speaks to many friends and colleagues in the building. No one suspects that this man is not Mr. Wilson at all, but that incredible impersonator, the Marquis de Facade. Acting in



his pernicious pose, Facade has sent a memo to President Scales asking for a few moments to discuss plans for seven new sundials for the campus; Facade-Wilson is now on his way to the president's office for that supposed discussion. As he speaks with Dr. Scales he spots the direful directive on top of a stack of papers for the president's morning reading. Drawing on his wealth of tricks and ploys acquired during an outstanding career in espionage, Facade makes his move. "Dr. Scales, I believe your shoe is untied," he says, and as the bewildered executive stares at his feet, the inscrutable imposter stretches his hand for the dreadful document. But Doom overtakes him. The president's faithful canine friend and bodyguard, Missy, senses danger in disguise and yawns menacingly at just the wrong moment—Facade is startled and he drops the costly communication. In horror he watches it slide slowly under the desk and out of sight. Facade has failed. He says goodbye and rushes from the room.







News of the disaster is soon brought to Jeff Jarvis. He is disappointed with the bumbling fingers of Facade, but as usual has an alternate plan prepared for action in the event of such a mishap. He wastes no time.

Within an hour the delicious Paprika Parsons is bouncing her way across the campus towards Reynolda. Her objective is to worm information out of one of the stone-faced campus patrolmen. With a little smile and a lot of wiggle the curvaceous cutie has soon recorded the many secrets of the Reynolda fortress—all of its 27 well-used or forgotten entrances and exits, plus the life story of the spell-bound officer—all on a mini tape recorder hidden cleverly somewhere on her chest.

But back in the penthouse, Jeff is wrestling with a seemingly insurmountable problem. How will he get into the president's office before it is too late??? An obvious burglary would arouse suspicion, but there is no time for and really no use of getting another appointment. How can he just walk into the president's office with no notice or reason and then do whatever he pleases??? INSPIRATION!!!! The mission must look like a student take-over of the administration building.



"Yes," Jeff later tells the group, drifting into one of his infrequent and meaningless philosophical moods, "it's the obvious cover for our mission. Constructive action such as our true purpose is never connected with these modern-day spectacles. There are only a few conventions which we must observe. We must be obnoxious; we must break something; we should have some obviously radical left connection—I've chosen Che . . . it will give us a chance to use our South American revolutionary costumes; and above and easiest of all we need to present some list of student complaints and



demands. Here they are: (1) That because the course offerings of the university are so obviously ivory tower and unworldly, we demand that each student spend at least one semester in either the DMZ of Vietnam or Antarctica where he can finally find the foundations of education—relevance and drastic involvement—lots of it! (2) That in order to end discrimination and inhumanity, the university shall, without subjecting them to the degradation of admissions



The M-I Squad takes a brief pause for refreshment in the President's office.

or requirements, democratically award degrees to each and every person over seventeen years of age who sincerely promises that he really wants one. (3) That in order to extend responsibility and authority to the student body which has so diligently earned it, the university shall appoint no fewer than one student to the task of regulating parking and giving tickets and (4) finally, that the ROTC program be removed as far from the campus as possible, indeed as far from the presence of all intelligent and sensitive people like us as possible, because who wants intelligent and sensitive people to run the army!?!"

The plan is agreed upon and set in motion. Jeff, remembering at the last moment that every real takeover tries to be novel and unique above all else, has planned his attack for 3:00 A.M. In the dead of night, eight figures cautiously approach the slumbering administration building. Six go in



Huster goes to work while Yum takes a well-deserved rest.



Oscar Grunt cases Reynolda Hall back down on its foundations.



immediately, leaving Kipup and Grunt on the outside. Jeff quickly leads the group into the main lounge and announces in a very loud voice: "We, the students for a good society, declare this building to be under our control. We refuse to allow anyone to enter or leave for as long as we want to stay here." And there was a dead still in the building. No one moved. The take-over was so bold, so dramatic, so secure, so forceful, so late at night, that during the occupation only one stray dog tried to enter the captive building. It was immediately kicked in the ribs to show the determination of the marauders.

Jeff leads his band next to the president's office. Waiting there with open arms and open door is Kipup, who has scaled the wall with rope and iron to the office window. The success of the mission now rests with two men. Buster Payne unpacks his window and window breaking kit to proceed to that act of violence which will earmark the take-over beyond doubt as one of anarchy. While Buster is shattering his glass, Oscar Grunt is about to play his vital role from the outside. Jeff, and any other good spy, knows that he must not lift the desk to retrieve the paper because the sharp-eyed Scales would certainly notice the slightest movement when he returns to work. And so desperate steps are required. Grunt is going to tilt the entire administration building on edge and hope that the paper will slowly slide, with a few shakes and twists of the building, out from under the desk. It is a tense moment and even the fantastic figure of the cool Paprika is quivering (beautifully) with anticipation. Finally the left-hand margin of the valuable memorandum shows itself and Jeff grabs it. While Grunt is easing Reynolda



Hall back on its foundation, the task force is already slipping out an exit and into the darkness. As they go their separate ways later that morning, the letter destroyed, they leave behind an administration building that has known an awesome, unaccustomed tyranny from 3:02 A.M. until 3:53 A.M., a Reynolda Hall which has been shaken from top to bottom, broken windows, and a sore doggie. The threat of fine arts on campus has been met for this year.



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# The Hunter

© 1969

E. T. Dentry

Out from the house he trudges into the slick and primal world in the rain-sopped morning, her eyesacs watching him go, and she yells at him to bring home some kind of meat. So Harry Fenner with the burnt toast and lukewarm coffee resting lightly on his stomach climbs into the car saying *some kind of meat* to himself and thinking that this means he will have to make a decision sometime this day. He does not like decisions but he prides himself on his knowledge of cuts and quality. And that is why later at work he tells Johnson at lunchtime:

—My father was a butcher you know. My father was reputed to be the best butcher in Passaic. Of course Passaic only had a few real old-time butchers when my father was young. Oh, two or three maybe, but

But Johnson does not seem to hear him. Johnson seldom looks into anyone's face. He plunks a quarter and plinks a dime skillfully into the slot and opens the clear plastic window to retrieve an RF-energy-rapid-heated roast beef sandwich which comes cooked from the inside out in a piping but undamaged cellophane wrapper. He waits while his dime tinkles tumbling down through the coffee machine and they listen to the office ladies at a nearby table who are gossiping about poor Nancy the receptionist who got knocked up and probably the supervisor Mr. Kelly did it while the coffee falls in a warm stream into the styrofoam cup.

—So anyway what does that make you? says Johnson.

—Nothing special. Just a butcher's son I guess, says Harry. It's something anyway.

Johnson chuckles quietly at Harry.

—You old son of a butcher, he says. Johnson is known for his wit.

—That's not very funny, says Harry.

In the lunchroom corner sits little Sandy Denning with her book lodged before her face. She can be no more than twenty-three and perhaps as young as nineteen. The book is *Coming of Age in Samoa*. Harry sees her as an unapproachable work of art. Half a peanut butter sandwich disappears behind the book and comes back sheared off. Pieces of crust always lay on the table after Sandy's lunchtime. When she leaves at exactly 12:25, the book goes back into her big straw purse, dips right into the purse with the marker only three pages from where it was.

—She watches you you know, Johnson tells him. Then Johnson shakes his head as if he sees something he wants only it is beyond his reach and Sandy moves timidly away between the polished gray formica tables and out of the lunchroom carrying the big straw purse that always holds the book.

—Skinny but nice, says Johnson with an appraising pucker of the lips. She is wearing a yellow miniskirt but her legs are sadly thin and Harry never understands why Johnson says skinny but nice every day at lunch hour.

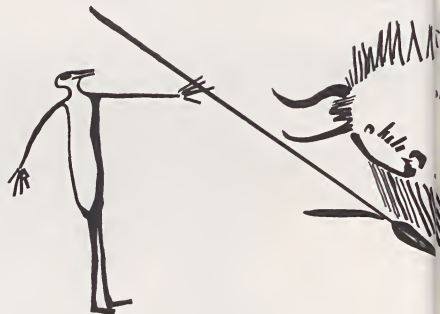
But there is something about her sleek legs and the way they seem to run parallel all the way up and never converge. Like a work of art. For the past month Harry has been planning to sit with her. Now he tries to remember if he ever caught her watching.

—Do you really think she watches me?

—All you have to do is say the word, was Johnson's strange reply.

Harry is comparing Sandy mentally to his wife while Johnson continues on about the beauty of an angular face. Then talking about hipbones. What does he know about hipbones? thinks Harry, him married to that lymphatic she-walrus who is always pregnant. Comparing Sandy to Johnson's wife Harry begins to laugh inside himself.

Sandy is behind her desk again unwrapping rubberbands from files and typing in the new entries and there is the after-lunch longing in her that reminds her of the reason why



she cannot finish the book can never finish the book never will, o God, finish the book because she is in love for no reason at all with this man in the lunchroom who is married and who sits with Johnson and who lamentably seems to be completely without distinction, completely nondescript. And she hates herself for loving him because she is so young and the book she is reading is *Coming of Age in Samoa*. The other ladies are unwrapping rubberbands from files and typing in the new entries.

Finally at ten till four o'clock the desks are all clean and the ladies begin to slide into their sweaters and watch carefully the big wall clock—their glasses are put away in the cases and file reports lay in neat stacks on the desks and some of the ladies smoke cigarettes. The men start first for the door and the ladies follow them. They don't have a punch machine—they are trusted. When four comes they are flowing like corpuscles to the door and then through it.

E. T. Dentry is a senior from Our Lady's Manor, Maryland; he has written the prize-winning short story in THE STUDENT's fiction contest.



Popping out of the building and down the concrete steps Harry's arms swing in unison. He bends them at the elbows. He is the first one in the parking lot, remembering what she said when she said to bring some kind of meat and thinking that there is more to what they say than just what they say. He is thinking about her waiting for the meat—waiting in their home on the couch in curlers for the meat—the housework finished and some television doctor crying wavy-haired there on the tube for love. He is seeing her get up smilingly and take the meat from him like an offering and carry it before her into the kitchen. And the kitchen is a sanctuary and the oven is an altar and the offertory a kiss and he follows her into the kitchen and there she says to him:

—My darling husband who is not like any other husband in the whole wide world. Nestling against his chest—those eyes that nesting deep in the fleshy sacs look out at him from



under the gnarled headgear—she truly sees him to be a devoted man and most certainly a willing provider. This makes him feel very good.

—I love you, she tells him. This brings him peace.

As usual the A&P is crowded and the people in the lines push the carts tightly up to one another's back and stand coughing. Harry presses against the meat counter. He fondles the meat in the clear plastic wrappings. He moves stealthily between the lamb and the beef. He punches the legs of the chicken and inspects the economy steaks for the dangerous dark spots. And suddenly he sees it where it crouches cowering dislike in flat red camouflage among the others. His head crouches suspiciously behind him and he reaches over the little glass partition into the tray. It is near. It is nearly his to carry in a bag home to the limp curler-topped wife who will love him for the prize. The prize. Suddenly there is another person by his left shoulder. It is Sandy.

Sandy has followed him from work. If they collide he will excuse himself but the prize will be his to take home to the wife who waits like a priest. He is very fond of his wife. So he grabs it. It is his. Excuse him.

But the apology came too late. They had collided as if in the past and they were remembering something together again. Then Sandy lost her footing and sprawling began to go down. While she fell her arms reached out. Her taut finger-tendons grasped for him and her blue eyes widened. She grasped for him and he reached out to save her the pain of a fall. She resisted but not knowing what to resist fell then freely and watched him like a lamb as she fell feeling embarrassed and he stood unable to help but confident that she could not be hurt and strangely he remembered himself adoring her as she fell. Then she caught hold of the steak which he still held as he had mysteriously known he would. The steak came firmly in her hands and he supported her while her naked legs splayed out awkwardly with the skinny knees turned in and the yellow pastel panties showing under the yellow miniskirt. He held on to the steak and at last reached with one hand to pull her up apologetically by a frail elbow and he felt that the whole scene had somehow been played out before.

—I'm terribly sorry, he says. His lips are dry. His chest is pounding. They hold the steak together.

—O it was entirely my fault, says Sandy.

—No, no honestly it was my fault. Please take it. He holds the steak out to her. She is gazelle-like. She attracts him but she also makes him furious. She attracts him. But now he can never tell her the things he wanted to tell her at the table in the lunchroom. He will never be able to sit with her at lunch. He almost loves her: if he believed in love he would say beyond a doubt that he loves her but he feels that the steak is his property now—he knows that it is his. Yet he must let her keep it. She attracts him. It is the proper thing to do. He holds it out again to her generously and his eyes beam like sad and forgiving Christ eyes.

—Please take it, says Harry.

—O no, I couldn't, no I won't. I refuse, I can't, but thank you, she says. Sandy begins to hurry off without the steak and Harry feels relieved only suddenly Sandy hates herself for the wicked woman ploy and then for the cowardice and then the failure. So she turns around and there he stands still meekly proffering the steak.

—My name is Sandy Denning, she says.

—I know that, Harry says, hearing in his soul his last pleas for help disappear under the rush of blood inside his arteries.

She hesitates and then she says, feeling cold-blooded and frightened:

—We work in the same office.

—Yes.

—We eat at the same time. We eat lunch at work at the same time.

—Yes I know.

She is skinny and very shy, like a tiny tiny gazelle. But blue eyes are rimmed with alluring black and the long black lashes seem to reach for him. The eyes are droplets of



Aegean glass hung huge in the olive face inside the rims of black and the long black lashes curl upward the way they say the black universe curves away in a beckoning and unapproachable parabola and remains always mysterious. Yes unapproachable is the word he thinks of. Yet however unapproachable, her face moves toward him here in the *A&P* as naturally as the tide. The tide. The steak has fallen and hangs cold and limp from the fingertips of his left hand.

—Your name is Harry Fenner, she says.

—Yes.

—I know that. I checked.

—Checked? Why did you check?

—I don't know. Maybe well I could answer another question if I knew. It would be much easier for me if I could answer it.

—What question is that?

—O I just don't know. I mean I don't think I can say. Not right now. No you see I'm very confused Mr. Fenner.

—But why confused Miss Denning?

—O please call me Sandy.

How it happens really although he can tell you the particulars, the walking hand in hand out of the *A&P* to her car and then Harry nervously following her in his own car and riding up the elevator along with her, the paper sack under his arm, nervously patting his car keys against his leg, is beyond him. This is the question he ponders—how it really happens—in the strange and cramped seventh floor kitchen while the too well-done meat curls up its edges in the pan so it is shaped like a shallow brown bowl and the kitchen is filled with the acrid reek of blue meat smoke. Sandy holds his hand in her tiny tiny warm hand and while he wonders if his wife has called the police yet says:

—The right burner is always too hot.

—No it's my fault Sandy. I wasn't watching it, really.

—No Harry the burner. . . .

Her eyes are swimming in his head. Swimming in the dizzy hot smoke-filled room where the fan whizzes loudly away in the circular hole in the wall and he feels he can almost say I love you to this fragile girl, which will break the ice of several years of saying it by ritual and never meaning it and never having believed in it anyway. But he doesn't say it yet. The kitchen is not the right place although she is securely pendant from his chest and looking up at him with those pleading sea eyes that he suddenly remembered a moment ago as if they had been there on his chest centuries before and the two of them having been somewhere together or were going there now.

. . .

Cokes and dinner in the livingroom although something was not right with the meat. Sandy sits close to Harry deep in the foamy sofa seat with the greasy plates in front of them on the coffee table and he sees the familiar straw purse oddly misplaced on a chair by the door. Sandy stares at him as if the television were not even there, seeing kindness in the furrows of his face and gentleness in the gleaming top of his head that is enshrined under a wispy covering of hair.

—O Harry, she says leaning toward him with her olive face turned up.



This is the trouble, he is thinking. This is the trouble, Fenner. But he cannot fight the blue adhesive eyes. The aristocratic blue adhesive eyes humble him. They humble him even before he can tell her he loves her, which he now fully intends to do. No! Aches to do.

Then she gets up—intoxicated and frightened.

—Are you coming, Harry Fenner?

She makes a big thing out of this, makes a huge romantic scene out of this as though she did not know exactly what to do next.

She is walking toward the bedroom taking off her clothes and he is thinking of his straining and threatened middle-aged cholesterol and the panting hound-dog heart of the lurid adolescent child-man that ravages inside him bearing all its fetid and childish guilt and he remembers her eyes, the blue eyes, and watches the sleek brown legs that mysteriously do not converge and feels as if he has been on this couch watching this scene for all eternity. Feeling that the aching scene has no sequel and no possible consummation. Feeling then content to want only. To want. And feeling numb in the legs and unable to get up, able only to watch her as if it has already happened or never happened or will someday happen without Harry's effort anyway. Unable to follow her. She seems to walk away from the couch but never to get any farther away. And then she returns to the couch still struggling with her clothing and slowly seats herself beside him, beside Harry, still struggling with one arm behind her back. Harry must be sure that this is Harry Fenner on the couch, really Harry Fenner from Passaic New Jersey here with Sandy Denning—only Harry Fenner liquid in motion like underwater grass waving in the race tide has lost control of himself and cast adrift and paralyzed watches her. She attracts him but he benumbed makes no move to get up from the couch. Once more moving toward the bedroom she calls him like a spirit and then is gone.

Harry sits on the couch biting his fingernail and watches her disappear. Now too late he is remembering the doctor shows on the television that are long over and the sac-eyed wife peering anxiously from the house where the particular forsaken cupboard in question lies bare, into the darkened street and

And then he is up and calling to her.

And in the bedroom she does not hear him.

—Sandy! I've got to go, I. I'm sorry, so terribly. Maybe another time, Sandy. Alright?

In the bedroom she does not hear him. She lies fervid on the bed. She does not hear the apartment door close.

—I am naked Harry. She breathes it.

Too soon he does not come. Never comes at all and. And eventually. Eventually she shivers momentarily with electrostatic want, which soon subsides only into spasms and then tears, which soon soak the fist-twisted sheets with nude embarrassment. And then she lies for a long time languorous on the bed stunned and listening to the water dripping in the kitchen sink and the buzzing of two flies playing on the walls and fizzing against the dirty window panes in the crummy little apartment, and the apartment reeks with the lingering odor of burnt steak, and sadly she falls by grades asleep.



Jenny Robinson

*by Tommy McNabb*

*A portrait . . . the perfect gift  
for any occasion.*

**McNabb Studio**

Wake Forest University

*Carol Breeding*

Carol Breeding is a 1969 graduate of Wake Forest and is now doing graduate work at the University of Tennessee.

I read poems on brown-stained walls,  
on curtains  
                  swinging through broken windows into  
never-new thick grey air  
                  of tenement blocks,

find songs in pigeons sleeping  
                  silently on paintless sills,  
in dirty children with  
                  empty old-man eyes  
and old men with round-eyed faces.  
Like madmen sitting in attics

                  I praise sewers and bare lightbulbs  
and sing un-funeral songs  
                  to old gravediggers  
and know what graves say  
                  behind inscriptions.



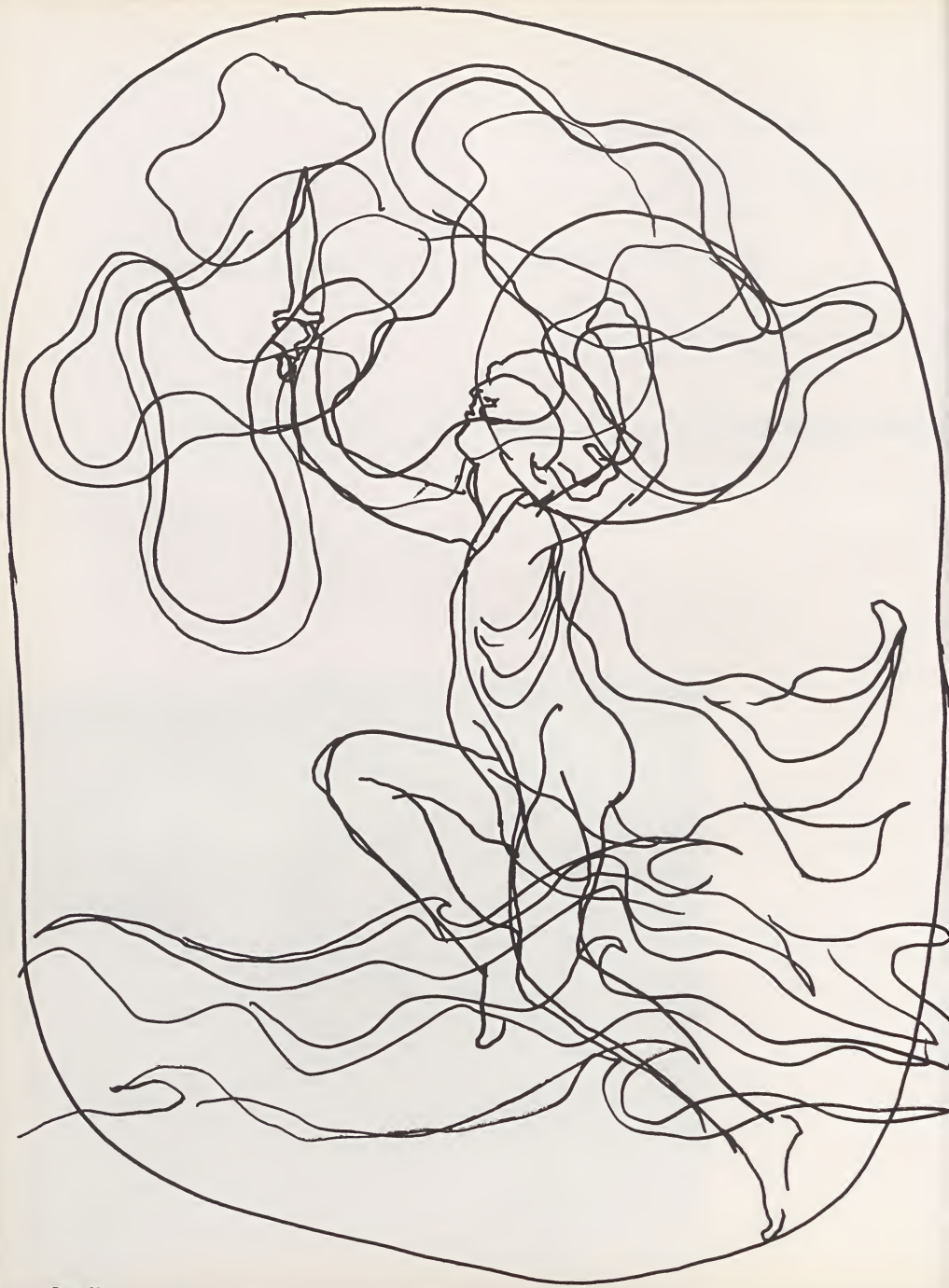
*Mr. Cranford is a senior at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.*

### THREE POEMS BY HAROLD CRANFORD

#### I

The tall woman who sang in his mother's house  
Had died, the proud face pulled down.  
In hot summer, that great chastening love,  
The voice once speaking far away,  
Could not be heard, nor could she move.  
Of his kisses, the last  
Were given poorly in lonely silence  
To the dark air.  
Dead, death, lonely, unseen, weeping.  
Her comforters by seeing her made her wish  
That death might do her hair,  
Firm and paint her now soft face.  
The sadness was he could not weep.  
She never, nor could ever have been his lover.  
In her misfortune she sang,  
And to his eyes her singing  
Made the rotting living wood to blossom.  
—Those glowing logs in flower.  
In her old rooms, the rotting hangings,  
To be treasured.  
He had forgotten of her much,  
And of her songs, false memory left  
Little to recreate what was.  
All wept at her proud eyes but he.  
Hate weeps, not love.  
But when he turned, she had gone;  
Gone too the fading music she had left.  
Knock with the tongs and bones, and enter.





## II

The poet was the ghost of Hector  
Shouting on the brittle wind.  
The shades gathered round him  
And drank his blood and sang.

One moment as a child  
He took the spear and ran along the plain,  
crying the great war cry.  
And the ghosts heard him call  
And hemmed him in  
With the crash of the waves whose sound is  
like swords, breaking in the hands of kings.

And forever around him until he died,  
The sea and the shades made war.  
And because a child sang the great war cry  
The poet made war with his lonely words.

## III

Round of joyous

Such things sadden,  
And you think of deaths,  
Your own, the many  
Where the sun is bright  
But the hot wind still.

Of these weddings you shall attend so many,  
And see them stand among the white flowers  
Where the sun slants down through the colored glass,  
Where the light slants down before you.  
There the dust falls down in the light,  
Like fire coursing down the archangel's sword.

But yours is no eternity.  
For of your progeny  
The hot stars shall  
Eat none, none shall live their way  
Into that light. These, yours,  
Cannot be eternal,  
Though they shall not die,  
Having not been born,  
But thought of.  
Being only the pale flowers  
To adorn the endless  
Fertile round of joyous deaths,  
Round of the joyous.







# A SAMPLER OF PROHASKA

Prepared by Miss Day Dunlap  
Photographed by Rick Banasik

*Lusty, powerful Ray Prohaska has come to Wake Forest as Artist in Residence.*

*Variety is Mr. Prohaska's motif in technique and in theme. He broke into the art world 40 years ago as a fine illustrator for such magazines as Post and The Saturday Review. Today Mr. Prohaska has become what he calls a lyric painter. Influenced by the movement of abstract art, he creates patterns of colored shapes which may produce the visual impression of a temple, a harbor, or a man.*

*The subjects behind Mr. Prohaska's talent are also varied. When he is not fishing himself, he captures both the thrill and the duress of a man with a line. In his large mural on the opposite page, Mr. Prohaska comments on the development of modern communication. Each pop art detail enriches this theme. A special silk screen technique makes the famous Churchill filmstrip appear transparent. The teletype ticker tape actually reads "This was designed and executed by Ray Prohaska, Artist in Residence at Washington and Lee, in the spring of 1965." Mr. Prohaska has also included phrases in eleven different languages and a model of Telstar, the first communications satellite.*

*An artist is the sum of his work, for into his work he sweats his talent, his enthusiasm, and his ideals. These pictures are but a sampler of Prohaska, a fine artist and a dedicated teacher. Wake Forest has needed Mr. Prohaska for a long time. We welcome him.*

COMMUNICATION: 1965: 98 x 80"; MIXED MEDIA



PROCESSION: 1960: 26 x 60": CASEIN TEMPERA

SURF FISHERMEN: 1964: 18 x 24": WATERCOLOR







ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR: 1962: 22 x 30": WATERCOLOR





THE TIMES THEY ARE A 'CHANGIN': 1964: 40 x 50": OIL

FISHERMAN: 1950: 38 x 20": OIL

TEMPLE OF POSEIDON: 1954: 30 x 40": CASEIN TEMPERA











## Recognized by a College Degree

College, Dr. Baker is always seeking to reach more students. To that end, he modified his speech and offered it for *STUDENT* publication.

than you. The truth is that about the same proportion of them as of you would hold the lantern while their grandmother chopped wood. In basic goodness you will not average out any better than your friends who will not be graduates, nor will your faculty. The degree that you will one day receive does not represent vocational training, a mastery of specific information, an improved mind, or even an improved character. Some of you may now be thinking that I am trying to convince you that you are wasting these several years, or indeed talk myself out of a reason for being. But that is not the case.

If you wish to communicate with a Frenchman, it is well to speak his language. As you begin to learn it, it is helpful to have someone who is fluent in both French and English assist you. After you achieve a certain familiarity with the foreign language, less help is needed. You can advance more independently. Eventually you will be able to communicate effectively with Frenchmen unaided, though you will probably never speak like a native.

Communication is rather difficult even on relatively simple matters. It is monumentally difficult on complex matters, for at these higher levels each intellectual discipline has its own jargon or way of speaking or even way of thinking its own language. The word "man," for instance, has subtle but important differences in meaning for the philosopher, psychologist, sociologist, historian, artist, anthropologist, biologist, and theologian.

A conversation between two historians, say, or between any two specialists discussing their specialty, is a conversation between natives. Your professors trust that upon graduating you will speak like a native in some area—that of your major. You may well use this mastery for vocational purposes. For instance, if you can speak the language of biology like a native, many professional opportunities are open to you.

Though you are required to speak like a native in only one discipline, in order to receive

a degree from Wake Forest University you must be to some reasonable extent polylingual. You must be able to communicate with some fluency in a number of widely different academic languages. This is what a liberal education is. To acquire this sophistication in the "language" of any intellectual area necessitates coming to grips with a subject in some depth for an extended time. This is why you have worked and will continue to work so hard to master facts and theories that you will soon no longer remember.

If you have had several good philosophy courses, then when you open a book by a philosopher you have never heard of you will not encounter a foreign language. You will follow the present battle over the importance of DNA to genetics with an understanding not available to someone who has not studied biology. The tragedy for the art world resulting from the floods in Florence is more meaningful to you if you have studied the history of art.

Is this all you will get from college? Is this all a bachelor's degree represents? Actually it is not, but if it were, I would be proud. For a liberal education is one of the great glories of man. It is one of the most important means by which man realizes his true nature. You shall one day have this endowment, and I rejoice for you. For what is the real scope of the degree as we have just defined it? An increased sensitivity to the world in which you live, an awareness in greater depth of your immediate environment, and an awareness of greater breadth, reaching out beyond the narrow borders of state, region, and nation. Neighbor, a leaf, a building will not be the same to you, because you will have been here. You will, as Edith Hamilton put it, irradiate the particular with the general.

Just one more point; for now I must hedge a bit on my earlier discussion of values. It is difficult to find a more heterogeneous group than a college faculty. It really has very little in common. Its interests vary from Japanese

banking practices to the private lives of insects inhabiting salt marshes. I wish I could say that a devotion to a liberal education unites it. It does not. Some of your humanists probably haven't looked at a book on the natural sciences in the last ten years. Some of its scientists perhaps haven't read a poem since World War II. I wish I could say that a faculty has in common a devotion to research. It does not. Some have done little research since their graduations. I wish teaching were its bond. Many of us would continue to teach full time if we became financially independent. Others teach in order to eat. A few view students as their mortal enemies whom they meet daily on the field of battle. What then does the motley crew have in common? A love of learning, a passion for knowledge, a value system which puts intellectual matters far higher than does society at large.

You will, accordingly, have lived in the heat of intellectual values for four years. You cannot escape unchanged. Your degree must therefore represent an attitude toward learning which truly sets you apart.

I said in the beginning that it was impossible for you to receive only a piece of paper in your four years at Wake Forest University. It is, after all, your university's solemn guarantee, its letter of recommendation as to your intellectual character, its certificate of your intellectual health. But the moment you finish your formal education, not a really distant moment for any of you, society will begin its inexorable campaign to reduce your diploma to a piece of paper and no more.

Most of you will be entering circles with different intellectual values. Seldom will you be called upon to speak those languages so arduously acquired. Webster defines atrophy as a wasting away or failure to grow because of insufficient nutrition. For every one of you who, twenty years hence, looks back on this time as an intellectual commencement, there may well be one whose college degree has atrophied, who has just a piece of paper.



# Letters from a London Traveler

Jeff Griffith

Although I was planning to major in European history, I had never been outside the United States. Previously I had thought of a trip abroad only as possibility for the distant future; now I began actively seeking a way to get to Europe. In January I received an invitation from Dean Mullen to help him with his research in London during the summer. This would give me a chance to learn something about the historical profession, as well as to see some of England and the European Continent, so I gladly accepted. The four letters printed here, which were written for a particularly interested friend, describe some of my thoughts and experiences during the part of my trip which I spent in England.

Wednesday, August 6, 1969

Dear

I arrived in London Sunday night, and have had time to begin getting acquainted with the city. Germaine Brée gave Dr. Mullen the name of Professor Cockings, who teaches French Literature at the University of London, and who is renting us two rooms in his house. The

Cockings are on vacation, so we have the house to ourselves, except for some people who are renting the upstairs. We have a stove, so we can cook our own meals.

We buy our groceries in small neighborhood shops. The English have not developed the super-market as far as we have, although they do have a few small ones. Most Londoners still do their grocery-shopping in small grocery stores, fruit stands, butcher's shops, and bakeries. The bakeries, by the way, are numerous and quite good. The grocery stores carry American cold cereals, sometimes with slightly altered names. For example, Sugar Frosted Flakes are called "Frosties." On each box of Kellogg's cereals there is a crest and the notice, "By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen Purveyors of Cereals."

We have been cooking our own breakfast, and then going out to dinner. There are several good, inexpensive places to eat nearby, including an all-night Wimpy Bar. The Wimpy is just like an American hamburger, and is not "thick and hard as a rock" as one of my sister's friends warned me. The Wimpy Bar is too much like an American snack-bar for me. I prefer to eat at the Fish and Chips restaurants. Even there one finds some American influence—one place even has "southern fried chicken." I'm trying to stick to English dishes, although these are not always the tastiest. English sausage is so devoid of spices that I have to split it open and pour in large quantities of pepper before I can eat it.

Last night an English lady sat with us at the Fish & Chips, because the other tables were filled. She immediately began talking about the moon-walk. There seems to be as much interest in the American space program here as there is in the States. Book stores are full of moon maps and books about space exploration. I have even seen one store selling moon globes. The newspapers are still full of stories about the moon-walk; The Times is advertising a series of new color photos of the walk to be published in its magazine this Sunday.

The English newspapers have surprised me by being so small. The London Times has only two sections during the week, and one of them is a business section which hardly anyone reads. Even on Sunday it is no bigger than Washington newspapers are in the middle of the week. American newspapers, the good ones, that is, give more details of the news than the English papers do. On the other hand, the London papers have more news about other countries. For whatever it's worth, the editors seem to assume that we are withdrawing from Vietnam.

So far I have not encountered any outright anti-American feeling, but there is some criticism and resentment. An Irish woman who was on my plane flying here from Paris was complaining that the "American invasion" was destroying the national identity of some country, while the rest of Europe resisted. I wasn't able to hear which country she meant. Her

remarks might be partly true for Paris.

The anti-imperialist graffiti which I have seen criticizes the United States and Russia together. In record shops and some book stores there are posters satirizing the United States and Great Britain both, which indicates that the sentiments expressed or appealed to are against the "Establishment" in general and not against a particular nation or government. These posters represent Britain as a pot-bellied, stubble-bearded, half-dazed idiot. Certain aspects of American culture are ridiculed, such as undigestible greasy hamburgers and french-fries. The attitudes Americans display toward the rest of the world also come under attack. I am thinking especially of one poster which unfortunately has more than a grain of truth in its idea—a thin, ragged Oriental is sitting cross-legged and munching on a Baby Ruth which he has gotten from a candy-filled CARE package.

The English record shops are exactly like those in America, except for this slight difference in posters. There is the same psychedelia, and the records are just the same. Even Country and Western music sells well here. Of course there is not much surprising in the similarities; the English and American under-thirty subcultures form a mutual admiration and imitation society.

Some of the English pornographic posters are a little more coarse than those I have seen around Washington. I remarked to a young English school-teacher that America seems to be behind England and the rest of Europe in pornography, to which he replied, "You just stay behind!" I'm sure that we have pornography to match theirs, however, if one knows where to look.

Dr. Mullen has been unable to get me permission to work in the reading-room of the British Museum, which is unfortunate, since one of my main reasons for coming to London was to work there. Dr. Milne of the University of London Institute of Historical Research said that he could not let me use the Museum reading-room because I am not yet twenty-one. He did give me permission to use the University Library. My library card is made out to "E. J. Griffith, Esq." The reason for the age limit is reasonable enough: Oxford and Cambridge are not far from London, and their students would crowd everyone else out of the Museum if there were no age limit.

Not being allowed to work in the Museum means that I have a lot less to do than Dr. Mullen planned for me. This is somewhat disappointing, but it does allow me more time for sight-seeing. London is an ideal city for the tourist, for it is remarkably easy to get around. The buses and subways of the London Transport System will take you anywhere in the city and its suburbs quickly and inexpensively. This system would serve as an excellent model for Washington, if we could overcome the prejudice which is so resistant to anything seeming even slightly socialist.

Sincerely,

Jeff Griffith is a junior from McLean, Virginia. This is Mr. Griffith's first appearance in THE STUDENT.

Thursday, August 14, 1969

Dear

I have gotten settled into a routine of sorts, doing some work for Dr. Mullen and seeing a little more of London and the surrounding country-side. It is slightly tempting to be a bit sardonic and deliberately avoid some of the better-known tourist attractions, but in fact many of them are worth fighting the crowds to see. Bearing this in mind, I went to Westminster Abbey a few days ago.

I didn't realize until I visited the Abbey that it is England's coronation church; all of her monarchs since William the Conqueror have been crowned there, except for two who were never crowned: Edward V, who was murdered by his uncle, Richard III, and Edward VIII, who abdicated before he could be crowned. This was all secondary to my real reason for visiting the Abbey: so many of England's most illustrious citizens are buried or at least memorialized there, providing a review of the high points of English history and a reminder of this country's rich contributions to Western civilization. You cannot imagine what it is like to walk among the tombs of so many men—Chaucer, Handel, Newton, Darwin, and so on—who have had such far-reaching influence that we no longer know them as mortals like ourselves but as living ideas.

But to be mundane again, I was a little amused and a little appalled at two English boys of about my own age who were puzzling over Darwin's marker. One knew that Darwin was somehow connected with the theory of evolution, but the other did not even know what evolution was. His friend explained that it was "monkey to men." I hope that such ignorance is not the usual product of the English system of education.

I have also been to Greenwich, which I found particularly interesting because I found there, side by side, the two opposite pictures of England which history books have planted in my mind. One is a picture of well-ordered gardens, great houses, and wide lawns with large shade trees. The other is a picture of dirty, smoking factories and dingy, grimy slums. At Greenwich one sees the factories and blighted dwellings of industrial England next to the park and gardens of a former Royal Palace and the Royal Observatory. The observatory is one of the few places worth going to, just to say that you have been there; straddling the line which marks the Greenwich Meridian, you can rightly claim to be standing with one foot in the Eastern Hemisphere and the other in the Western. The clock marking Greenwich time is a few minutes faster than the other clocks in London, but apparently no one here pays any attention to it.

From the hill on which the observatory stands, you can see far across this largest city on Europe, until it is lost in its own smog. Although the London air is filthy (this shows on my light-colored shirts), the streets are incredibly clean. Hardly anyone throws trash on the sidewalk.

I've been out of the city twice now, once to Guilford, in Surrey, and another time to

Dover and Canterbury. Dr. Mullen, Dr. Barefield, and I went to Guilford to buy some books, but we found that most of the good books have been removed from the shop we were going to. Probably they have been sent to a London branch. Actually, I haven't seen any real bargains in books here, although I have bought a second-hand copy of Crane Brinton's *History of Western Morals*. A Wake Forest faculty member once told me that Brinton was one-time owner of the world's largest collection of pornography.

While we were in Guilford, Barefield and I went to Guilford Castle, an eleventh century keep built on a site which was first fortified by the Romans. Although the castle is now a ruin, it still appears formidable viewed from the bottom of the hill on which it stands. The appearance is deceiving, however, for this castle never withstood a siege. One of England's kings—I believe it was Henry II—sometimes spent Christmas at this dark, cold, and not very large castle. He must not have had a very merry Christmas by modern standards.

Barefield and I went to Dover Castle a few days later after our trip to Guilford. It was a cold, windy, damp day, and everything was dark—dark clouds, dark gray water on the Channel below us, dark green hills all around, and thick, dark walls in the castle. It was like being in the Dark Ages. (I know you will forgive this small historical trespass.) This site, too, was occupied by the Romans, and the walls of their lighthouse, or *pharos*, still stand next to the castle's well-preserved Roman church. The castle itself consists of various additions made to the Norman keep over the centuries, but is essentially medieval. We brought a guide-book and explored the castle inside and out. Barefield had his camera, and perhaps some of the pictures will turn out.

On the way back to London, we stopped at Canterbury to see the cathedral. Henry VIII totally destroyed Beckett's tomb, but there are other famous persons buried there. The Black Prince, who was by no means black in character, lies near the spot where Beckett once rested, and King Henry IV lies on the other side of the nave. There was once a legend that when the body of Henry IV was being brought from London on a barge for burial at Canterbury, the coffin somehow fell overboard and the body was lost. It was not until the nineteenth century that the tomb was opened to see whether it contained an empty coffin. King Henry was there after all, still somewhat resembling the stone effigy reclining over his remains.

Canterbury was bombed heavily during World War II, and the rebuilding has given much of it the nondescript appearance of an American small town. But the cathedral and its immediate surroundings retain their medieval flavor, a flavor which can be tasted most strongly when the breeze disperses the noises of traffic and tourist chatter, so that only the ancient sound of the cathedral bells can be heard.

I have also been to the Tower of London, which I did not enjoy very much. It seems too much like a reconstruction of a medieval fortress for the entertainment of tourists, and

the guide was obviously slanting his talk to please the Americans in his audience, i.e. the most generous tipplers. I was bored by the oft-told tales of the people who have been imprisoned and executed in the Tower. Sir Walter Raleigh and Anne Boleyn do not interest me nearly so much as Rudolph Hess, who was imprisoned there for a short time after his insane flight to Great Britain.

I am enjoying the work I'm doing for Dr. Mullen, even though it isn't all that I had hoped for. Dr. Mullen is trying to find information about a number of people who worked for the London *Times* during the late nineteenth century. My main job is looking up their wills to try to find out what happened to their papers. The British have gathered copies of all the wills of British citizens in one place in London, called Somerset House, and the public is allowed to look up any will. In order to find a particular will, you have to know the year of the person's death, so this job also involves searching the London *Times* Index for obituaries. I have had one frustrating experience with the Index: I spent almost two hours looking for an obituary before discovering that I was using only a partial index.

I had an amusing experience at the Institute of Historical Research yesterday. Dr. Mullen and I went to the lounge to meet Barefield, and while we were waiting for him we each had a cup of tea. The middle-aged lady who was serving the tea asked me if I wanted milk in mine, which I did not. This surprised her a little, but when I told her that I didn't want lemon either she was actually shocked and gave me one of the most disdainful, disgusted looks I have ever received.

Sincerely,

Tuesday, August 19, 1969

Dear

Ever since I came to London, I've been thinking that it would be funny if I happened to meet Norma Murdoch. Saturday it happened. I went to the British Museum shortly before closing time to meet Dr. Mullen, and there was Norma. She has been all over Europe with the Guilford College tour, and has even had an interview with the American ambassador in Moscow. We talked a little about the upcoming elections in Germany. Norma said that the German students she talked with were afraid that the National Democratic Party is a real and growing threat in German politics. Dr. Mullen said that he had heard, from a German source which he considers to be reliable, that there is now little danger from the German far-right, although it was a threat a year or so ago. We will soon find out.

I went to the Changing of the Guard at Buckingham on Saturday. Some French tourists there proved that Americans have no monopoly on being obnoxious visitors. The Frenchmen had climbed up on a statue across the street from the Palace, and were ordered down by the police. As soon as the police left, they climbed back up until another bobby ordered them down again. The Italians in London—some of them immigrants and some tourists—also make a bad impression, for they have no respect for the admirable British habit





of queuing to board buses and buy subway tickets.

The ceremony of the Changing of the Guard may serve as an example of the influence of the American invasion. The band marched to the Palace gates playing Sousa marches, and during the ceremony it played several American show tunes. The army band concert held afterward in St. James' Park also included much American show music, such as songs from "Oklahoma!" and "Porgy and Bess."

There are large numbers of "students" and drop-outs visiting London virtually for free this summer, sleeping in the parks or sometimes in apartment buildings, when they can devise a way to get in. There have been several articles about these people in the *Times* in the last few days. One writer claims that most of the unkempt freeloaders are continentals who are giving visitors a false impression of British youth and ought to be sent home. Actually, there are enough dirty, long-haired young Englishmen on the continent to give an unfavorable impression of England to anyone who happens to be offended by dirt and long hair.

Another writer says that the underground press is circulating a book which describes in detail the legal and illegal means of doing London for free. For example, one can take money out of the offering-plate in some churches, or borrow a waiter's jacket, wear it into the kitchen of a large restaurant, and there help oneself to whatever is cooking. No one has offered me the book. Supposedly it carries the notice, "You should not have paid anything for this book. If you did, you have been screwed."

You might be interested in the current clothing styles among London non-conformists: for boys it is essentially the same as in America—bell bottoms, etc.; for girls the skirts are slightly shorter than most places in the States, and the most "in" thing is the lace blouse with plenty of holes.

I was in Hyde Park on Sunday, where I saw some of the freeloaders picking up a few pennies by singing in the pedestrian subway. I found Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park a pathetic and depressing spectacle. It is little more than a refinement on the eighteenth-

century practice of visiting insane asylums for amusement. The speakers are generally inarticulate and in fact have no message. On Sunday two black speakers were there, one preaching about love and frequently interrupting himself to shout, "Shut up!" at the noisy crowd gathered around a neighboring speaker, while the other was telling his all-white audience that he had nothing to say to them. Hardly anyone was listening to the Socialist Party speaker. One speaker, whom I later saw selling newspapers, was telling a rambling tale of his scrapes with the law. His whole head was covered with tattoos.

Although most of the political activity at Speaker's Corner appears unorganized and inept, the people passing out Chinese Communist literature seem to know what they are doing. They are clean-cut, neatly dressed, unruffled by the remarks of the passing crowd, and have preempted the choicest spots for displaying their wares. Some of them are Orientals, and some are British.

When Dr. Mullen and I were going across town to Dr. Barefield's flat on Sunday evening, we were held up for fifteen or twenty minutes by a mass demonstration around Hyde Park protesting against British intervention in Ulster. The demonstrators were carrying red banners and a few black flags. While some were carrying signs telling the reason for the demonstration, others had placards bearing Chairman Mao's famous quote, "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." The demonstrators, most of whom appeared to be of college age, were moving in two or three columns which converged on the eastern edge of the park. They stopped traffic as they crossed the street, but apparently were not trying to block traffic as part of the demonstration.

The fighting in Ulster is the number-one story in the newspapers, catching the headlines almost every day. The other stories whose developments are making the front page almost every day are from America—the fall of Ted Kennedy and the Green Beret murder-execution case. The floods caused by hurricane Camille have also received quite a bit of attention.

I went to Salisbury and Stonehenge today—

one of the most delightful trips I've made. Salisbury Cathedral has no tomb or other feature which one must see—it is just a pleasant cathedral which can be enjoyed for itself. It does have a remarkable spire which is visible from miles away. I walked around inside the church for about half an hour. There was some work being done inside; such old buildings are in need of frequent repairs. When the Vandals sacked Rome, they spared the churches, but their modern namesakes do not stop even at the Cathedral doors. They have carved their initials on the walls and columns in this and other churches I have visited, here even carving "merde" in three-inch letters on the sarcophagus of a fourteenth-century nobleman.

I reached Stonehenge with some difficulty, which was more amusing than troublesome. I had to catch a bus to Amesbury, twelve miles north of Salisbury, and the good people of Salisbury gave me confused directions to the station. I did find it, however, and caught a bus around two o'clock.

A small American town lying close to a world-famous monument would spare no effort to inform the tourist of where he was and to entice him to leave a little cash. Amesbury, however, gives little notice that it is the point of departure for the two-mile walk to Stonehenge. In fact I did not see any sign at all declaring that this was Amesbury. Consequently I stayed on the bus as it passed through the town. I might have gone on to Scotland if the bus had been more crowded so that the conductor had not noticed that I had missed my stop. I got off and began walking back the way the bus had come.

Fortunately, I was already on the road to Stonehenge, as an old man told me when I asked for directions. This was the first country walk I have had in a long time, a welcome change from my sidewalk-and-subway travel in London. To get out and walk through the small towns and countryside is surely the most pleasant and rewarding way to see a country. The way I took leads past an old church, over the crystal-clear River Avon (not Shakespeare's Avon), and past wide fields of grain. Stonehenge stands on an open, grassy plain, and is visible long before one reaches



it. Actually, Stonehenge itself is disappointing. The stones are neither so massive nor so awe-inspiring as I expected them to be. Besides, they really have little or nothing to do with English history. They are little more than a place for tourists to take each others' pictures.

Returning to Stonehenge from Salisbury, I arrived at the cathedral in time for Evensong. The sound of singing voices echoing from the distant walls and high valut of the cathedral still evokes a sense of the mystery and awe which stands behind the building of the great medieval churches. But if the spirit may be lifted by the song and the beauty of the church, it is brought thudding down by the noisy clinking as the day's offering is dug out of the collection box during the service.

The Cockings have come back from vacation. Their son, Bromley, who is studying math at Cambridge, gave Dr. Mullen and me directions to some good pubs in Cambridge, where we are going tomorrow.

Sincerely,

Friday, August 22, 1969

Dear

Times flies—Sunday I return to the Continent. I am a little reluctant to leave England, which is one of the pleasantest places I have ever been, but I cannot turn down this opportunity to see a little of Germany.

Dr. Mullen and I went to Cambridge, a delightful town, on Wednesday as I told you in my last letter. We arrived late in the morning and tried to find the University Library and the Rose and Crown, a pub which Bromley Cocking recommended. We found the library, which looks like a railroad station, but we couldn't find the Rose and Crown. Instead we ate lunch at the Pickeral, a pub located right next to the River Cam. Later Dr. Mullen did find the Rose and Crown by accident. He also found Judson Allen by accident in the library.

I spent that afternoon walking around the colleges, which are nearly empty right now because of summer vacation. Bromley says that this is the best time to see the colleges as they were originally meant to be; they were never intended to house the hundreds of students who are now enrolled there.

The Cambridge University campus is of course more attractive than the Wake Forest campus. Not only is there a marked difference in architecture, but the Cambridge lawns and gardens are kept more carefully than ours, the plaza lawn excepted. Also, the River Cam flows right behind the colleges. You can rent a boat and go punting beneath the large shade trees which line both banks of the river.

Across the street from Kings' College is St. Mary's, the Great Church. For a shilling, you can climb to the top of the church tower, where you can look down on the colleges and out into the surrounding countryside. The tower staircase is a narrow spiral, and there is barely room for the two-way traffic inside, which makes the climb something like an adventure.

The people who were renting the Cocking's

upstairs moved out Wednesday, and my room is being painted, so I have moved into an upstairs room. I cannot close the windows all the way without breaking the latch, but I do not mind a little cold. Actually, it has been warmer than usual for London during much of my visit; the temperature has reached 85 degrees on one or two days. This week the weather has been more typically English, however.

I have been continuing my research job, but with little success. Yesterday I went to Somerset House with ten names, but found only three of the wills. When I told the clerk that I wanted to look up the will of Aneas O'Neill, she asked me to please repeat the

such as Salisbury's, and is not especially attractive from the outside, the inside has much to offer the patient visitor. Most of the original Norman structure has been overlaid with "newer" styles since the thirteenth century, but the south transept is still Norman. In the north transept, a very delicate operation is being performed. Artists are uncovering an early mural by slowly removing the painting which was done over it, in such a way that neither painting is destroyed. Pilgrims used to go to Winchester Cathedral to visit the shrine of St. Swithun. The place where his relics lay is now marked only by a stone slab, but nearby still lie the remains of a cardinal who took part in the trial of Joan of Arc. One



"Christian" name. I refrained from remarking that the name was hardly Christian. The clerks displayed due sympathy for my lack of success.

Today I made one last trip into the southern English countryside, this time to Winchester, in the center of the ancient kingdom of Wessex, home of Alfred the Great, whose statue stands in the center of the town's High Street. The town's history extends back before the coming of the Romans, and the small municipal museum displays some of the relics the Romans left, including a well-preserved floor-mosaic. In the castle, which now serves as the town hall, there is a table, eighteen feet in diameter, which the natives claim to be King Arthur's own Round Table. Actually it was built in the thirteenth century, and most of its history is known, but it stands as evidence of the importance of the Arthurian legend in this part of the country.

What really drew me to Winchester was the cathedral, and it was well worth the trip. Although Winchester Cathedral lacks a spire

of the cathedral's sarcophagi has a "cadaver"—a carving of a half-decomposed corpse which was kept as a reminder of death during the lifetime of the person now interred there. I saw another "cadaver" at Canterbury, but didn't know what it was then.

Outside the cathedral, some students are digging for the remains of the first church built on the site, the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was founded around the year 648. The students have discovered some Saxon graves, and a couple of them were brushing the dirt away from the half-uncovered skulls. There are the bones of our ancestors, if not by lineal descent, at least in language, and in government as well. Of course, many changes have been made in our Saxon heritage, changes so great that we may have difficulty in recognizing our debt to these Germanic people. Nonetheless, in Winchester, more than any other place I have visited in England, we are brought face to face with our past. For me, that is the true worth of visiting this country.

Py m



## Book Reviews

### *America Rediscovered*

There exist invisible children in the United States of America. Forgotten, neglected children are trying on a poorly fitted life in our plentiful land of higher learning, flowing green hills, and technological orgasm. These children are ghetto children: black, Puerto-Rican, white, Mexican, Indian children. They were born near American sewers and they are growing up with the stench of these same sewers. Their playgrounds consist of streets, broken glass, overturned rusty cars, and garbage. Their parents are pushers, addicts, pimps, whores, beggars, and those who are diligently striving to succeed but failing. There exist invisible, psychologically dying children in America, and there don't exist enough social workers and educators to discover and revitalize them. Indeed, it is in education where our nation has failed most miserably.

Seven years ago Michael Harrington forcefully revealed, "The millions who are poor in the United States," in his book *The Other America*. Racial unrest and the Kennedy-Johnson "War on Poverty" have made even the most obnoxious middle-class American aware of these people described by Mr. Harrington.

Two years ago *Death at an Early Age* by Jonathan Kozol brought the educational destruction present in the ghetto schools to the public, but unfortunately it was not followed by as much action as followed Michael Harrington's efforts. The education of ghetto children is still shockingly deplorable. For the most part ghetto schools remain segregated, understaffed, inadequately furnished, and out of the minds of suburban America. The few teachers that do attempt to instruct the ghetto children are all too often racists, bigots, and totally uninvincible. These children, raised in

desolate, hungry homes, are expected to diligently plug for grades and learn materials designed for affluent, well-fed Mr. and Miss Americas.

This year the ghetto children speak for themselves—they speak about *The Me Nobody Knows*. Edited by Stephen M. Joseph, a young English teacher in New York, this book speaks from the hearts of nearly 200 children to anyone who is alive and well in our society. As little seven-year-old Carlos writes, "I like people to love each other."

This little collection of poems, stories, and snatches of ghetto life, written by mostly black and Puerto-Rican children from seven to eighteen years of age, is a literary psychodrama openly portraying the inner turmoils, fantasies and desires of ghetto habitation and education. The little passages were originally written for the author and others like him in classroom situations. Mr. Joseph emphasizes how they weren't written under threat of grades or any other rigid, stultifying structure, but solely because the child wanted to write and was allowed to write anything, in any way.

Stephen Joseph's book, divided into four main sections, begins with "How I See Myself." The children write about themselves and those things in their world that mean the most to them. They express a need and longing for a loving, secure family. Writes one child, "A father is love in the making." The desire for a loving family is merely one manifestation of the children's very intense feeling of loneliness and despair. As one little girl writes, "On a nice cold September morning, I got up and was afraid to go to school." Likewise another child wrote, "One first I hate flowers and the smell of them." Probably most haunting is the poem that ends asking, "But why, sun—must I always have winter."

The second section, "How I See My Neighborhood," is a diary of defiant, imprisoned minds searching for an explanation to the violence, dirt, and human exploitation all around them. "I saw the pimps of 116th street and Lenox telling the invader girl to get her blonde filthy ass back to 119th street and work," writes Frank Campbell. Christopher Gamble adds, "In Harlem where I live all you see is Pigeon shit, and it's so dirty." This is the way home is seen by millions of young, laughing, playing, growing children.

Phantasmagorical is what "The World Outside," section three, appears to these ghetto children. It is puzzling, threatening, and yet partly desired. One boy, when asked what he would do with a million dollars commented that he would buy a 1943 military amphibious Jeep, and a cashmere coat. The children are bitter about the violence in our society and they view American progress with acrid criticism. They want a share in suburbia, but they are also afraid. Often this fear results in defiance and demand.

The final section, "Things I Can't See or Touch," is the children's inquiry into ideas about God, love, sex, and death. Clorox, a pen-name for Frank Cleveland, writes in one of his excellent sardonic poems, "REJOICE, CHILDREN, LITTLE BROTHER, HE'S DEAD." Rejoice indeed, children, because now little brother doesn't have to go through the hell of living "in a world of darkness." This section not only introduces two outstanding poets in Donald Morgan and Charles Franklin, but also reveals the depths of spirit and soul in these children that are being left to struggle without our cold help.

There is a hidden, gripping power in children and this book unleashes its full, jubilant, struggling force and demands a response. The struggles of the ghetto children are our struggles. And the children need our encouragement. As W. H. Auden wrote, "We must love one another or die." Politics, tradition, and professional dignity be damned if necessary because these invisible children must become visible. They will be heard; they will be known.

*The Me Nobody Knows*, edited by Stephen M. Joseph, Avon \$95.

### *Kosher Bust*

The Jewish soul has received another novel appraisal. This time it is in the form of a sequel to *The Chosen*. Chaim Potok has followed his purely warm first novel with an oversized rhetorical balloon. There are moments of literary excitement and profound emotion, but most of the book seems to have been written by a sleepy secretary on No-Doz.

The exasperatingly exciting plot revolves around Reuven Malter, the son of a progressive Orthodox Talmudist studying to be a rabbi; Danny Saunders, a brilliant young psychology student and ex-heir to a powerful Hasidic dynasty; and the Jewish reformed Abraham Gordon family; and Rav Kalman, Reuven's terrifying, stifling ultra-orthodox Talmud teacher. Reuven, while dating Abraham Gordon's niece, Rachel, befriends his son Michael and the entire Gordon family. Michael is a fourteen-year-old schizophrenic torn between an impassioned love



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and hatred for his parents because of all the criticism his father's books have wrought on the family name. Naturally Reuven introduces Danny to the family and the holy and wonderful psychologist not only undertakes to cure Michael's illness, but wins Rachel's love simultaneously. The breathless climax slowly pfts the balloon and Danny marries Rachel after miraculously curing Michael with a unique silent therapy and Reuven earns his smicha after a daring, but mannerly confrontation with the terrible Rav Kalman during his examination.

Chaim Potok reveals an acute perception of the Jewish Orthodox controversies. His vivid and fluid descriptions of Hasidic ceremonies are highlights of the book. Unfortunately the author's sincere efforts are lost in his schizophrenic style. The Hemingway run-on technique is cheaply imitated in many passages and Michael's psychological dramas are direct from an introductory psychology textbook. The novel is a continuous deception; the author consistently hints at profundity, but as soon as the reader reaches into the page he finds only another page.

*The Promise* contains a few scenes of warm and penetrating impact, but as a unit it is sadly deficient. It begins with great promise and ends with the characters living happily ever after and the reader drowsily frustrated. "But there is no joy in Mudville; mighty Casey has struck out."

*The Promise* by Chaim Potok,  
Alfred A. Knopf—359 pages—\$6.95.



# The Cosmos Governed

C. E. Kirkpatrick

Mankind's most ambitious labor, and a Herculean one in any age, has always been the quest for peace. Peace among men, among races, and among nations has been the goal of each generation, and the pursuance of that goal has worn out a goodly crop of idealists at every attempt. The pity is that, however prodigious the work of these visionaries, it has brought forth only a meager yield. Accountings of success vary (but according to Will and Ariel Durant, man has achieved 268 years without warfare out of the last 3,421 recorded years—an inglorious record at best). Perhaps peace is not the natural state of man. Then the virtue of the whole affair lies in the attempt to make peace itself, rather than in the questionable successes of the attempts; but that still says little to the many generations which have physically, economically, and psychologically maintained the various wars of their times.

It has been recognized that the best way to avert war is through the devices of international law and internationally organized government. While efforts to implement such machinery have been numerous, they have been almost uniformly frustrated. One of the best, and probably most successful, examples of international organization is the celebrated Concert of Europe which followed the Congress of Vienna of 1815. Through the desire to maintain the *status quo* and preserve a conservative Europe, the Concert managed to prevent any major European war for five decades. Although the Concert functioned well, it was not a true international organization. It was more an alliance of the five major European powers whose best interests dictated concord rather than discord. The peace depended upon the might of the established powers being able to maintain a balance, and when that balance was disturbed by the spectacular growth of one of its constituents, the Concert was at an end. Clearly, an alliance could not substitute for an international body; the greatest pitfall of an alliance is that one partner is bound to become dominant and exercise its will more than the others, a condition tending to undermine the alliance and, thereby, the peace.

The advent of socialism promised a better way to obtain peace. Here, at last, was a trans-national congress of citizens, not a political alliance. But this Socialist International, with

its bleating insistence that the workers of all nations would not permit war to come to Europe, also failed as any source of international comity. In 1914 its members voted for war credits and marched to the front, unable to resist the strains of *La Marseillaise*, *Die Wacht am Rhein*, or *God Save the King*.

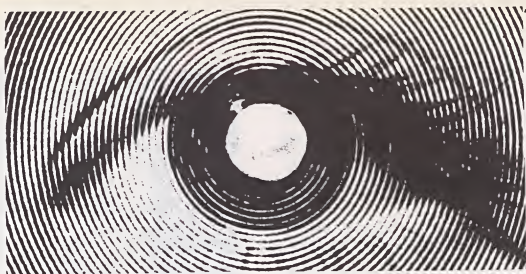
The League of Nations was set up in the 1919 Treaty of Versailles to perpetuate the fruits of the "War to end all Wars." Its fate was predestined, though. Versailles was a victor's peace and the League was covertly intended to guarantee the victor his spoils. France intended it to be a perpetual alliance against Germany, and neither Germany nor Russia was permitted to become a member until too late. As if to insure the failure of the League, the United States splendidly abstained from it altogether. With little respect from any quarter, the League of Nations was unable to further the goal of world peace.

The heir to the League's mantle, the United Nations, retains many of the faults woven into that cloak. It cannot coerce, it cannot lead constructive activity effectively, and it is largely unable to reach any significant decisions. Like the delegates to the Continental Congress of the United States, member nations of the United Nations are in accord as long as no self-interest is threatened.

The history of international organization has been both long and unhappy; and each individual attempt has met many of the same problems, few of which have been resolved. The primary obstacle has been that the nature of truly effective international organization stumbles over drum-beating nationalism and a paranoic insistence on national sovereignty by the political units of the earth. True international government depends upon the existence of an international governing body with powers analogous to those of an efficiently functioning federal government. It must have the power to make and interpret international law, the strength to enforce it, and the authority to collect sufficient revenues to support the whole system. Granted this, it would have the machinery to maintain peace.

Obviously, the current United Nations is far from this status. International law and the world peace which it seeks are still young, and the incidence of infant mortality for

Charles Edward Kirkpatrick is a graduate student in the History Department. This is his second article to appear in *THE STUDENT*.



such historically unnatural creatures is high. It is also likely that the cause of death will be infanticide at the hands of nationalism, rather than any accidental or natural death. While it tries to serve the cause of peace, the United Nations must cater to the demands of the behemoth Soviet Union and the leviathan United States. Aside from the demands of these powers for consideration of their prerogatives and wishes, there is a constant source of new nationalism in the pretentious demands of the emerging nations.

All of these demands are based on a common first premise, one which thoroughly undermines any real trans-national government: a country must enjoy sovereign status in order to be considered a nation, and any infringement on that sovereignty is an affront to the dignity of the nation and its people. Clearly, any action of the United Nations is going to offend the delicate sensibilities of some nation and encroach in some way on someone's sovereignty. Lacking any real power, the United Nations is therefore stymied.

Ridiculing nationalism serves no constructive end and cannot impute power to the international body. But there is a possible solution to the problem, one which modern technology has made available. Simply, man has reached the moon.

In the past, nationalistic claims to various parcels of land and rights asserted to flow from these claims have been justified by the historical possession of that land by the nation in question, or by a similar influence bearing on that land at one time or another. The problem arising here is that more than one nation can usually make such claims about the same piece of property. When the conflict of these claims cannot be settled by usual methods of diplomacy, the resolution of differences easily falls to armed diplomacy. An excellent example of such an emotional attachment to soil is Alsace, which has always been capable of helping to provoke war. France and Germany have not been able to settle the question of the ownership of Alsace peacefully yet, and there is no reason to believe that the matter is settled now. This is the sort of kernel from which conflict grows.

This condition of claims to land is abetted by the previously mentioned insistence on respect for national sovereignty, with the result that the United Nations cannot take any real action in such situations. Because it so often cannot take a firm stand and enforce assize of arms when national claims conflict, the United Nations is finding itself in the same position as the League of Nations. Its fragile sovereign character and limited respect are continually being dimin-

ished for want of any real jurisdiction.

It is here that the space programme enters as a solution to the problem. Colonization of the moon offers the chance to resurrect the United Nations and make it a functioning international government and, through it, achieve the goal of world peace. Colonization is no longer a matter of conjecture. Achieving this, as well as further space exploration, is only a matter of time now. The issue of consequence is how this colonization is to be carried out, by whom, and under what authority. This is the object of the jurisdiction of the United Nations.

The first and most important consideration is that no nation of the earth has ever inhabited, influenced, laid claim to, or had relations with any regional area of the moon. This is an obvious point, of course, but it is nevertheless a salient one, because it guarantees that no nation can lay territorial claim to the moon on the same basis as past colonial claims on earth. The only way this could be achieved is through the exercise of the privilege of the explorer of claiming his discoveries as domains of his nation. Both the United States and the Soviet Union have disavowed any intention of doing this, however, in an agreement certifying that neither would make a claim of this nature. Both intend to respect the international character of the moon, and it is unlikely any other nation will challenge their resolution. In a real sense, this was the only just decision that could have been made. It was not the achievement of the United States alone in placing men on the moon, but of mankind itself, regardless of national affiliations. The scientific foundations and philosophical preparations for the step to the moon reach far back, as far as the first man who even wondered if his kind would ever visit that satellite.

It is the province, then, of the agency representing the greatest mass of the human society which has reached the moon to administer the activity of that species upon it. Here, on territory which has no minority claim on it, mankind must be represented as a whole, and the task of that representation must fall to the United Nations. Whereas the U. N. has had no real authority or province of jurisdiction heretofore, it now has a very real authority and undeniable jurisdiction. Here is the chance for the United Nations to assert its vigor, because in this role it has function in fact, not merely in appearance. Obtaining real authority is the first step for the U. N. in attaining its ideal position as a world government; and by asserting its dominion over colonization of the moon, it would happily find an authority



which is essential to seeing the lunar goals reached at all.

Once the United Nations has asserted and has recognized its sovereignty on the moon, it can take steps which will gradually lead to establishing its sovereignty on the earth. For instance, there is the question of law. There is no corpus of space law to govern the activities of man beyond jurisdiction of national laws. It is the job of the United Nations to evolve this law, coordinating and blending the essential elements of standing international law and viable elements of various national laws. Having settled what the law is to be, it must then erect a tribunal to interpret that law, and maintain an authority to enforce it. This first step of sovereignty must be recognized by the member nations who, having given their approval to it, must support it financially in order to protect their own interests beyond the atmosphere. Nations which do not yet have the capability to advance into space would tend to support the United Nations' expression of sovereignty in order to prevent the establishment of hegemony on the moon by the bloc of large powers. Their dependence on the United Nations to protect their interests would constitute a major development in that body's dominion. In time, that dependence could not avoid being extended to matters on earth, and the sovereignty of the United Nations would grow more complete with each dispute.

The space programme is expensive, of course, but it has been agreed that the expenditure for space research has resulted in a great economic development in the United States. It is a case of expenditure from wealth creating more wealth. Years ago, it was recognized that no one individual or group of individuals could afford to pursue space exploration. The prohibitive expenses of ventures beyond the atmosphere could be borne only by a larger unit with more substantial resources—a nation-state. Now, it has become obvious that continued exploration, and colonization in particular, will be even more expensive than the project of reaching the moon. Costs have been soaring, and the financial burden is being heavily felt both in the United States and in the Soviet Union. Just as no smaller unit than a nation could support the initial exploration of space, no smaller unit than earth itself, the assembled nations, can support the continued exploration and exploitation of it. To restrict this great project to the resources of one nation would be to criminally hinder it, while to draw upon the economic, social, and intellectual resources of the entire world would result in a far better-developed programme, and an almost certain broadening and maturing of human society itself in the effort.

The United Nations must, therefore, inevitably take over the coordination of the world's activity and organization of the colonization effort. This could not be entrusted to a single nation because national jealousies would be inflamed and sovereign hackles raised no matter which nation was chosen. But the United Nations has the sovereignty to administer the moon, and a logical extension of that sovereignty, particularly in view of the doubtful ability of any one nation to carry through in the project, is for the United Nations to absorb the task of directing subsequent space programmes.

To do this, it must take for itself the authority to ad-



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minister and organize the financial base for the projects to come. In doing this, it can subtly aid in the development of underdeveloped nations. Just as the United States has been able to further develop itself through the expansion of the space programme, the United Nations will be able to develop other nations through the selective placing of space industries and facilities. The economic growth of the less developed areas and the social betterment which will follow in a well planned process will remove some of the incentives of aggressive war and make the job of maintaining peace an easier one.

Finally, the United Nations, in its mobilization of world effort to colonize the moon and further explore space, will be giving the earth an escape valve which it has been lacking since the last colonial period ended. While there were empires to be made and frontiers to conquer, man's imagination was stirred by the excitement of that process and his economy was geared to the development of colonial resources and frontier wealth. With the end of the frontier and the frustration of his adventure, he became more violent and sought outlet in war. Now, man again has a frontier to conquer, this time as a species rather than as a nation. It can absorb his energies, his imagination, and adventurous spirit, even if only vicariously, for centuries to come. In that interim, the United Nations will have the time to grow and strengthen itself and extend its influence to all phases of earth government, forming a federal system for the world. And once it has thusly become strong, it will no longer tolerate war.



Daisies blooming in paintbrush yellow across the hill  
remind me that once a girl bloomed here  
in green and gold in the fields with me.  
And we were Fern-hill young and warm in the world  
and we fled laughing from the wind across this hill  
to join our song with the meadowbirds'  
by the springhouse pond, and left off chores  
to walk in whispery softness under willow trees,  
discovering in stones and grass what  
only such as we could find to rejoice in,  
filling the new-made seasons with ourselves,  
and being filled.  
And we were young and warm in the world.

*As much as I can love anything, Ellen,  
that much I love you,  
but how's a man to make himself do a thing  
that isn't in his heart  
or not to do a thing that is?*

*I seek the end of the wind, my love,  
the edge of the rain that cleans the sky,  
and the source of the sand that binds the sea.  
If these things lie where a man may go,  
then I must follow the road and know.*

Daisies withered seven times  
and we made pilgrimage here,  
at first just two of us,  
and then we carried another over the yellow hill,  
a small one laughing golden in the sunlight,  
to play in willowshade, in dreams of summer.  
And we were young and warm in the world.

*Do not cry for me to stay, my child,  
I am not strong.*

*Small one composed of all  
that love could find,  
your eyes fill my mind.  
Brown round seas —  
they pull me backward.  
I hear their plea, little one,  
yet I must go.*

*Do not watch the road, my child,  
I do not return.*

What is this thing that makes me follow down hills,  
pulling my feet through sun-browned dust  
on a road that ribbons forever over the land?  
I seek the end of the wind, my love,

the edge of the rain, the source of the sand,  
and all of the dreams that belong to man.

The mute child on the doorstep,  
the woman who will not see me go  
(though part of her goes too);  
these are the wages of my sin,  
and the wages of sin are love remembered,  
so I must pay,  
not knowing why the sin's a sin,  
though knowing how.

And so I come alone over the hill  
and the wind is sweet with the work of bees  
and the sun brightens the windsmooth grass  
and the daisy is sharp in my mind.  
So that when I am old and done with roads  
I shall remember yellow and green  
on a golden hill, and think perhaps  
if I had been stronger or better or wiser  
I would look now at the painted hill  
and see the child no longer a child  
bringing her own  
to carry it over the flowered slope  
to newer willow-dreams of newer springs.  
It will be with me, this dream, this love,  
when I am old and done with roads,  
when I am still, and done with roads.

## THE POWER OF THE REDFERN

for Lynn

You say I can't know  
the grief nor really feel  
Anything of you,  
But more sight lives  
than you might imagine  
In the third eye.

I see, but only faintly,  
His face  
And the flashes of a life  
Ending.  
Misunderstanding,  
Annoyance,  
Then surprise  
terror  
paralysis  
and finally (if he was ready)  
sweet succumbence.

Was he really master  
of the slaves  
Marilyn laughed about?  
Or just a man and his cows.  
Unknowing, I can only  
Wonder if he realized  
The Irony of being murdered  
By one of his own  
As the branches  
wrapped  
him  
down.

by W. R. Hinson

W. R. is a junior from Lexington, North Carolina. This is his first poem published in the *STUDENT*.

## MADONNA AND CHILD

*Don Clem*

I once saw a child in the park  
tracing sheriff's badges in the sand  
while his mother's indifferent approval  
flowed like tears across the frozen horizon  
of her womb that cursed God for his  
perpetual screams at the age of 10.

There was a silence in the hush of trees  
when he painted the ground with a broken leaf,  
there was a primitive fear in his red hair  
like the rusty streaks of time  
on a rotting wooden door,  
and there was a deception of the blood  
that could not understand  
the yearning of an infant's first step  
towards the illusive lights of love.  
Yet it seemed as if he turned  
the slavery of time into a dying swan's song  
which her colored cheeks could never fathom  
when he saw the shining tinsel clocks  
and touched the tall policeman's pants.  
He alone endures the sorrow of a lost face  
he alone feels the warmth of fluttering wings  
he alone can love.  
Tomorrow God's indignant pace  
will castrate him for lack of a sweeter sonnet  
and she will sit on her harlot's chair  
and spit at his screams  
and watch the breaking wheels of spring  
pierce the silent rooms of his hands  
until his noises are but a faint memory  
of a bad dream  
lying down with her lovers in peace.



Don Clem is a junior at Wake Forest.





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*a new  
location  
but the same  
pleasant  
atmosphere  
and  
the same  
good food*

*Don Clem*

the garden

the little noises of twigs living in the grass  
the pillowed leaves falling to the gray shadows  
the wind bending the clouds to the water  
the lone duck-child splashing in the shallows  
the locust humming the faded warmth of night  
the air so much a part of you and I  
that time and meaning synchronized beneath  
the tented silence of your hair.  
I cannot say I never loved you  
nor forget the dogs tearing the fleece  
from the child who wandered so alienly free  
too far from the water to die  
yet too near to suffer harm.  
we live only in dreams  
we feel but cannot think  
we have the rhythms but cannot speak the words  
we can only understand  
and walk slow like night  
until autumn rains clean the air.



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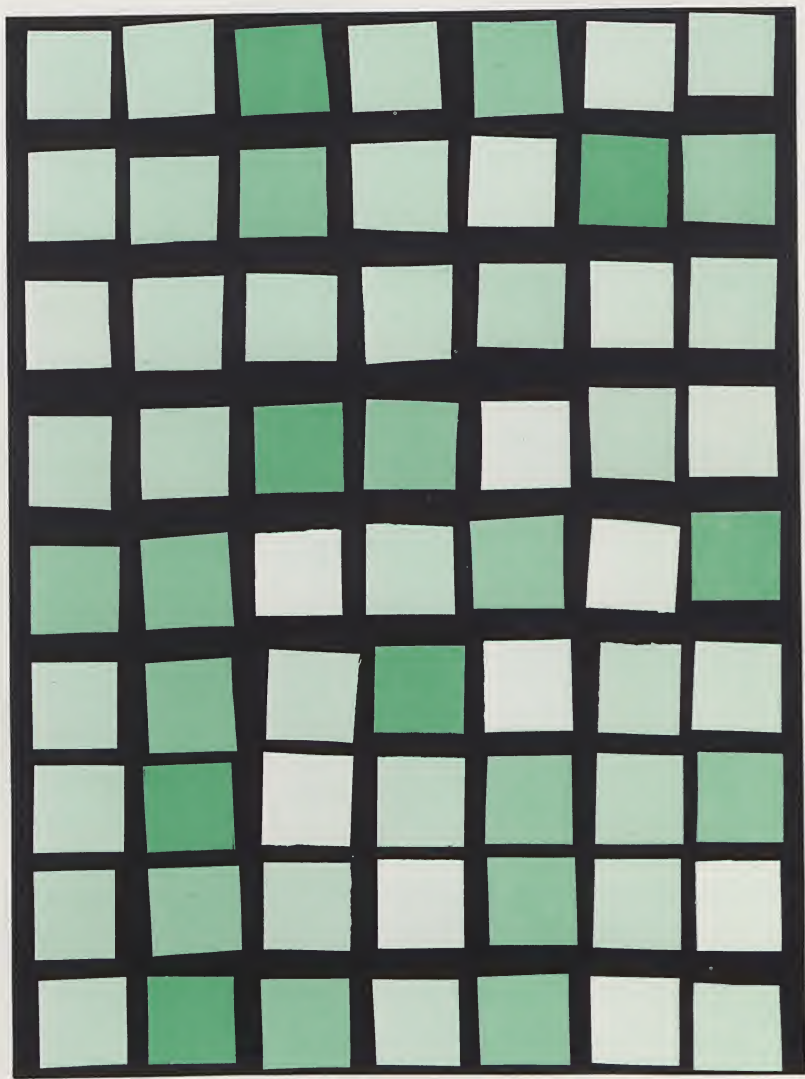
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The Student

Vol 1 No 3





Who Governs?

Chaos in Paradise

Mission: Irrelevant

Kazoo

Voices from the Proscenium

Thanks to Wiley Jones, Mrs. H. Cowen Ellis, and Jody

Impossible Productions

# THE STUDENT REYNOLDA RD

Photograph by DRH

# *The Student*

We exist that you might know and make known what is Wake Forest. Without you, we cannot exist. Poetry, fiction, contemporary comment, drawings, photography, sheet music, suggested changes, and critical comments should be brought to our office, Room 224, Reynolda Hall. We will be glad to see you.

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## FROM THE EDITOR

What wine do we drink?

What bread do we eat?

Thus ends Wallace Stevens' "The American Sublime."

For us, in our present disillusionment, it could be rewritten:

What war do we wage?

What foe do we fight?

According to McLuhan, all war is a frantic, desperate effort to retain an identity. The image of ourself we have cherished for centuries—call it the composite of our national myths—seems mortally threatened by the situation in Viet Nam. And many, established and unestablished alike, realize that the validity of this image, once attacked, will never be the same again. If the image remains intact, it can do so only in modified terms; if it crumbles, then it will have to be replaced completely. To the ancient Hebrews, the meaning of "repentance" was "to turn." Whether we turn from the old image to a new one, or only turn the old one into a new light, we are bound to repent or to lose ourselves in an image more of our past than of our present identity. We seem to be repenting right now. Our conscience, our youth, seem to be crying for repentance everywhere and all the time.

Here we must be wary. Let us, for the moment, grant the health and validity of our image. When we do so, we realize that the question of repentance still remains. The question is, in other words, an eternal one, and there is no way that we can be sure our "conscience" recognizes the eternality of the question since the rest of us do not seem to recognize it. So the question remains and asks, "Can we repent, or have we nothing more than the courage of gold and a soul of lead, the one too heavy for the other to turn?" It should be clear after so many years that the war we wage is here at home as well as there in Viet Nam; the foe we fight is ourself, as well as the Viet Cong. The one is but an outward show of an inner woe, and they both are sapping our strength. We have only to witness Johnson's declaration at the death of Robert Kennedy that we as a nation should not feel responsible for the perversity of a



few. But the bell is tolling and we are responsible, although we will not confess it, and the quality of our being is decreased by our refusal to confess, as well as by Kennedy's death. We are afraid to confess that our image just might lack a great deal of integrity—no matter how much wealth or power it represents.

And this fear lies in our "conscience" as well as our "brain." Not only does our brain, the central bureaucracy, fear confessing the disintegration of our image, but our conscience, the youth, also fears it. The image is the source of their identity, too. As John W. Aldridge has so keenly observed, the youth of this nation do not really want an end to the status quo. Better that the establishment always be infected; that way, the youth may always have something to occupy them. Perhaps the greatest paradox of our history is that our "conscience" is crying in the wilderness of our fear that we should repent, but they themselves, having capitulated to mobocracy, seem to have no sense of the meaning of repentance. They have not turned from the old; they have only turned the old around so that they might kick it, and in kicking it, find their identity from a new angle.

The deeper question then, again, is of whether we have the strength and grace to turn. We are at war with ourself and we are our greatest foe. We have, by trying to preserve our "honor" in Viet Nam and by absolving ourselves of assassinations without first confessing, attacked ourselves with the question, "Will you repent?" And unlike Abraham, who left all his possessions behind and set out walking into the unknown, we are answering "no." It is a categorical "no," too, even though our conscience sometimes transcends a noisy hypocrisy and cries for true repentance, thus itself repenting. For there is little true repentance if the majority of us remain stiffnecked. Whether or not the old image survives or crumbles, we must learn the meaning and the eternality of repentance: we must learn to transmute gold and lead into compassion and contrition.







*From things that have happened  
and from things as they exist  
and from all things that you know,  
you make something  
through your invention  
that is not a representation  
but a new thing  
truer than anything true and alive,  
and you make it alive,  
and if you make it well enough,  
you give it immortality.*

—ERNEST HEMINGWAY

JONES: We are now beginning our final year in the Wake Forest University theatre. We both have been involved in a number of varied experiences. Part of our learning has been to articulate these experiences. It is our purpose in this conversation to review our four years of learning experience as specifically as possible. How did you personally get involved in the theatre, Tim?

MOYER: I came into the theatre quite by accident. At the beginning of my freshman year, I had to decide whether I would explore the possibilities of becoming involved in the theatre or the choir program. The decision was a toss-up and I decided to try the theatre. I did and I stayed.

JONES: My experience was somewhat the same. I was a member of Mr. Bennison's speech class; he was directing a show second semester and encouraged his classes to try out because he had a lot of walk-on parts. I tried out and was given the romantic male lead in his production of *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. This brings up an interesting question. We both started small and quite by accident, so how and why was it that we stayed in the theatre?

MOYER: In a way, I think, our freshman year was the start of a new era. Dr. Tedford was beginning his first year as director of the theatre, and the majority of his actors were freshmen. I think we stayed, not because of the big parts or because of applause and glory, but for other reasons.

JONES: I have always considered mine somewhat of a miracle story. I had never set foot on a stage before, and maybe this is what influenced my decision. Perhaps I thought that this was my calling. The days of the high school athlete were over and I felt a need to be involved in something. The glory and applause were attractive too, but there had to be more than this, because my second show consisted of two very small roles in *Under Milkwood*.

MOYER: I think another thing that made us stay was our respect for others and their sense of total commitment. It rubbed off on us. We wanted to explore the origin of this commitment. I think an important factor of this commitment is to see how the respected members of an organization treat the organization.

JONES: With this in mind, I remember that my first experience in tryouts and rehearsals was one of fear. I was afraid of my own inexperience; therefore, I had a great deal of respect for those veterans who had been around for four years. Because this type of

fear was somewhat unusual, it was fascinating and beneficial. It disciplined me and kept me from coming to rehearsals late, from not knowing my lines on time, and from approaching rehearsal and performance with anything other than a serious attitude.

MOYER: I am still somewhat fearful at tryouts because I know that I am being judged by others that are waiting to read.

JONES: As you grow older and more experienced, you begin to experience a new type of fear. This year, we are the veterans and the younger members of the cast look at us as examples of the WFU theatre. Because we have the experience, we are watched more closely than the others, and we are under pressure to produce.

MOYER: Right, we are watched not only on the stage but off as well. We are the ones who determine a great deal of the on and off-stage discipline and how it is carried out.



JONES: The essential question is why did we stay?

MOYER: The answer has to be: those things that we started to learn. I feel that most people can't even appreciate the value of a good play as literature until they've been in one. By the time of production, an actor has read his script probably fifty times. In preparing his role, the actor has gone through a phenomenal amount of analysis. But what we do is to go from an analysis of the character to an analysis of ourselves in comparison. We learn so much about ourselves in this way.

JONES: Right. We learn not only to appreciate the art of the playwright, but we also learn to appreciate ourselves. The personal learning experience is the very reason that I have remained involved in theatre throughout my college career. During my sophomore year, one of my most valuable learning experiences was the preparation I had to go through for

the character Sir Toby Belch in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*. The character seemed to be entirely alien to me both physically and emotionally because of his obesity and his varying degrees of inebriation. But by the time of the production, I had learned through close observation of the people around me how and why overweight people walk, move, and gesture the way they do and how drunkenness affects one's actions. Because I used others as my material to adapt myself for the role, I learned a tremendous amount about myself and about others. From this I developed a somewhat concise definition of acting, which is: putting a character on stage in terms of yourself. It can't be done any other way. This is because an actor has only his physical, mental, emotional, and spiritual self to work with.

MOYER: And it seems to me that one can't portray an emotion on stage unless he has felt that emotion himself.

## Voices from the Proscenium

Wiley Jones  
Tim Moyer

JONES: But one doesn't necessarily have to have felt that emotion in the same incidences, but he does have to understand what that emotion is and how and why it is evoked. This to me is acting. We work within our own human limitations as a person both physically and emotionally. This means that an actor must know himself. He must know those things about himself which are applicable and inapplicable to any character which he plays; such as gestures, facial expression, and vocal attitudes.

MOYER: Some think that acting is nothing more than voice and gesture. Actually, it is the portraying of emotions that are real and convincing to the audience, and the only way that these emotions can be realistic is to have an actual basis in our minds and hearts. Many

people find it difficult to analyze themselves, and so find acting not to their liking. It is extremely difficult to look at yourself objectively, but you are forced to analyze yourself to achieve that reality in performance that makes the difference between mimicry and acting.

JONES: This would seem to indicate that those who have experienced the most are the best actors. But this is not necessarily the case. It is those who can analyze and see the degree and the depth of their experience that become the great actors. This quality is essentially what we call "sensitivity." It is an analysis of your own experience or depth response to an encounter.

MOYER: We also learn what the audience wants to see—we learn their sensitivity. With *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* being the broad comedy that it was, we, as actors, depended very much upon audience response. By listening to the applause and/or laughter in the very first scenes, we were able to infer certain things about the audience such as their age, general background, and sense of theatrical awareness.

JONES: Right. We put on stage those things about ourselves applicable to the character and learn how and why these things move the script, the audience, and other characters. This should happen in any play because the essence of every play is conflict. Without conflict there is no play. It is the conflict which produces the tension between characters which is the essence of dramatic action.

MOYER: Some may think that this stage tension may manifest itself in off-stage relationships. However, this rarely happens because we concentrate so strictly on our end results—a quality production. Within the area of quality is the consideration of standards. We don't have university theatre standards—we have professional standards. By this I mean a uniform consistency of acting of the quality that one usually associates with a professional production. If we thought of ourselves merely as an educational theatre, we would be severely limiting ourselves and cheating the audience.

JONES: In one sense, the only way we are an educational theatre is that we operate within the academic community; we are affiliated with Wake Forest University and its Speech Dept. I guess another way may also be that this theatre is for some their first introduction to theatre. But we never use this as an excuse. We strive for perfection as we learn and our goals become higher and higher.

MOYER: It is important to realize that these goals include everyone in the cast. We have both had extremely small roles in the past and we learned to get satisfaction out of them, as small as they were. We discovered the truth in the saying that "there is no such thing as a small role, just small actors." We felt important to the whole play and experienced a sense of unity in our small contribution to the total effect. On stage the result of this is



Wiley and Tim are presently kingpins of the WFU theatre in this, their final year.



ensemble playing, but it goes past that. At the same time we help the development of the play through our small or large roles, we are helping our personal development through our on and off-stage interactions with others. Therefore, the only limitations on development of the play or the individual is the self.

JONES: We all have the same medium. All people alive have bodies. Not all people can work with oils or pastels, but everyone can work with himself. I have found that most people don't know what all goes into a play if they have never done one. You can always tell what their experience has been when they ask you the proverbial question: How do you ever learn all those lines? My answer is always the same. Learning lines is the actor's first and easiest task. After this, the actor must worry about his voice, his gestures, his movement, how he relates to the set, how he relates to the other characters, his degree of believability, his line of interpretation, the playwright's message, how he uses props, make-up, his costume, his sense of communication with the audience, his concentration on stage, his interaction as a character with the other members of the cast, etc. I rarely make a concentrated effort to memorize lines *per se*. I also find that people are shocked at the amount of time that we put into a production.



MOYER: Perhaps this is the reason that we become somewhat embittered at our lack of recognition. We work on a show 4-5 hours a day, seven days/week, for anywhere from six to eight weeks. And then we are in production for another week.

JONES: There are two things that I would like to say in connection with this student recognition. Some people feel that we are a clique, and a cocky one at that. And in a sense we are cocky. But one must understand the origin of this feeling. We feel that we are doing something worthwhile, but we don't feel better than the next fellow; we simply feel a high degree of confidence in what we know about ourselves. Call it a type of super-confidence if you will. This self-knowledge gives one a tremendous safeguard against any

type of peculiar personal encounter. The other thing is that I have visited a number of other campuses and have grown up in another college community; and I have found that normally we can't get the degree of recognition that the same organization gets at other schools. At a lot of other schools, the campus leaders are those people involved in co-curricular activities such as Theatre and Publications. But because the student body here is basically



socially oriented, the school is essentially controlled by those people at the heads of the social organizations. As a result, few students involved in the arts are recognized as being exceptional at all, whereas the paradox lies in the fact that they must at least be better than average students academically to survive the time element involved.

MOYER: While we are on the recognition bit, I would like to remark about the fact that the students are not the only ones who fail to recognize the theatre. The Faculty is just as bad. Although there are a few professors and their wives you see at every production, the larger majority of the faculty you never see. One recent event was particularly disturbing to the theatre. That was the omission of the theatre in the President's Report to the Trustees. This lack of recognition is extremely frustrating, and if it were not for the great learning experience that the theatre has provided, I would have never stayed as long as I have. Besides learning a great deal, I have met a group of people who are as unique and different as any group of people could be. In spite of the diversity of personality, there is a definite feeling of closeness within the company. This may be attributed to the fact that there is a personal relationship between director and actor or professor and student. In our theatre, the director allows us to create our own character without forcing upon us a completed interpretation of that character. The director provides the skeletal framework of the character as he has interpreted it from the script and allows the actor to fill in the flesh and blood of the personality.

JONES: You have touched on another one

of those learning experiences—that is, of one's own body. We've been talking about finding oneself psychologically in the theatre, but you also find yourself physically, as I mentioned before in relation to Sir Toby Belch. You find out through make-up what your face really looks like, through recordings you can examine your voice, and through gesturing and movement on stage you learn what your body can do and what it looks like.

MOYER: And through the analysis of our own bodies, we of course analyze others. You know why a certain beautiful woman is beautiful, why a certain speaker is effective, and why a certain movement is graceful. This has taught us an appreciation of the other arts besides theatre. We can go to a ballet, lecture, or the movies and understand the enjoyment we derive from it. In a way, theatre is a synthesis of all the other art forms. It contains dance, painting, sculpturing, and music along with life in general. It is because of this total art form that we derive so much from the theatre.

JONES: Although at the outset I was unable



to vocalize those things that I had learned from the theatre, I was able to say with sincerity that if nothing else, I would be a better audience member. I can now appreciate and recognize a good production and a superb acting job. Hopefully, this awareness will remain undisturbed regardless of future pursuits.

MOYER: I don't think that I will ever lose this awareness because theatre has been the major part of my life for the last four years. And I think to a large extent, my future pursuits will be determined by this awareness.

JONES: Theatre has been such a part of my existence, too, that I take a very nostalgic view of my experience. When I think back on my four years at Wake Forest, my fondest memories will be those that I have shared in connection and association with the University Theatre and its participants, and I will always consider the Theatre as the most valuable and complete part of my college education.



**T**OTAL Education" is "a learning process which recognizes no distinction between the curricular and the extra-curricular, the social and the academic, the theoretical and the practical; rather it seeks to motivate the learner toward continued searching and discovery on many levels."

The purpose of the annual MRC awards for Academic and Cultural Achievement is two-fold. The first is to recognize students for their achievements in areas outside of the strictly academic arena and to encourage them to continue these endeavors. The second purpose of these awards is to encourage or inspire other students to follow the example of excellence and achievement displayed by those receiving the awards. This was the first year that the MRC has given these awards and the response was so encouraging that the awards will be continued this coming year.

There were awards given in ten categories and three special areas. It is interesting to note that of the thirteen recipients, two were fraternity members; three, women students; three, housemembers; five, independents. The awards were decided by a committee consisting of the four House academic chairmen, the Academic Chairman of the MRC, and the faculty house advisors. The awards for art, poetry, short story, best musical composition, and best publication in a professional journal were judged from entries submitted by students and various department chairmen.

Gray Lawrence, member of Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, and presently co-editor of the *Old Gold and Black*, was recognized for his Outstanding Contribution in the Field of Journalism. Don Rice, past treasurer of the MRC, was cited for Best Publication in a Professional Journal. His article, published in the *North Carolina Journal of Folklore* (Nov. 1969) was entitled "Parallels in West African, West Indian, and North Carolina Folklore." Accompanying it were numerous photographs taken by him. Libby Jones was recognized for her Outstanding Contribution to the Community, especially with the Experiment in Self Reliance, organizing and directing Wake Forest students in various projects as a response to *Challenge '69*. For his direction of the nation's fourth best college and university film schedule, Doug Lemza was given the award for Outstanding Cultural Promotion in the area of visual arts. Laura Abernathy was noted for representing the University in the Debate Days Tournament in Detroit. She is recognized as perhaps the South's best female debater. Stancil Campbell received the award for Outstanding Cultural Promotion in the area of drama for his leading role in *Man For All Seasons* and other university plays. Kirk Jonas received the award for Best Poetry for his work entitled, "Effigy of a Vagabond Passing." Thom Case received the award for Best Short Story entitled "When the Heat's On, You Better Turn Your Damper Down." Scott Harrill's pastel art-work of "A Lady on the Beach" received the award for Best Art Work. He is from Forest City. Rob Caskey, member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, was awarded for Best Musical Composition.

Three special awards were given. An award for his Outstanding Achievements in Academics was presented to Al Shoaf, past Academic Chairman of the MRC. Shoaf was chiefly responsible for the establishment of reference libraries and study areas in the men's residence houses. He was executive Vice-President of *Challenge Symposium '69*. Norma Murdock received a \$100 cash award for Outstanding Achievement in the Arts and Sciences. Norma was the inspiration for and director of the Experimental College. She was Executive Presi-

dent of the *Challenge Symposium '69*, and also headed the Laura Scales Memorial Fund. Stan Whitley of Taylor House received a plaque for being the Houseman with the highest academic average for five semesters.

These awards will again be available to all men and women students at Wake Forest. Anyone wishing to submit entries in art, music, poetry, etc., should do so before April 1, 1970, to the Academic Chairman, Richard Moore, in the MRC office of Reynolda Hall. The MRC considers this competition, generated by students for students, a singular contribution to University life. The awards express students' desire to create and to be judged on the quality of their creativity. In doing this, they represent fellowship between the individual creator and the academic community at large. Such fellowship is a primary requisite of "total education." The following pages present three of the thirteen winning entries.

RICHARD MOORE, *MRC Academic Chairman*

## by Thom Case

I've had some trouble with cops, but this sergeant was really a loser. I just sat there and hummed to him in my head, "You're an ass, you're an ass, you're a dumb cop ass." Every minute he thought up a new way to insult me and my nose. Well, sure, it's big, but you think he's ever had to take such shit from a lousy police sergeant?

"C'mon, Maness. We know you did it. Just tell us about it and it'll be better for *you*, and it'll be better for *me*, and it'll be better for *everybody*. Now, why don't you just *give* us a few facts before I have to wring it out of your kike nose."

I changed the tune of my humming so I could add another few "asses" to the line. Well, sure, he had me pegged, but I'd never admit it. Old Mrs. Davis is a lot better off where I put her. Man, when you're *that* fat and old, you ain't much good to nobody.

The sergeant just kept on giving me the grill. He seemed to think I was as dumb as *he* was. He just growled and burped and played with his belt buckle, coughing out stuff like, "Mr. Maness, why do we have to keep this up? You

really in love, and maybe I was. More than likely, it was what they call "puppy" love. Now that's kinda funny, but I'll get to that. See, there was one thing about Stephanie (she went with a friend of mine, so I knew it for a fact)—Stephanie loved to bang probably more than any girl I've ever known. Just from what I knew, and I sure didn't know the whole story, she must have had twenty-five or thirty guys to her credit. My friend, old Collins, used to grin and say, "That Stephanie is *some* trick." Well, with my nose I had a pretty rough time making Stephanie notice me. See, Collins was a thinker, an intellectual . . . or as close as you can be to an intellectual at sixteen. She dug that. Now me, I was a jock, and I didn't know how to do nuthin' but play ball. I couldn't dance, I couldn't talk right, I couldn't even read real good. But somehow the more I stared at Old Stephanie's bouncing bottom, the more intellectual I became. One thing I've noticed in the years since then is that only two types of chicks bang in high school—the losers and the winners. Well, what I mean is, the pigs who have to give so they can get, and

MRC Award: Best Short Story 1969

## If You Got Your Heat Turned Up, Better Turn Your Damper Down

are the murderer of Ruth Davis. You know that and I know that. We have enough evidence to prove it, but if you'd *confess*, it might go lighter for you in court."

Fat ass. I'll never give him the satisfaction of knowing if he got the right man or not. I get a kick out of keeping people under control like that. Boy, did I have *him* going.

He just kept on screwing around, and I was thinking about ten years back to when it all started. I used to be a good kid. I used to be a *damned* good kid back in Oakland. Captain of the team and all that shit. But then . . . well, when I was sixteen there was this girl. Old Stephanie Robertson. Well, see, I dug her enough to think I was

the really smart bitches who think they're mature or something. Old Stephanie was smart, and I guess she grew up mighty fast.

Well, anyway, after a long time plotting and thinking, I got this plan—well, it wasn't really a plan, it was just something that came out of my head. I was sitting around thinking, imagining being locked in old Stephanie's thighs, when I noticed that I was thinking *poems*! I mean I sounded just like Shakespeare and Faulkner and all those other poets we studied. So I wrote some of it down and decided to give it to Stephanie. I didn't know about mailing it, 'cause her old man might see it and then I'd be deader'n hell in



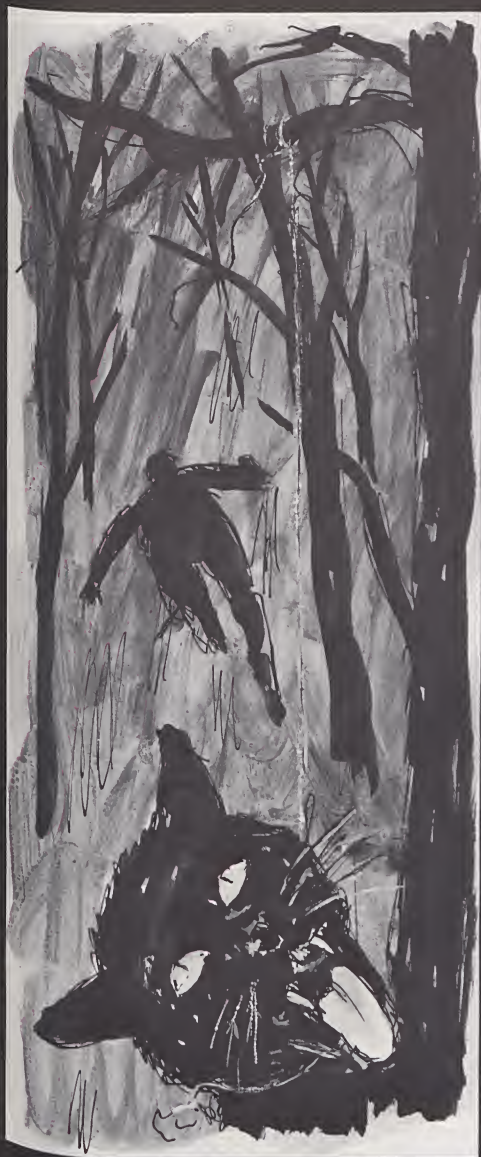


Illustration by Ray Prohaska, Wake Forest University  
Artist in Residence.

two seconds, 'cause I mean this poem said just what I wanted to tell her, and it was in a real poem, my very first one, and I was really proud. So the next day I slid the envelope in through one of the air vent holes in Stephanie's locker at school! The minute I did it, I wanted it back, but I felt really excited and wondered what she'd think of it. So I went into the john and read over the copy of it:

Dearest Stephanie,  
I admit I love thee.  
My head is a flower  
And you generate the power  
That makes a shower  
Of me and you  
And things we can do.  
How can I prove this love of mine?  
Meet me at Miller's Grill when the moon  
does shine.  
The hour of eight.  
Please do not be late.  
I have a car to take thee in.  
The things we'll do will make thee grin.  
We'll drive to a place where no one will see,  
And I'll do what others have done before me.

—JACK MANESS

When I read over it and saw how good it made me feel, I flushed it down the john and went to class to wait it out. At the afternoon break I saw old Stephanie out in front of her locker surrounded by a million guys. Every guy I knew was there, and they were all rolling with laughter. There was that dirty bitch reading my poem loud as hell. I could hear her reading "I have a car to take thee in. . . ." Then everybody was rocking again. Well, hell, if the stupid whore could lower herself to doing that, she wasn't worth it—she wasn't worth anything. That's the first time I had the feeling of a need for revenge.

For the next couple of days I caught loads of shit from everybody. Guys would yell in unison, "Hey, Jack, gettin' any?" Once I passed old Stephanie in the hall. She smiled and said, "Jack, I'm sorry about what happened. Really. I thought your poem was *sweet*." She kinda burped after she said that and I didn't know what to do. I said, "Thanks," while I was thinking, "You rotten whore," and I knew I'd get even.

Now the logical thing would have been to expose her little flesh game to her old man, but I wasn't cool enough then to think of it. I decided that old Stephanie had embarrassed one stud too many. I had to get back at her somehow. Maybe I'd even kill her. Yeh. So I started thinking up another plan.

There was this path through Johnson Park where she cut through every night on her way home from Miller's Grill. It was a Friday night, so I knew she'd be staying until closing time if she didn't get picked up by one of the college guys, 'cause Collins was sick in bed. I'd done some reading in school about really supercool murders, so I came prepared. I had a piano wire, and gloves, and, just for insurance, a roll of adhesive tape. Man, she wouldn't get the ax from some amateur. I got to the park

about ten, and sat down to wait for the longest hour of my life. All I could think of was pulling Stephanie into the bushes with the wire around her neck. I pictured myself telling her not to scream, then ripping her clothes off. The tightening of the piano wire would come later. By the time I finally saw Stephanie walking down the path, I was so worked up and excited that I really couldn't move. She walked by whistling while I stood just off the path unable to budge. I realized that I couldn't kill her even if I wanted to, and I wanted to. Just like in the movies, something coming up behind me just then scared the hell out of me, but it was only an old tomcat. Another idea. I could practice up on something like these damned cats, then when I had learned how to really kill, old Stephanie would get hers. I grabbed the cat and tightened the wire around its neck. The damned thing was limp in no time.

Within a month I had really become a pro. I had read more about these groovy killers in London and Berlin, and I picked up some of their tricks. Now whenever I killed a cat, I left it hanging from a tree by the piano wire, I stuck a pin in both its eyes, and tied the front feet in back (always with a square knot). The cops and the newspapers were going nuts and I made the front page after every cat. I was reading better than ever, too, 'cause I always read the stories in all three newspapers. After about the tenth cat, the headlines would read "Cat Killer Gets Eighth Victim," or something like "Mad Catter Does It Again." I would probably have been the hero of the school if all those dumb asses there had known about me.

Another thing was, I started writing notes to the cops written in blood. At first I used my own blood, but after awhile that began to be a drag, always sticking your finger. The notes had to be short 'cause I didn't have a lot of blood to waste. So I started catching frogs and using *their* blood. Then I could write as much as I wanted to—one note was two pages long. I'd always tell them that I would strike within the week, and to get on the ball and catch me. That's the way it always was in the stories I read. If I had known then how lousy cops could be, I'd have told them a lot worse, and put the bastards in their place. I always signed the notes "The Cat Nipper," and I wasn't kidding.

Another problem was piano wire. See, it was in the papers about piano wire being used and I was scared to buy any at a store, so I was taking them off the piano at

home. I started with the highest notes, then after a few cats I went to the lowest keys, and worked this way toward middle C. The thing was, my mother played the piano almost every day, but she only knew one song to practice, one called "Bringing In the Sheaves." My uncle had shown it to her and she was getting to where she could play it pretty good. Now I had this great idea—when I was getting pretty near the range of her song, I watched her practice for a couple of days, and I saw these three notes that she wasn't playing. So, instead of taking a chance on using her lowest bass note in the song, I pull out this string right in the middle that she never played. Man, just don't ever call me stupid, 'cause I won't go for it. Something like that takes one *hell* of a lot of brains.

Well, a funny thing happened—after I'd messed up about thirty or thirty-five cats, and was really getting turned on with the whole bloody business, I got a note from old Stephanie, the Whore. All it said was, "Jack, sorry about before. Forgive me when you pick me up at Miller's tonight at eight. Stephanie." Yeh, it's funny I guess, but after all this practice and killing cats and everything, I was still after old Stephanie's pie. So I decided I'd give in, since she still looked mighty fine to me. I rigged this deal with Haskell so I could use his place while he went to the movies. Haskell was a dumbass dropout and didn't know enough to say no.

Well, when Stephanie got into the car that night she looked great, better than ever. White slacks just do something to a guy, or at least to me. Wow. I was sure going to show old Stephanie the Man-Killer a thing or two. She didn't even say hello, just smiled, and I imagined I was in her pants already. When we got over to Haskell's place, I started feeling a little nervous and I'm sure she knew it—that little bitch was going to show me up. As soon as we got inside, she started to unbutton her blouse, then she walked over and ran her hand over my lapel. She whispered, "Jack, sweetie, I want to be *forgiven*." She almost sang it to me. I was really sweating. But just then I heard the familiar sound of a cat meowing outside in the alley. I muttered, "Wait a minute," to Stephanie, and walked outside. I picked up the old grey cat and said to it, "And what can we do for *you* tonight?" Reaching in my pocket for the wire, I walked across the street and into the night. I felt really weird, 'cause I knew old Stephanie was waiting, and I'd have to save the wire when the cat was dead.



*On Halloween:  
the pumpkins glow,  
the leaves all fall,  
And look! under the leaves  
you see me.*

Brenda Gerstl





*I'm Alone*

I'm alone now / In a world / All new / to me

People coming & / People going Only / They just can't /

see / Who I am / or where I'm From / What's my meaning /

to be. // Meaning's the word I / must define / But How

I do not / Know / Advice is no good / & I'm a man

now / Where can I / go. / Questioning's here My / Faith is gone /

Where am I / now // Nowhere and that's no / place

to be / To find out / why. / My Search for meaning /

Goes on / Forever & a / day.

Rob Caskey

### Effigy of a Vagabond Passing

Is it so romantic, old man,  
as you wander down the tracks?  
You've seen the ties you walk wed,  
then die way back as they disappear  
into spheres you have only imagined.  
Will you, in your cold dying, still lying alive,  
remember your last lonely December,  
the Christmas you forgot, of that lovely spot  
where you stole the warmth of some other man's  
young and tender wife? Which respite or any,  
can your weakened mind still find?

"I recall these days and none at all.  
You never had any."

You look weary old man, will you leave  
this traveled life in gentle sleep,  
despite the cry—rage, rage—is it your age, old man,  
that won't let you hang on?  
RAGE, old man, RAGE . . . I want to see you rage.  
Your passing can't wear thin  
my skin sallow patience, my ageless lenience.

"You never had any."

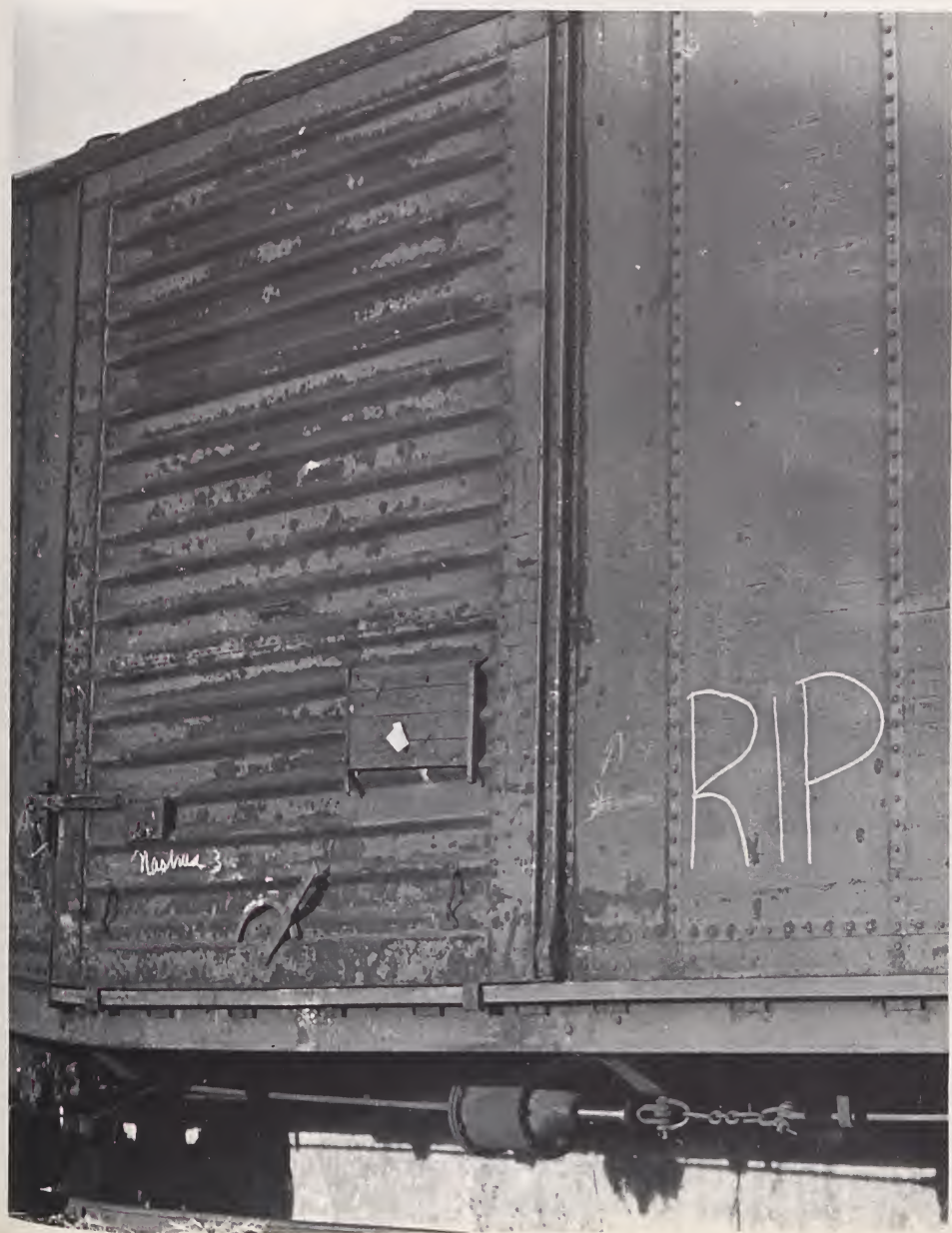
We were silent a long time. I start to leave.  
The fire glows red and shows the old man  
slip off his life-long log seat,  
quietly entering the fire face first.  
I await a scream that doesn't come.

"You never had any," I remember,  
and walk slowly to the fire, burning now  
his hair and threadbare coat.  
A hard kick in the stomach rocks him from the fire.  
Dirt thrown on his face and shoulders  
puts out the fire he hasn't had for years.  
I see his burnt hair and strangely charred face.  
He's no more pretty now than before.  
I throw his smoked body on an empty freight  
parked nearby and consider him buried.

*Kirk Jonas*

*MRC Award: Best Poem 1969*





"When a university is expanding rapidly there are many power vacuums; there are many instances in which administrators are simply not there to make appropriate decisions, and so many administrative tasks fall back on faculty committees. A faculty member at such a growing institution is in a political situation whether he wants to be or not, because power is thrust upon him. Another problem of institutions experiencing rapid growth is that they do not possess an informal power structure known and accepted by the whole university community. It takes time and familiarity for such a structure to establish itself. We should view the question of participation in terms of developing some new kind of legitimacy for the decision-making process, and remember that it is critical to develop this legitimacy in new and rapid growing institutions. We might also ask ourselves how fast institutions can grow and remain viable, because I think there is a point in institutional expansion where change is so fast that it becomes impossible to define a stable power structure or establish any basis of legitimacy for authority."

A participant in a discussion of "Governance of the Universities" sponsored by DAEDALUS, Fall, 1969.

## WHO GOVERNS ?



# Who Governs:

**Dr. D. O. Schoonmaker**

Illustrations by Dr. D. A. Hills (thaxn)

The quotation cited above suggests that it is difficult to ascertain who governs in a university in times of great expansion, but let us consider this factor of rapid change an added challenge. I am interested in who governs at Wake Forest because I feel that analyzing this question will eventually lead to an understanding of the university's decision-making process. Understanding an institution helps to prevent mistrust and suspicion. Problems need airing in order to grasp not only how the institution decides issues today, but how it might decide them in the future.

I would first like to discuss three major issues which have affected Wake Forest in recent times: rapid expansion, a change in the presidential style of leadership, and societal changes. These must then be related to a host of minor difficulties which they cause. I would suggest that these three forces create the uncertainty with which participants in the university community face their roles in governing; the power roles are ambiguous. What role should students play in university decisions? This same question will be posed for the major sectors of the university. I would also suggest here that the uncertainty of a participant's authority is not always harmful, but it certainly can be so in time of great changes in society and the university.

### THE CONTEXT OF THE POLITICAL SYSTEM

Wake Forest can be considered an emerging university. Those with a long range perspective realize that a change in name is not sufficient to make a college into a university. Like many emerging universities across the country, there

have been obvious signs here of expansion, the consequences of which are hardly recognizable today. An increase in the number of students, faculty and administrators, the development of a graduate program, and the commitment toward "big time" athletics are all signs of growth. When a university grows in more than gradual fashion, there are bound to be identity problems. Men continually ask, *growth toward what?*, counteracting the viewpoint that expansion *per se* is a positive goal. In short, Wake Forest College has become Wake Forest University, or better still, is becoming Wake Forest University. The pattern of decision-making must also undergo changes during this expansion.

### "FROM PATERNALISM TO PLURALISM"

A change in the presidential style of leadership at any small private university is bound to affect greatly the structure of authority. After all, the president exerts a decisive influence in the small university community. The personality and political traits of the leader of the college-university help to shape the environment in which decisions are made.

Are the administrators bold or pliant? Are the students passive or aggressive? Are the trustees challenged or soothed? It is, of course, not the president alone who calls the tune. (Paternalism might suggest a docile child or a spoiled child or an overly aggressive child who brings forth disciplinary measures.) But, given the resources at his hand, in addition to the traditional prestige of the office, he is often the dominant figure of any university. A short glance at the formal legal powers of the president contained in



the charter and by-laws of the university will only add further support to this viewpoint.

To discuss politics without discussing personalities would be like mentioning Wake Forest's traditional rivals and forgetting about UNC. One moves away from the subject because of the emotional reactions; one moves toward the subject because it is so clearly essential in an analysis of who governs.

It is my impression that President Tribble was a powerful figure with a clear and well-defined sense of his leadership role. He fought his battles with the trustees, and these were over issues which needed to be raised. He fought his battles with the faculty, and these were over issues which perhaps did not always need raising. In short, some presidential-faculty conflicts created ill-feeling and mistrust, hardly a healthy environment for any university. The political system of the university during President Tribble's time can

hierarchic than pluralistic, more elitist than consensus-seeking. This style of leadership had both positive and negative consequences. It provided direction in a time of growth; it also created an intellectual environment where openness was not the distinguishing feature.

There are many who could write more knowledgeably on this subject than I, but my overall point is simple. The new president has a style which stands in contrast to that of the old president. It is not to be taken for granted that this new style is better.

Some will call it premature to attempt to characterize a style of leadership which is barely three years in the making. I can only repeat that these are impressions. Though some might opt for the term populism to describe President Scale's leadership style, I prefer the term pluralism. This signifies that many voices have a right to be heard in the decision-making process. There is to be openness of ex-

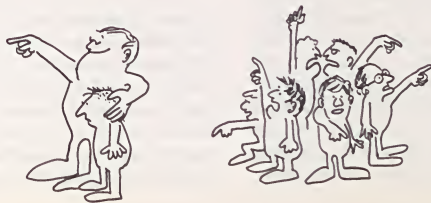
# Creative Authority?

be described as hierarchic. Few had any illusions about their place in the power structure of the Tribble administration. Administrators and faculty looked upward for policy decisions. It is most difficult to ascertain whether President Tribble was strong because the faculty granted him leeway or because they attempted to check his powers and found themselves wanting in political resources. In any event, decisions of great import were made during his time and those decisions presently shape the future direction of the university.

I do not attribute solely negative qualities to this type of leadership. If the faculty or administrators are not eager to set forth their vision of the role of the university, then I can foresee an institution without direction. Of course, the crucial question is how much leadership and what type of environment does this leadership engender. In sum, I would categorize the Tribble style of leadership as more

pression; policy can spring from many sources, and there is no one place where one might go to consult the oracle. This seems at first to be an authority structure without leadership, and there is the rub. Pluralism guarantees openness, a less hierarchic approach, but leadership must be exerted: someone must call out the priorities for the college. Someone must decide whether we should strengthen the undergraduate school or the graduate program, *actively* seek black professors and administrators, attempt to change the social regulations and bid farewell to *in loco parentis* which is clearly wheezing and coughing in its death throes. Pluralism plays down leadership; it makes power seem to be very dispersed; it also creates confusion. The danger of pluralism is a cacophony of voices; the danger of paternalism is that one voice dominates the tunes. No, I will not quote Aristotle on the *via media*; it is hardly that simple. What I will suggest is that rapid expansion and a different style

PATERNALISM  
TO PLURALISM



of leadership have presented minor crises which have been exacerbated by societal conditions.

Examples of such exacerbation are many. (The issues of the day are the reflections of these issues on campus.) Vietnam brings into focus the role of the ROTC on campus, the place of the military-industrial complex in our society, and the limits of dissent. The civil rights issue is now much clearer to our students with the active participation of black students on campus. The more subtle issues of bureaucratization, the need to be part of a decision-making community, and the fragile role of authority in our society also find their reflection in our university system. These issues of society are laden with emotion; the university is no longer the monastery where one retreats to ponder reflectively. Neither is the university a microcosm of the society, and it

FOR MANY REASONS  
THE FACULTY IS ILLEQUIPPED  
TO HANDLE LONG RANGE PLANNING...



cannot be that. The university is in that indecisive halfway house where the participants are wondering whether the demands of relevance and action will overcome the concern for universal truths and reflection. There has been too much written on these societal changes. I will only close this first section with the expected comment. Any of the three issues separately would cause problems of adaptability. Together, their cumulative effect is to cause a concern over who governs.

#### AUTHORITY RULES AND THE HAMLET COMPLEX

At a time when there is a need for creative authority, the roles of those exercising authority are ambiguously defined. The result is that issues often cannot be resolved, not because of substantive disagreements, but because of a procedural log jam. For example, the setting aside of the chaperone rule occurred only because one committee decided to test its powers. Though there was honest disagreement among members of the Student Affairs Committee on the issue of whether they had the power to abolish the need for chaperones, still they exercised judgment in a creative way. Creative authority means taking risks. If one waits

for all the information to be in, for all the lines of power to be clearly delineated, then few decisions would ever be made. In fact, the "psychology of feeling powerless" springs from a situation wherein a huge impersonal bureaucracy spews forth decisions. Here, seemingly, decisions are not made by persons; they just emerge from the apparatus. This makes it difficult to assign human responsibility, and that is a serious problem, for *men* make decisions, not bureaucracies. In short, ambiguous power roles make for ineffective communication; they also undermine authority because those affected by the decisions are often unaware of the rationale of the decision. How are the power roles defined at Wake Forest?

#### THE STUDENTS

Long accustomed to a passive role in university government, there are indications that the politics of refrigerators and social happenings may give way to a greater concern for more serious issues. In some ways the Afro-American society has helped raise the gut issues of society. The campus ministry and some faculty have also helped. Poverty, racism, militarism are only a few of the issues confronting students which suggest a shift from private to public concerns. Students are beginning to flex their muscles, to feel their strength and to express a desire to participate in university decisions. The direction, however, is not that clear. Some students want to exercise authority; some feel secure being subject to authority. Those wanting to participate actively here at Wake Forest are in a minority.

As for the faculty, I feel I must speak as openly as possible. In line with my comments on the leadership styles, I would say that the faculty have been historically conditioned to a somewhat passive role. Consider two of the most important issues of the past decade, that of the graduate program and of the stadium. Did the faculty in general play an active role in these issues? Perhaps my concept of the role of the faculty in decision-making here is not too different from other academic communities. There is an active elite which leads the way; the large majority follow along with sporadic bursts of activity. Presently there is an interesting dimension to the problem. Given a faculty of around two hundred members, you have a good number not interested in policies; another group is somewhat interested, but absorbed either in teaching or research, and then you have the disgruntled young Turks—perhaps who lack the discipline for research—who are out to reform the university. Are the faculty capable of long range planning, of asserting a vision of the future university? At best it seems a somewhat disorganized, contentious group, but that is perhaps a bit overdrawn.

For the faculty their role in the pluralism of today is unclear. You have your activists and apathetics. In committees one hears, "Do we have the power to do that?" "We can't make policy." "We ought to set policy and find out if we can." "But that is not our function." At times the refrain reminds one of Prufrock's lament, "do I dare to eat a peach?" At other times, it reflects a concern for constitutional boundaries and the role of tradition. The tension is inevitable. Unfortunately, a look at the formal

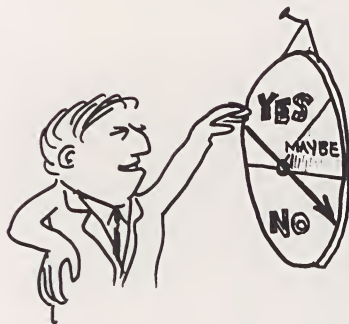
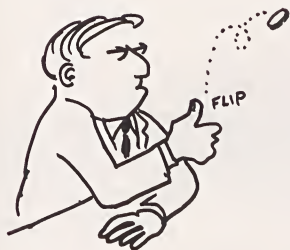


legal rules will not tell a faculty member much. His experience will persuade him that a flow chart of a decision in a university would make Rube Goldberg blush. A brief perusal of the five day week issue would illustrate this point.

Many of the comments made about the faculty apply to the administrators. And yet their position is a bit more ambiguous. Are they simply to implement policies? Do these policies come from above or below, or both? And what of their leadership role? How often does one find long range planning in the question of admissions and social rules? Administrators fulfill their function when they look ahead, when they anticipate societal and university changes, and suggest policies to meet these changes. The administrators are, in effect, the academic part of the managerial revolution. For many reasons the faculty is ill-equipped to handle long-range planning; the president is often quite busy raising money, performing ceremonial functions, and acting as a liaison between the various constituencies. Here we have an acute problem. The administrators here are overworked and laden down with busywork while the problem of long-range planning presses. What will our university be like in thirty to fifty years? What policies will be applicable then? There is the difficulty of adjusting to a new style with students clamoring, faculty exerting pressures and everyday business becoming greater.

I would ask of administrators. Set forth your ideas with a willingness to tolerate criticism. Take the risks that leadership entails, and let the university community see the calibre of your visions. Do not let strategy overcome purpose, for the rest of the community needs leadership. And if one should say that leadership might mean coercion and a lack of openness, then that is as much a comment on the pliant rule of the faculty and students as it is a sign of mistrust in the leadership.

Finally, the trustees and the convention play no small part in the decision-making structure. The trustees are men of wealth and prestige who give a balance to the power structure. They do not make any day-to-day decisions, but their policies set a crucial tone. It is difficult to assess their power. Knowing they are sovereign does not answer the question. The key element is how often they back or buck the president. On this level, I see a healthy tradition at Wake Forest. There is tension and conflict without which there would probably be stagnation. We have had a lively history here, and there are good reasons. The president must have room for discretion; he cannot be completely tied down to the trustees and the convention. They, in turn, represent a tie that binds, but they must look in two directions for the university of today: what do the traditions of the past tell us about our actions for the future?



### THE PATTERN OF DECISION MAKING MUST CHANGE...

Some may assert that I have exaggerated here, that I have caricatured a minor problem, but I see this problem as one affecting not just Wake Forest but many universities about the country.

It is somewhat pretentious of me to note that the president's role in the authority structure is less than clear. But there are obvious signs that this is often the case. I flatly assert the need for leadership in this role, and I quickly add that this must occur in a tradition of civility. What style of leaders fits the traditions of the school and the personality of the office holder? What is the model? Potent, Tribble, or Hutchins? I would ask of this office holder what

Overall, we see constituencies of conflict and consensus. One of the really basic questions is whether the university will be an integrative or adaptive force in society, whether its role is to transmit present social values or to criticize them? Some will say both functions are desirable. Others will want to stress one or the other.

#### WHO GOVERNS?

In traditional terms we suffer no dictatorship now, nor have we in my memory. In essence, dictatorship is in conflict with two very basic functions of the university, the seeking of truth and maintaining the belief in rationality and humanism, both secular and Christian.

## THE POWER ROLES ARE AMBIGUOUS



Authoritarian is also a strong word. Yet let us not shrink from the fact that many universities have had their strong figures. On some issues at Wake Forest there have not been many voices raised. Again, perhaps because of a fear of contentious sentiments; yet this results in an atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust. What we do have is a movement from a restrictive to a more open oligarchy. This means a movement toward a more representative oligarchy. True, there is enormous flux today, but a general trend is clear. There will be fewer surprise announcements of policy and a greater concern for either building consensus on issues or letting it develop naturally.\*

There is a challenge for all in this new pattern of authority which is emerging. The students should act courageously in areas that concern them. Let the university prepare the students more adequately for their lives ahead by truly giving more freedom and responsibility. The faculty should be bold. The demands of teaching and research should not deter one from the issues of the day, be they of the university community or society. Our function as interpreters and critics of society suggests that the head-in-the-sand attitude is suffocating in more than just a figurative sense.

From the administration I ask for creativity. Again, we seek the fullness of your visions. In what directions do you point? There is a need for patience with an independent and spirited faculty as well as a need for an understanding of students who reach for ideals. This same challenge applies to the president, yet it is greater as his authority is greater.

For the trustees and the convention I ask for wisdom.

\*Oligarchy means that a few rule, but this oligarchy is now more sensitive to the desires of students and faculty. In effect, power is dispersing further so that it is coming to reflect the authority structure predominant in our policy. The university's authority structure is less and less similar to the military or business corporation with its relatively clear hierarchy. It is more and more like our political system. Students interested in this phenomenon should read De Toqueville on the force of democratizing trends.

\*\* The following comment about the role of trustees appears in *The Academic Revolution* by David Riesman and Christopher Jencks: "But the overall trend seems to us toward moderation as an increasingly ceremonial role for trustees. Beyond ceremony they can be useful as buffers to cope with legislators, potential donors, and other pressure groups, giving legitimacy to the institution and its activities that would otherwise be hard to achieve."

This requires an understanding of the times.\*\*

As men of business, allow the institution the innovative, risk-taking spirit which our economic tradition has allowed. As men of spirit, let your convictions insure the tolerance and growth which an educational institution needs.

This is the beginning of a comment on university governance. It is to be finished by the participants here. Institutions of power are better understood when analyzed. Whether the analysis be faulty or not, let the discussion begin. For those who say that such analysis demythologizes the institution and tears away the fig leaves, I can only agree. Even with such analysis, however, an institution is not prevented from creating its own poetic vision.

For a look at some other fig leaves and their removal, kindly turn to page thirty-six and commence reading Mr. Doug Waller's article. And—before you get there—stop at page thirty-three and read what Mr. Kuhn has to say about freedom.



**Reynolda Florist**

PHONE 724-4411



Fourth graders make us a gift of these bagatelles from Venable School in Charlottesville, Virginia. These selections, offered free of editorial interference or correction, were chosen from the Special Education and Remedial Education, as well as the Tradition Classroom Education divisions of Educational divisions of Educational Education.

More to come in next issues.

### MY FRONT YARD AFTER IT RAINS

Yesterday it rained and I saw my front yard and it was all sloppy. It looked like a ball of slop. And I said ou! that looks awful. I hate it after it rains.

Byron Ward



### MY HOUSE AT THAILAND

We went to Thailand. I had lots of friends. We had lots of fun at Thailand. I had a pretty house at Thailand. Next door there lived some poor people.  
Nancy Patterson

### MY PET, SHESHE

She is a poodle. She is sweet and pretty. She is in Germany. My father has her right now. She is a blake dog dog. She barks when someone comes to the door. She is housebroken.

When I take her for a walk I don't need a leash. She walks right by me.

I have some fish too. I have goldfish and trout. I have snails in the boul with them.

My goldfish name is goldie and my trout's name is the same as my goldfish's name. The goldfish is a girl and the trout is a boy. I have to put them in different boulds.

Lynne Lambert



Stills of Sam Peckinpah's "The Wild Bunch" courtesy of Feldman-Peckinpah Productions and

# Chaos in Paradise:

## *Reflections on The Wild Bunch and If*

Douglas Lemza

Anarchistic disturbances in society are becoming so frequent and non-revolutionary that a good 1940's talky-talk movie is refreshing and even hopeful. Give me the days of Roz Russell tearing down dimpled Gary Grant in *His Girl Friday*, dear old Bette Davis shedding her mink coat like a pancho in *All About Eve*, or elegant Michele Morgan telling her boyfriend where to go in any of a number of French films. The good old days have a kind of reassuring quality:

toughness on the outside, glimmering soft-headedness on the inside. Everyone walks around boldly, but few carry that big stick.

The modern trend breaks away from this model by flaunting the infidelities of the current society and flashing the grinning malice of the governors; the "people" are left to their own instincts—and if that means shooting each other to death, so be it.

Two movies make a big splash on this score—*The Wild Bunch*, a bounty-hunting epic complete with slow-motion deaths, and *If . . .*, which describes the non-beauties of a

Stills of Lindsay Anderson's "If . . ." courtesy of Memorial Enterprises and Paramount Pictures







Warner Brothers—Seven Arts, Incorporated.

British education. Truly, these films have two far-flung poles of characters and situations, but the actions developed in their story-lines have distinct resemblances—exploding fury, uncontained and unresolved. It's as if you were being dragged into the gas chamber not knowing the charge; you have to do something, and you do it—by tearing down the whole prison.

Sam Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* takes a couple violent men who are friends, forces them to be on opposite sides of the wild, chasing fury of a 1914 Mexican border conflict, probes the helter-skelter framework of events that pulled them apart, and then archly dumps both of them, their friends and their causes in a cloudburst of blood and gore. It is one experience that does not call for instant replay or second thoughts, for here is Hollywood on a field day not indulging in any predatory reasons but fully explaining each sanguine effect.

The two heroes (they are both heroes since one is neither better nor worse than the other) are played by William

Holden (the renegade Pike) and Robert Ryan (the former friend and now leader of the posse, Thornton), and never in the history of the cinema have two different acting styles come in such a direct clash—the sheepish grins of Holden are out of his best roles in *Sunset Boulevard* and *Stalag 17*; the reticence in the face of pure violence that Ryan exhibits is derived from his extensive stage experience. And just as these characters clash in style and effect, *The Wild Bunch* reveals the side-splitting clash of cultures that exhibits itself in Hollywood and the American film industry.

A film like *The Wild Bunch* opposes the "goodness and sanity" doctrine propounded by Hollywood in the days of Louis B. Mayer at M-G-M in the Thirties and Forties. This doctrine established that Americans and the American way of life should be shown with as few, if any, conflicts as possible. What conflicts there were came from Andy Hardy's hangnail or Lana Turner's bosom experiences. Any change in sexual matters, the force of simple murder (the first film to break this commandment was the Bogart as Phillip Mar-

Corporation, A Gulf and Western Company.



low's *The Big Sleep*—resplendent with “unknown” wholesale murders), or family fidelity brought down the wrath of studio executives and the censorship code itself. What little that was left to the imagination was held in check—Mae West's ample curvature, W. C. Fields' hatred of people and love of booze, the anarchistic doings of the Marx Brothers and James Cagney.

*The Wild Bunch* tells us where to go, quickly and without any hesitation: the opening scene plunges into a serious fight of cross-cuts between the raiding party led by Holden and Ernest Borgnine and a spurious group of children burning a scorpion in hay. The scorpion dies as the children laugh; the people of the town have their heads blown off in the Holden party raid.

The film continues with nervous actions and unnerving violence: the fantastic bridge-raiding, the homage to the sleeping Mexican village, the mandatory love sequence, and the sweeping, phantasmagoric gore, head wounds and unabashed deaths. The color photography by Lucien Ballard has never made death look any lovelier, and this is countermanded by a literate and highly complex screenplay by Peckinpah and Walon Green.

But the real glory doesn't belong to Green, Ballard, producer Phil Feldman, or the actors—Holden, Ryan, Edmund O'Brien, Borgnine, or Jamie Sanchez, among others; here the emergence of Sam Peckinpah forges the direct influence of the American director, a mixture of John Ford pastoral scenes, Howard Hawks' fun-loving pleasure in doing the job right, Alfred Hitchcock's escapist suspense and the derivation of “New Wave” artiness to attract young viewers. Peckinpah holds closely to his film, making the most of scenes like the farewell to the Mexicans (one of the few scenes to be cut in the altered version that was prompted by the outcry against violence and gore) and the final shoot-out. The violence does not mean violence alone, but a rejection of the falseness of any other type of resolution of conflicts; the director wishes to show what is really happening, and not what we wish to happen. The fact that the new twentieth century civilization is beginning to come upon these criminals and bounty-hunters adds a preciously gnawing attitude against Americans and our wishy-washy platitudes of life.

And it is these platitudes that the “students-three” of Lindsay Anderson's *If . . .* rebel against, to eventually set society upon its ear. The falseness, the hypocrisy, the inness of the faculty, the over-bearing attitudes of the upper-classmen all contribute to the frustration of the students, and it is to Anderson's credit that when they throw-up on the very hand that feeds them that we, the audience complacent in our seats, are with them, body and soul. Like *The Wild Bunch*, *If . . .* exhibits a thorough self-control in dealing in its issues and presents them as documents, not fiction.

As television watchers, we have no choice but to accept the violence and the fantasies of these three young men as reports from the “Huntley-Brinkley” news show.

*If . . .* appeals to many people because of its innate comedy of madness: sex and sensual movements are intermingled with fire-bombs and bayonetting of people. The

beautiful “Jules and Jim” pastoral setting of Mick, Johnny, and the Girl on a silver motorcycle smiling their way to death conjures up an apparition of lovely death and almost lush grandeur in defiance of society and the feeble-minds who take the power and run with it. When these three do it, there is complete joy and alarming sensuality.

Also, an appeal is put forth for love in the very fact of the being of the characters: when Woods (the small boy attending College Prep for the first time) falls into line for the first time he discovers the basic “love-theme” idea of the College, being part of the family, an idea first put forth by the Housemaster's wife, the futile reaching for glory of the nurse-matron, and the almost antiseptic projection of society turned and twisted by the upper-class masters. This life is too good to be true, and the ultimate shattering of it rocks the peace of mind that everyone has and is expected to have.

Anderson combines violence in a light-hearted manner: the spearing of the padre, the tussel in the cheap cafeteria, the gymnastics done by Wallace (the third member of the anarchy-trio), and the final catastrophe as the College's convocation is gassed, shot at and literally vomited on. The slow and moving deaths (another technique in common with *The Wild Bunch*) with the many changing colors of the screen—some in full color, some black and white, others in tint—act as a musical *rondo capriccio* complete with accent marks and beats.

Where Anderson fails (and where Peckinpah does as well) is in the very conception of the film: it is too advanced for our television-glutted audience. The colorful outrages (photographed by Czech Miroslav Ondricek) and barbed dialogue (from Anderson and the pen of David Sherwin) come together in a beautiful symphonic feeling.

If these films disgust so many people for their view of death, then it is not the film's fault; rather it is the fault of our Christian heritage, the struggle to preserve hypocrisy in its most formidable state and the ability to lie when angry.

*The Wild Bunch* and *If . . .* do not lie, but the audience feels that it has been cheated because our notions are met with headstrong arguments that are too bold and too beautiful to go on untouched.

## Poetry

Into her peace, God came;  
her body whirled.

No longer do I hear our  
antic screams

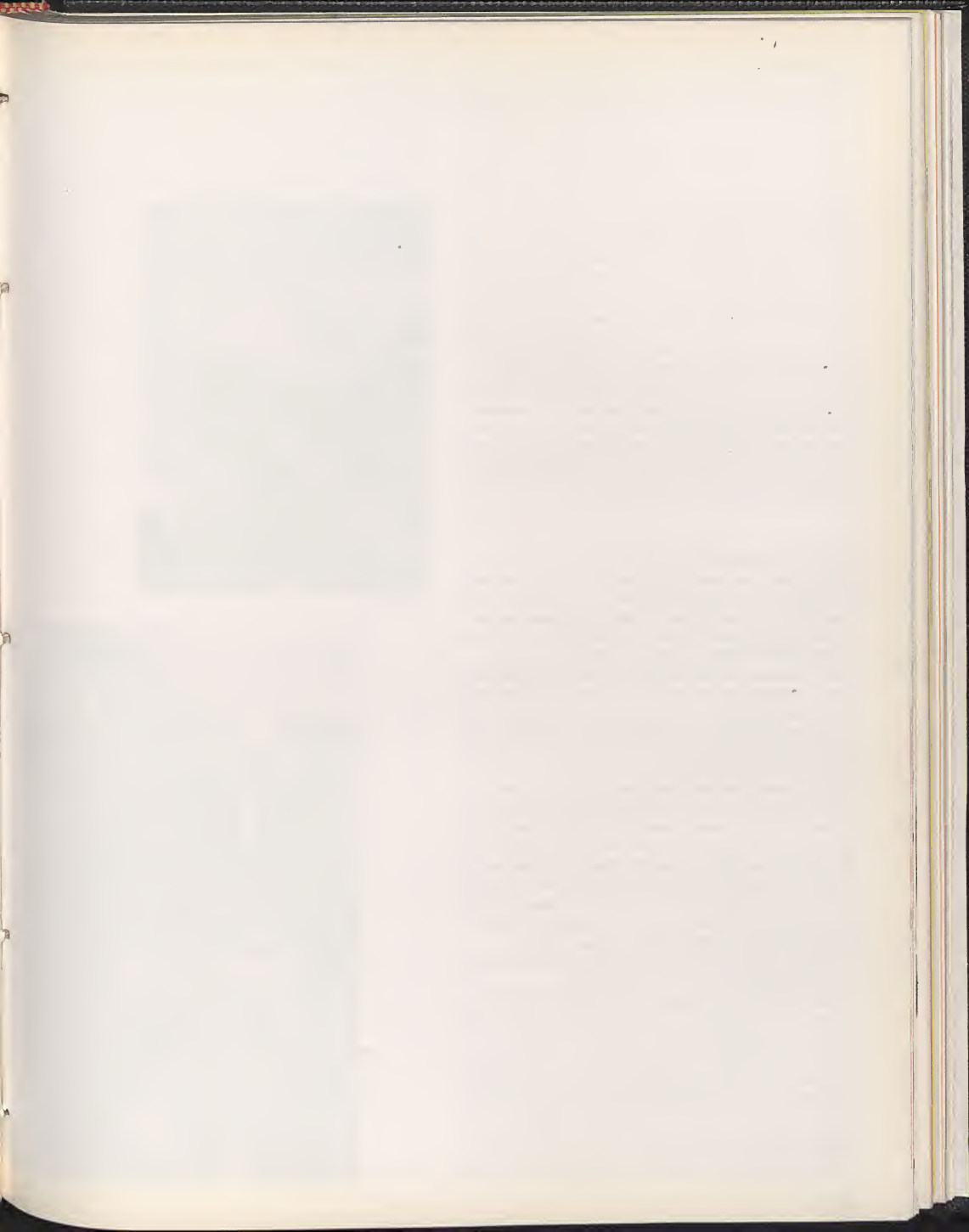
Of give us words to make  
into dreams,  
But give us dreams  
to make into words.



Where have you gone Joe DiMaggio?







# Journal of Selections from the

"Katfish," Kevin Mauney, a junior political science major, kept a journal during his summer "vacation" at the Wake Forest Overseas Center in Belize, British Honduras. These selections reflect his experiences, living in a young Central American nation. "Katfish" was one of sixteen Wake Forest students and faculty who conducted a socio-cultural survey while fighting off hurricanes and mosquitoes. Notably, the group found out a lot about themselves and their way of life while having to adapt to a new environment. Their stay in Belize was memorable to say the least; some of the funny, reflective, or forgettable moments are remembered here.

JULY 28: OK, we're here! After my very first plane ride and very first time out of the country, we're sort of settled. We hardy boys are the inhabitants of a screened-in area averaging 5'5" in height and abounding with ants and convenient mosquito holes. It may be hot, but 6-12 protects you better than Ice Blue Secret ever could!

About midday we realized that siestas are no laughing matter. Anyhow, I have been in bed most of the time due to extreme exhaustion.

One guy we met is the country's top weightlifter who doesn't want to get rich since he likes his life as it is. That's the thing—everyone down here seems satisfied with a basically comfortable and unhurried way of life interrupted only by the movies—an experience I'm told I mustn't miss.

JULY 30: We're coming closer to finding out what to do here besides ogle the natives. It looks like a study of the political culture, which is basically what we expected to do before we began experiencing the marvels of a sixteen-member seminar. Of course, we have to change some of the questions—particularly when the classification "unmarried" has nothing to do with the number of kids!

Tonight, these cats gave us the Yanqui go home yelling treatment. Maybe they were just kidding!?

JULY 31: You know those Yanqui-haters? Well, this sleeper slept through most of the threat by four guys who scared us enough to warrant all night two-man shifts and an arsenal of machetes and pocketknives. One of the three was hopefully up on pot when he gave us the burning-threat treatment. It's been a long time since I've really been petrified, but thankfully the scare goes after a couple of hours of leaping at every sound. Anyhow, the lack of sleep last night may help me sleep tonight. The question is: How do you prove to the Central American blacks that you are





not an American racist? According to the man, "Carolina is racist country."

AUGUST 2: Thankfully, we've had no more nocturnal visitors. In the meantime, we've completed our interview schedule of about 100 questions. From the schedule we should be able to answer some pretty interesting questions about a tiny nation whose politics are reminiscent of machine politics everywhere. Most people don't give a damn about politics, but inexplicably, many seem to have definite ideas about where Belize is going.

AUGUST 3: Yesterday, we bumped over 30 miles of truly treacherous terrain to reach the mosquito's vacation spot—Altun Ha. (The site doubles as the spot where ancient Mayan temples stand.) All in all, the sickening ride was really worth the panoramic view from the tallest temple. Needless to say, we all acted like priests and sacrificed many an imaginary virgin. Outside of nearly killing ourselves coming down mounds the wrong way, there were no major injuries. The road to Altun Ha ran straight through the jungle, although the thoroughfare was paved and punctuated by an occasional house. Seeing children outside of thatched huts makes you wonder about ever getting bored in America. These kids were thrilled simply to have their picture taken or to be waved at from our Land Rover.

AUGUST 5: Finally, we started interviewing. We expect some trouble over the political questions—one lady even answered in whispers. The schedule is long but will probably yield a great deal of interesting information.

As for things one misses—Slater's big cold milk glasses,

stereos, baseball scores, and the comic strip Tumbleweeds. Yet, there are occasional surprises that recapture golden moments—hearing Johnny Cash on the radio, *Torture Garden* in the movies, and the prospect of using my tennis racquet for something other than a reserve oar.

My new nickname is Katfish; Haigler is the Ancient Mayan, and Charlow is Moses?!

AUGUST 6: Interviews are coming along quite nicely with a great variety of respondents from which an enterprising interviewer may choose. We're beginning to see certain patterns among the people—a great deal of apathy in particular. Of course, some people are always ready to tell you what they think about that hotly-developing commodity known as Belizean politics. Many people are dead set against independence: some fear that the premier will give the nation to Guatemala.

Several members have had, or are getting, IT—the accepted name for amebic dysentery.

AUGUST 8: Frustrating interviews and long write-ups are beginning to get us down, but TGIF. Nine of the group left today in that blasted Land Rover for an eight-hour trip over so-called roads to Tikal, a magnificent Mayan ruin site. But this Ancient Mayan is being seen in the rainy season from my precarious perch on top of a wind-buffed bunk.

Last night, five of us saw *Hurry Sundown*. Unexpectedly the people were quiet, which was the problem. You see, this flick makes a big thing about racism in the South. Now when you're one of a handful of whites in an otherwise all-black audience, you begin to see things from a different perspective. After all, North Carolina ain't New England!

The radios play everywhere as we walk through the day's interviewing areas. It's a weird feeling at times—the stench of a canal-sewer, the mark of technology through sound, and shacks with permanent air conditioning vents—cracks in the unpainted wood. Yet, the climate is good to the people—except for a hurricane which levels the shacks every so often.

AUGUST 11: The morning was spent in a musty, dilapidated shop where an old man earned enough to feed his mice by selling cigarettes and toilet paper. (I kid you not!)

There are times—like Saturday—when one wants to do nothing but lie in bed. All drive, ambition, and good-old American competitiveness seem to evaporate. The only thing which can entice one to rise is the temptation to use the insect repellent.

A voice crying in the wilderness: How many homers does Reggie Jackson have?

Other than the fact that we haven't had water for two days, things are going pretty well. I mean—EVERYBODY GOT MAIL TODAY!

AUGUST 13: We know not when we'll get mail again (although now our water works!). It seems that a certain Post Office worker pulls our mail everyday, and in his absence, nobody knows where it is. The service may be slow, but this is ridiculous.

Everyone should have the experience of walking through Belize's residential areas. Children run around endlessly,



yet no one seems to be in a big hurry. Nearly everyone operates a miniature general store by selling cheap pop-sicles out of his refrigerator. Six or seven men can be seen sleeping on the library steps, or the same group may be sighted later munching on a bag of craboos—the national berry. There are many smells in Belize, some not so fragrant, but all conveying something about a culture as diversified as its infinite racial mixtures.

AUGUST 16: On location at Xunantunich, way up in the Maya Mountains at the tip top of an ancient Mayan temple. To get to the top, you climb up an insubstantial ladder to a fairly scary situation at the summit. But up here—the view is worth it! The mountains are actually wonderfully abrupt mole hills punctuating a semi-jungle area. From my vantage point, I can see the picturesque village of San Ignacio with its houses hugging the rolling terrain. Wisps of smoke indicate life, but I get the impression that pollution is not a problem. Here you don't have to talk about peace and quiet—it overwhelms you. In a way, I'm glad I don't own a camera. Like a photograph, all is still; unlike a snapshot, all is alive—green!

Today, while perspiring out on the pampas, we all broke down and bought our first "Ideal." These are little clumps of colored ice in a plastic pouch which are devoured by the thousands by Belizean small fry. We may get it, but it was worth it.

At San Ignacio, we stopped to eat and spied a small menagerie across the street. We took pictures of Bart and the monkey. Bart had his glasses on so we *could* tell them apart.

AUGUST 17: Today, the American imperialists (that's us!) were invited to UBAD headquarters to hear a lecture on black power by the same guy who threatened to burn us out. In conversations with Reinhardt, Odinga Lumumba casually observed that, inasmuch as he had twenty-five men in the alley one night, he could have burned us out any time he liked. The lecture was an articulate and thought-provoking talk on the innumerable injustices committed by the whites toward the blacks. The talk was in some ways hard to take; Americans find it hard to understand why their moon shot doesn't impress one who has known hunger and racial prejudice. This intelligent young man loved his country as much as any Yankee cherishes his heritage—and understandably he detests the thought of any foreign intervention á la Dominican Republic, Bay of Pigs, or Vietnam. He tells us simply, "You Americans are fucked up." The cry of UBAD is for revolution along the lines of Black Power prophets by which black unity and potential can be realized. Unfortunately, even our belated liberalism is now being rejected. As Odinga tells us, you cannot *give* anyone independence, nor can you *give* blacks lip service and expect the ghettos to suddenly bloom into model communities.

AUGUST 19: Today we went to Stann Creek Town and once again, we are the rich white Americans in an almost totally black population. The stares are hard to get used to; each one causes a little further thought about what it is to be American and white.

AUGUST 22: Have you ever taken a four hour trip down

the Hummingbird Highway by means of a fruit truck? For a 6'1" gringo, narrow slats and minuscule aisles and innumerable bumps are not good! You have to hold on for dear life, and even then you're not sure it's worth holding on to a machine which shakes and rolls in all directions. I found it hard to believe, but Belize City sure looked good. Remarkably, we were ecstatic to arrive back in "beautiful downtown Belize" where the meals are regular and the beds come on to a tired cowpoke. I've never ridden a bronco, but. . . .

After some thought, Karl and I decided that we spend most of our spare time thinking about when we get home and about vista-opening and horizon-expanding experience.

AUGUST 24: Interesting things continue to happen! Yesterday afternoon, some cat slit the cage screen and got away

with a couple of radios, a knife, and a hammock. Now I guess we'll believe Evans when he tells us to leave nothing out to attract visitors. After all, we are the rich Americans.

On the more exciting political scene—at a rally held by an arm of the N. I. P., a UBAD leader was asked to speak and then expelled from the platform. The UBAD people got ticked and a few rocks were thrown, but a lot of potential for a real riot was fortunately wasted. The next night, the N. I. P.'s newspaper office was burned to the ground. Where do we fit into all this? Well, the Minister of Education told other Cabinet members that we were working with UBAD and supporting them financially. Of course, all along UBAD has claimed that we were either CIA spies or a survey team for American land speculators. Of course, N.I.P. thinks we are working for the government party, P.U.P. You might say we're caught in the middle.

AUGUST 31: Reinhardt's wife may come in today, but he doesn't know. Of course, the hurricane may keep her in Miami. . . .

The hurricane—frivolous Frances—is about 15-20 hours away and picking up intensity. The last big blow practically annihilated Belize, so we ain't going to hang around for a first-hand look. So, we have packed enough for a couple days in the mountains, maybe even on top of a Mayan pyramid.

SEPTEMBER 1: From where I squat on the sidewalk, it's hard to believe that an uneven tempered young lady is growing up about three hundred miles due east. The proverbial calm before the storm is now happening—the only movement around is the blink of the lighthouse and the occasional flapping of the red hurricane flag. Twilight on the Caribbean is a thing of beauty, dropping no hints about anything as uncouthly violent as a hurricane. Gliding black birds break the pleasing monotony of purple and blue sky. As the possibly extended darkness approaches, the waves lap the rocks almost apologetically. In maybe fifteen hours,







RISING EARLY with nets of sleep still hanging over his eyes  
he looks toward the screaming eastern skies, studies  
the bright sun of hope, and then  
goes out to work.

Work steadily as mists of morning vanish and dew disappears  
the sun follows him or he follows it, until  
the noon when he lays down his plow  
to rest and eat.

But soon he returns to the fields and to the plow his strong hands  
were molded for, afraid to stay very long in that  
too comfortable shade, returning  
because he knows.

Working toward the set of sun he plows, the furrows seeming  
never to end and, when they do, there's always  
another to be done and he works  
only for night.

Stopping—a furrow half-done—he looks westward to study  
a falling sun, its lonely fire filling him with  
cold peace—and only a cross  
to mar the view.

SAMMY COVINGTON

When night has come and the lamps are out,  
They sit together and dream in the darkness,  
Or sometimes sew, these women yellow and old.

There is a power in old women  
Who sit quietly,  
To make dreams come.  
They have no power beyond that,  
Except they look the quintessence  
Of all that they have seen.  
Age is no wisdom but the wisest—  
A frail and trembling image of itself,  
Mixing what it was and is,  
With what the water grasses  
And the strollers are.

Harold Cranford

occasionally  
    among the faces  
        that appear  
        and disappear  
a memory flickers  
    in the dark of  
        the past  
    and the karmic wheel turns back . . .  
another lifetime,  
another place,  
    we met before.

an accident?  
that our torn edges  
    fit together  
as from a single page?

. . . yet the wheel turns forward . . .  
not this time,  
not this place,

For the would-have-loves  
    and almost-friends  
the incomplete debt remains  
until  
another lifetime,  
another place. . .

We'll meet  
again.

Tricia Mumme

Yes;  
Yes, I shall grow old.  
And I shall grunt instead of shouting.  
And make low round noises,  
Instead of edged ones.

I will see the years that have lived and died,  
Live again . . .

    In sun-warmed daydreams.  
And will tell someone,  
"Turn my rocking chair to face the setting sun."  
Forgotten names,  
    And sometimes faces,  
Will be mine.

And my paper months will be torn  
From their wall calendar, leaving a  
withered stump of time.

DOUGLAS R. HUX







*Captain Kuhn addresses the troops.*

While classes change at a well-known university, a quiet and reserved man might have been noticed listening carefully to a brick wall. It said to him, "Jeff, it has come to our attention that terrific violence may erupt on the Wake Forest campus in a matter of days. It appears that several of the student leaders of the ROTC are attempting to physically seize control of the Student Government. Jeff, we cannot imagine the men of that department, so obviously dedicated to peace and the maintenance of order, engaging in such action. In other words, it is our opinion that they are being influenced, if not duped, by some outside agency. Your mission, should you accept it, would be to discover who is behind this plot, what their goal is, and stop them. As usual, if you or any of your I-M squad should be killed or captured, the secretary will disavow any knowledge of your action. Good luck, Jeff. This brick will self-destruct in five seconds."

Jeff Jarvis is soon briefing the members of his task-force, whom he has selected for this daring endeavor. They are Yom Kipup—Acrobat, Oscar Grunt—strongman, The Marquis de Façade—master of disguise, and Paprika Parsons—mistress of seduction. "All right, team, the situation looks tense. This very afternoon the battalion is mustering for final instructions for an all-out assault on the offices of the Student Government. We must act quickly. This much I

"Jeff, your mission, should you accept it . . ."



# Mission

By Steve Baker

have been able to find out so far. The officer who has apparently gone berserk and seized command, holding most of his fellow officers prisoner, is George Kuhn. Only one officer has remained loyal and does Kuhn's bidding; he is Captain Karl Haigler. Now, the two of them have long been under surveillance as potentially radical officers ever since they began listening at the feet of the apostle of the Political Therapy department, Mr. Boils. But we never expected to see them venturing so far from the "golden mean" in order to cure the "body politic." All we have to go on is this brief excerpt from one of the many memos which Kuhn has sent his men recently: "Men, I know you are all with me 100% in our common effort in the near future. I am sure that you are as incensed as I over the recent degeneration of the Student Government which is now trying to utterly destroy the little shreds of morality remaining on our dear campus by passing bills in favor of intervisitation. I can no longer stand aside and be dragged down the path of evil, nor see my fellow students thrown into corruption by this obvious perversion of democracy. Stand with me now in the defense of truth and goodness, and I swear to you *we will prevail!*"

The artful agents are soon all in action. "Pap" Parsons is given a task of double importance. To explore Jeff's doubt that any red-blooded American soldier-to-be could

possibly be opposed to intervisitation, the desirable, though dangerous, daredevil of a detective will try with much guile and more smile to discover what has really gone wrong with Captain Kuhn and what his motives really are. And while she thus entertains and interrogates the office, Yom will somehow break into his room to search for any plans or clues of future action by the military. Into an equally dangerous situation goes the Marguis de Façade, who will do his best to buy Jeff some time by throwing the battalion into confusion through orders issued while disguised as Karl Haigler, whom Oscar has kidnapped, bound, and placed atop the water tower with one graceful toss.

Things start happening. On the drill field commands



*Karl Haigler on his way to the water tower.*

n:  
irrelevant



*Karl Haigler atop the water tower ponders the situation.*

ring through the air. "A Company . . . Left Face. B Company . . . Right Face. Battalion . . . Forward March." Before anyone can realize what is happening and give counter-commands, the two companies run headlong into each other, resulting in a few dazed or unconscious soldiers while the majority continue to march, now all in different directions. It is hours before they can be regrouped. Meanwhile, reports have begun to return to Jeff at headquarters.

The first to arrive is Paprika, who enters with a look of astonishment and dismay on her voluptuous visage. "Jeff, it's worse," she ejaculates, "than we could possibly have imagined. I did all that you asked, but all I could learn was that nonsense about defending the character of

the Wake Forest student from the degradation of intervisitation. Kuhn refused again and again to tell me any more, and so I began to apply the pressure, if you know what I mean. And then it happened. 'You . . . You,' I said, 'you're not Captain Kuhn, you're not even a . . .' I couldn't go on. George Kuhn is not himself, but a woman deviously disguised; not just any woman, but the infamous Lu Leake. From then on she concealed nothing. She claims to have been forced to resort to violence in order to remain faithful to the trust which the parents of the Wake Forest Coeds place in her."

At that moment, in bursts Yom, aghast. "Jeff," he starts, "you won't believe what I have discovered." Jeff quickly







*Student Government officials face death bravely.*

informs him that they already know about the phony Kuhn. "But," Yom insists, "that is not all. I believe that Leake likewise is being used by powers greater than we imagined might be involved." He continues to tell the appalled Jeff and group that he deciphered a coded note sent to Kuhn which said that delivery of ammunition would be made at 5:00 A.M. the next morning. The note was signed "The Syndicate."

Jeff groans and then smites his brow for his own stupidity. "I should have known. Everything falls into place now. Colonel Huffman of the ROTC department would under no circumstances issue bullets for a reason such as this. Ammo has to come from somewhere, and who on this campus is wealthy enough to provide it and at the same time powerful enough to control Dean Leake? There is only one institution on this campus with the legendary wealth, utter self-interest, and complete sovereignty this smacks of—the Campus Bookstore. I don't know exactly what their purpose is, but I have a strong suspicion of how they intend to supply ammunition. This is what we will do. . . ."

As the liberty bell tolls one o'clock, Oscar Grunt is calling on the superhuman strength of his fingers to remove a section of bricks one by one from the front walls of the Bookstore. Inside, Jeff's suspicions are justified, when in a hidden storeroom, one hundred gross of brand new Bic



*The battle of the sexes?*

pens are found still packed for shipping. As everyone knows the Dyamite tip of the popular pens is an adequate substitute for the average rifle slug—more than adequate because after it has pierced the body it will continue to write first time, most of the time. Oscar makes use of still another part of his unbelievable physique—this time his lungs. From the back end he carefully blows the cartridge out of its thin plastic shell, rendering it harmless. Things go smoothly with one slight delay, the boy with the beautiful body accidentally sucks when he should have blown.

As the team makes its escape soon thereafter, Jeff revels in the knowledge that tomorrow, when the ROTC strikes, the leaders of the Student Government will calmly and confidently greet them and dare them to fire, having received early that morning an anonymous letter assuring them they are in no possible danger. The unholy alliance of yesterday will have been divided forever by mutual distrust. But Jeff sighs. He may never cease in his struggle against the powers of darkness, for in that storeroom he alone found the answers to riddles which had troubled his mind. It was the bookstore which brainwashed Dean Leake with hundreds of phony letters from parents pleading for protection of their children against the sin of intervisitation. And the bookstore's motive?—thousands of yet to be sold, life-size posters of Raquel Welch and Clark Gable for the lonely dorm rooms of Wake Forest.



*Mission accomplished, the squad slinks away through a secret tunnel.*



# On Freedom

George W. S. Kuhn, III

*AUTHOR'S NOTE: The essay is a necessarily cursory treatment of an unwieldy topic. It is proper that I should indicate the intention in submitting such a topic in so little space and, more importantly, in lowering a graceful concept, or condition, to the often-ponderous level of analysis. The intention, which in itself has appeared most "freely," is to deliberate upon what is apparently a contemporary Western, and specifically American tragedy. We must briefly become the audience and observe what is increasingly evident as the character flaw of our time. We take pause optimistically, however, in our faith both that it is indeed man's nature to consider himself carefully and that the drama is not complete, that we are both actor and playwright.*

Oh, thou art valiant! None shall teach  
By torment that proud heart to quail.  
But all too daring is thy speech.  
My heart trembles, like a veil  
Pierced by the wind. I fear for thee  
What cometh: Shalt thou e'er have won  
A further shore to this wild sea?  
—Aeschylus, 500 B.C.

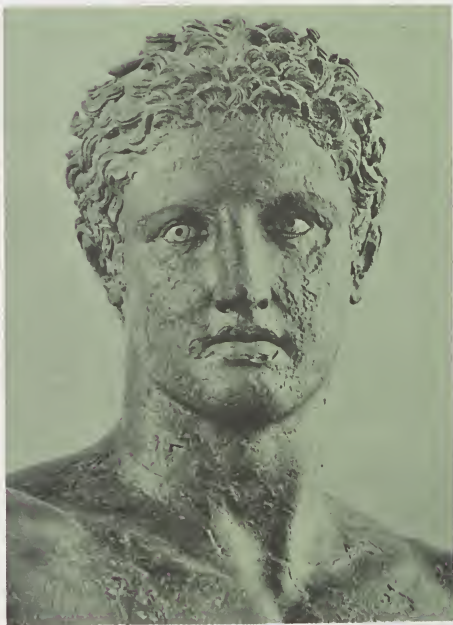
SURELY none can match the valiance and evident justness of the Promethean quest. Hopefully, none shall have endured the wretched Promethean fate. Yet man embraces Prometheus and clusters flush with him, the conquest of nature ever continuing and deepening its thrust and, more intimately, human defiance exuding complete certainty and, perhaps, a certain arrogance. We are immediately confronted with several questions: Is Prometheus' quest, to conquer nature for mankind's benefit, also our own? If Prometheus was justly punished, then are we too to suffer, and justly? Moreover, as Prometheus acted "with firm resolve and knowledge," are we likewise enlightened-gods, as it were? Most fundamentally, regardless of our natural status, are we, indeed, as Prometheus himself, truly free? Each question is formidable, and we may infer that each is a part of the whole of human concern. But time and competence dictate that we treat but one such interest. That interest, herein, is freedom.

It is not at all difficult in the mid-twentieth century to find a specific manifestation of the modern Western conception of freedom. Choosing one of the more dramatic of recent events, we find that the October 15 anti-war moratorium provides a typical but distinct confrontation of those elements of society usually referred to as conservative and liberal. Realiz-

ing the highly questionable value of such terms, we shall, however, use them tentatively and in general accord with common usage. Innumerable moratorium debates throughout the nation found each side championing the cause of "freedom." Conservatives argued with varying degrees of qualifications that the war effort was made in defense of the right to self-determination, both of the South Vietnamese and of the entire "Free World." They asserted that such civil acts as represented by the moratorium undermined the authority of

As one clearly radical Wake Forest student exclaimed, "What else is democratic government but the rule of the people, rule from the streets!"

Two interesting points are readily apparent. First, there is essentially no difference in the opposing sides' conceptions of freedom. Both can be reduced without significant distortion to the single concept of freedom as simple lack of external restraint. That nation or individual is "free" which experiences no outside influence sufficiently strong to compel a choice in any sense. The irony is startling in this confrontation of two supposedly antithetical views, each for the same reason angrily justifying radically different behavior. Second, both sides imply a dualistic focus of the notion of freedom, one on the public or political level and the other on the private or personal level. The political focus finds, the conservatives desiring a strong government which will control social relations to the extent that no individual need fear any aggressive



the central government and thus indirectly threatened the individual citizen with a decrease in his "freedom" through mass licentiousness. The liberal points of view, radically diverse, are rather more difficult to describe. However, the principle points made concerning freedom were again of a dual emphasis: that the United States herself was encroaching upon the rights of Southeast Asians to decide their own future, and that the increasing power of the central government detracted from the citizen's "freedom" of choice and indeed from his rights as a citizen as such.

tendencies of his neighbor. The liberals appear to have greater faith in their fellow citizens and, desire less government because central authority tends to "dehumanize" their social relations. Obviously, both views—the one toward a firm and authoritative politics, the other toward an essentially whimsical and highly responsive politics—guide toward the individual or personal level. For the happy life, the good life, is manifestly a personal experience. One cannot abstract oneself to the political level and be honestly happy. We note again, and again ironically, that for the

same reason conservatives and liberals propose divergent views of politics. And it would indeed seem that we have constructed, after all, a modern outlook which is consistent. All men desire personal happiness; all men, therefore, regard a lack of external restraint as the necessary condition to their individual pursuits.

**B**UT we have thus far dealt with mere common sense. That this is the popular mind is surely undeniable. It would be to our benefit to consider the mind of the elite of our time, of those few who represent our more excellent achievements and are responsible for so much of our ethos.

First, we must distinguish between the Modern and Classical or Medieval periods. This distinction lies in the hallmark of our age: materialism. Probably influenced by several thinkers of the previous two centuries, yet Niccolò Machiavelli himself initiated this modern spirit in his subtle and singularly successful teaching that we concern ourselves with, in Francis Bacon's words, "what men do, and not [with] what they ought to do." Modern man thus learned from Machiavelli to lower his vision to the level of man *per se*: rejecting as impossible an even undesirable such excellence as the Classics had sought and tacitly excluding any transcendent or supreme good the Judeo-Christian tradition had looked to. What was increasingly manifest in the modern attitude was an optimism founded upon a dualistic faith in *mundane change* as projected through *science*. Change was in itself worthy, and man essentially guided his own undeniably progressive evolution. Modern excellence was—perchance, is—viewed as rational control of natural forces for the material benefit of man.

Accompanying the modern abandonment of philosophy and theology, indeed inherent in the modern scientific project, has been the attitude of moral relativism and, more significantly, a semi-mechanistic outlook. Not only are all individual values equally valid, but, as man is somewhat subject to a mechanistic nature, so to be in any sense individual requires "freedom" in the form of effective isolation from unchosen stimuli. When we combine such moral relativism with the conceptual requirement of freedom from external restraint and to these join the idol of change, we begin to comprehend the totality of the modern view. We can then put into proper context Mr. Justice William O. Douglas' opinion that courts of justice are but arbiters of community interests and are ultimately bound to reverse as their first concern the freedom of the First Amendment—a freedom or right which he also claims is absolutely "... [incompatible with] even a reasonable regulation"; or again, Oliver Wendell Holmes' contention that "truth is that idea triumphing in the marketplace." The highly regarded legal philosopher Roscoe Pound appears at first to understand something of modernity's waywardness when he declares that "difficult as it may be, the problem of values is one

from which the science of law cannot escape." But we are deeply disillusioned when, in step with Douglas, he defines *justice* as "... such an adjusting of relations and ordering of conduct as will make the goods of existence, the means of satisfying human claims to have things and do things, go round as far as possible with the least friction and waste." We note the thrusts in these concoctions: absolute freedom, the subsequent dispute of justice of simple conciliation. All are more fundamentally conceived as manifestations of the exceptionally personal and even radically egalitarian modern emphasis. And we would again more accurately and wisely entertain the design were we to illustrate it in a geometric diagram: the dispute of interests being arbitrated in balanced vectors on a grid of total freedom from restraint. Justice becomes an essentially economic function. The strongest justly wins, for the entire social structure is founded upon virtual licentiousness. "Truth" is his whose rhetoric is loudest and longest. And we should as soon accept all this as believe that Fuzzy Wuzzy was actually a Welsh platypus.

To proceed becomes increasingly distasteful, but we cannot yet accept the seeming sterility and possible insalubrity of such a significant portion of modern intellectual and cultural achievement. It would be fair to seek even greater authorities and to consider carefully their pertinent teachings.

**W**E have already named Machiavelli as the instigator of the modern view. His rhetoric, which so subtly undermined the works of the prominent Classics and Christians, was followed by less indirect and more varied works criticizing former conceptual institutions and constructing a wholly new approach to the nature of man. Francis Bacon drew the logical conclusion to Machiavelli's intimations by declaring man's chief concern to be the total conquest of nature and, he projected, the subsequent elevation of man's material well-being to a mundane paradise. Man was to completely "free" himself from the strictures of physical nature in order to attain the good life. Thomas Hobbes constructed his political philosophy primarily on this empirical nurture, and he fatefully introduced a revolutionary meaning to the idea of man.

Hobbes outlined two possible states in which man might exist, the State of Nature and the State of Civil Society. The State of Nature was man's initial and natural habitat. Man was radically free to act as he willed, and herein was man's greatest problem. As free beings men interacted in an increasingly violent manner—there being no law to prohibit or mollify the intense and in fact deadly relations. Man's will to live and his natural reason combined to halt the anarchy by constructing the State of Civil Society which would regulate human affairs and thus perform that function prerequisite to life. Hobbes said a great deal more about man, society, and religion; but the points for our concern are clear: man was by nature a free being—free in the mechanical sense of lack of exter-

nal restraint—and freedom was an inherently destructive condition to be suppressed for the sake of existence itself.

Subsequent thinkers retained the Hobbsian dichotomy of State of Nature and Civil Society but interpreted the meaning and implications of freedom. In John Locke and Jean Jacques Rousseau we find the obvious foundations to our contemporary conservative-liberal outlooks. Locke found "freedom" desirable and necessary for human happiness. Freedom was that condition achieved only in Civil Society, in which an individual is secured against any encroachments by his neighbor and may thus pursue self-fulfillment. Conversely, Rousseau understood man to be free in the State of Nature in the same sense as is the naive beast. Yet that freedom was anarchistic and therefore undesirable to Rousseau. In fact, while he deplored the corrupting effect of social institutions (i.e., government) and stressed the primacy of mechanistic freedom in man's pursuits, yet Rousseau saw in civilization the only acceptable substitute for the condition of "l'homme sauvage" which inevitably characterized the State of Nature.

**E**ACH of these social theorists recognized the need for caution. Freedom was recognized from the first as a potentially dangerous condition, and each theorist in his own way effectively qualified the concept with suggestions of some reasonable regulation (contrast, please, Justice Douglas). Freedom became increasingly the central concern of most thinkers, seeping gradually into the whole of the Western ethos. But the warnings also grew more specific. We notice Thomas Jefferson speaking of freedom not as a right but as a divine gift steeped in responsibilities. The list is long, but perhaps John Stuart Mill best represented the thoughtful advocate of freedom in his claim that it was the betterment or happiness of mankind, and not freedom as such, which was desired. And surely this is undeniable. Aristotle states in his *Politics* that "... we may say that while it *grows* for the sake of mere life, [the polis] exists for sake of a good life." Again, we find this irrefutable. But, still, that most sacred and elusive grail for which man has quested has been a clear conception or even image of that good life. Ultimately, however, what is unquestionable is that the good life, the happy and even sublime life, is experienced on a personal level. The matter of caution translated itself into a regard of the nature of personal meaning.

Man constantly endeavors to be happy; he is ultimately concerned with achieving what is best for himself. The question becomes what is best for man. There is no simple answer, but inherent in any answer is the quality of decision. It is the nature of man to seek to choose as he judges best, and therein he achieves a large measure of his humanity. Some would contend that man is a fated being, a victim as it were of both external and inner forces which mold his life and determine his mode of living as well as meaning. We may



agree to a significant extent. The human malaise is itself directly related to the crying emptiness of this helplessness. But we find that man cannot accept his seeming fate and is indeed most human in his striving for freedom to realize his being. And we better understand those interpretations of freedom which would have it indicate a mere lack of external restraint to be immature, shallow, and unrealistic. As man lives personally and in a mundane world, so must man seek personal freedom in a realistic context. What is primary is not the absence of undesirable

political environment. Aristotle and many others have been correct in describing man as a political being, for it is evident that no man can be temperate and occupy a middle position with regard to his several desires without first being habituated to an appreciation of temperance. No child can or will wish to speak well until he has been properly so trained. Politics cannot be equated with a strictly paternal relationship; yet man's character is intimately involved with the moral

in the right. Or better, knowledge of *and* skill in the right." We may thus understand the proper function of jurisprudence to be the upholding and teaching of morality, or the right and good of man. To deny the moral function of politics is to preclude the possibility of personal freedom and therewith the key to human excellence and happiness.

The conclusion is uncomfortable, inconvenient. It imposes itself upon the reckless masses, the followers of an ill-considered freedom, *we* who so naturally but thoughtlessly pursue our humanity. The tragic flaw stands revealed,



external forces—though admittedly this must not be underrated—but is rather the achievement of an internal control, or temperance, which frees the individual from a compulsion in any direction and allows for a reasonable and strictly human decision as to the way of the good. Man pursues human excellence and cannot accept a similitude to tarnished brass.

It appears that we have etched a circular route, and we now return to the political level and concern ourselves with the relationship between the true or temperate man and his

teachings of his society, and we cannot consider man as an entity essentially separate from the political structure. Walter Berns has written an interesting essay on "The Problem of Justice" in which he notes that "the word jurisprudence is defined by the Oxford dictionary as 'knowledge of and skill in law.' It is derived from the Latin *jurisprudentia*. *Jus* means law or right, but since *lex* means law in the sense of positive law, *jus* should be rendered here as right, or the right. Jurisprudence means, then, knowledge of or skill

and we but pray that the poet was not eternally prophetic in so addressing Prometheus:

Away, O sufferer, cast  
Thine angry mood, and seek some road at last  
To free thee from these bonds. My words, I  
know,  
Will seem as children's lore, learnt long ago;  
To list to them is but part-punishment,  
Prometheus, of a tongue too turbulent!  
Thou art not humble yet; nor by the pain  
He sends thee, softened. Nay, thy heart is  
fain  
For more affliction still!



# THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE: THE PROFILE OF WFU

Doug Waller

THE results of the present turbulence in American universities have been twofold—first, a creative improvement of the educational environment and instruction, and second, a strained relationship between the administrators and students caused by opposite opinions. The question of whether this turbulence is creative, destructive, or even apathetic depends largely on the profile of the student body, which, to a certain extent, is molded by the administration of the particular institution.

The administrative agency of the institution which plays a major role in shaping the university atmosphere is the admissions department. This agency's job is to attract and scrutinize the raw material from the high schools which will best be able to complete, and oftentimes withstand, the four years of refinishing and revitalizing. It is therefore of primary importance that the admissions department maintain a liberal and enlightened attitude in their recruiting and selection of candidates.

Determining the profile of the Wake Forest student body presents the problem of what standards are to be used in judging the character of a supposedly diverse collection of students. College board scores, class ranks, and quality point ratios are often deceptive means of gauging the creative intellectual atmosphere of this university. Statistics show a student body with college board scores averaging around 1100 with most of the students coming from the upper quarter of their high school class. The economic background of the student body varies little from the middle to upper middle class with less than ten percent of the students coming from low income families. These are all sound references for a "good" liberal arts university. Yet the fact remains—apathy exists in all campus activities. Student government attracts less than half of the students' attention. The art program is barely getting off the ground. The theatre must present its plays in the attic of the library. The lecture series draws only the intellectually oriented students. Antiquated social rules are left unmolested. Professors complain of unmotivated classes. The above statements are just as misleading in characterizing the Wake Forest student body as a statistical analysis of academic records. Both sets of facts lead to no descriptive synthesis of the Wake Forest student. Still, however, there is a disparity between the creative intellectual and social atmosphere that should exist in the university community and the present intellectual and social apathy that hovers over the university. Unfortunately, the

adjective "apathetic" is the most suitable profile of Wake Forest students. The fact that the word "apathetic" has become banal in any description of any academic or social activity on campus exposes the serious need for a more concerted study of our academic and social environment and suggestions to improve our situation. Renovations in the curriculum and social rules are important avenues of revitalization; however, they are ineffectual unless the student body is adaptable to these changes. The admissions department plays an important part in the shaping of the student body profile which in turn will influence the academic and social atmosphere of the college.

Part one of this two part series on the admissions department will deal with recruiting. What type of recruiting program exists at Wake Forest? How does the present program affect the character of the student body? Can improvements be made in recruiting to eliminate the adjective "apathetic" from our present profile? These are questions that should capture the serious attention of Wake Forest administrators and teachers.

Compared with other administrative agencies of the university, the admissions department is a fairly young organization in the institution. Before the summer of 1957, which marked the formation of the admissions office as a separate administrative function, admissions was handled by the registrar's office. The pressing need for a more concentrated effort in this area naturally caused the formation of a separate department. Because of the annual increase of applications to the university and the growing competition for better students, the role of the admissions department has increased in importance over the last four years to the point that it is one of the major concerns of the university.

Wake Forest seeks a national student body with 74% of the students coming from the Southeast, 15% from the Middle Atlantic, 4% each from New England and North Central America and the remaining 3% made up of foreign students.<sup>1</sup> Virginia has the lead for out-of-state students with Maryland and New Jersey almost tied for second place. The class of '73 standings show 90% of the men coming from the top 25% of their high school class and 96% of the women coming from the top

<sup>1</sup> Cass and Birnbaum, *Comparative Guide to American Colleges: 1968-1969 Edition*, (New York, 1968) p. 763. These figures have changed in the last year—however, not to the extent that they are not applicable to the geographical relationship of students.



10% of their high school class. College board scores for the freshman class average 547-verbal and 596-math for men and 607-verbal and 615-math for the women.

Recruiting definitely played a major part in collecting students of this caliber. The reputation of Wake Forest academically and socially and the athletic achievements of the university played important roles in this recruiting; however, their effect directly or indirectly upon recruiting is difficult to predict with any degree of accuracy. Roughly, twenty-five percent of the Admission office's time is spent recruiting. Two thirds of this off-campus time is spent recruiting in North Carolina. Three staff members and the admissions director, William C. Starling, participate at one time or another in this off-campus recruiting. Geographically, the admissions department has a program reaching as far north as New York City and its northern suburbs. In this year, trips have been planned as far south as Miami and as far west as Chattanooga. In visiting these cities the primary approach is directed toward mass programs where the recruiter speaks to a large body of students, gives them general information about Wake Forest and afterwards hopes for some response, preferably on an individual basis.

Presently, the Wake Forest recruiting program can be called a "mass program" as described above. This type of recruiting is contrasted with what we shall call an "individual program," in which the recruiter investigates and attracts specific students. Unless there is a program established by the high school, the recruiter can do little unless the university wants to set up a program in a particular area. This naturally takes time and money, both of which the recruiter has too little. When a recruiter does go to a high school he has little knowledge of particular students to recruit. High school counselors are generally hesitant to distribute information about their brighter students unless those students show a definite interest in Wake Forest. According to Mr. Starling, Wake Forest recruiters work mainly with these counselors in attracting the brighter students. The recruiter goes to the high school trying to find the student with high test scores, a high standing in his class, and outstanding achievements in extracurricular activities. Very little can be done to find talented students whose test scores do not indicate their better qualities unless the search is done on an individual basis. Again, this type of individual program requires more time and money than is channelled into the present recruiting program. Finding the good black students and interesting them in Wake Forest is incorporated into the mass program; but only with an individual program can more specific efforts be made to attract black students on more than a token scale. Another untapped source of recruiting is alumni. As of yet, the admissions department has no program that selects and organizes alumni for recruiting purposes.

Aside from the administrative aspects of recruiting, the overall philosophy motivating the recruiting program should be taken into

consideration. What is the philosophy of the admissions department?

MR. STARLING: The program itself should project the institution as honestly and as fairly as possible. If an institution such as this one is trying to change itself, it should say here is the way Wake Forest is now, but three years from now we want to be something different—so prospective students come and help us change.

STUDENT: Before we can project an image of the institution as we think it should be, we must analyze the image of the university at the moment. We revert to our original question—what is the profile of the Wake Forest student body?

MR. STARLING: I see the university at almost every level within the rather wide moderate area. I still feel that as you get near the end of the road and as you get into the fringe areas, there is a fair (perhaps, poor) representation. And I would hope that there are opportunities for the fringes of this broad, moderate area.

The recruiting program as it stands administratively is hindered by two basic drawbacks—insufficient funds and an understaffed department. With more financial support, the department could expand its recruiting geographically. A mass recruiting program could be changed to an individual program where the recruiter could have more detailed knowledge of prospective candidates. The addition of personnel would increase the ability of the department to cover the enlarged geographical regions. Wake Forest sends out twice as many recruiters for its football program as it does for its academic program. This fact should indicate that the need for a well-staffed, professionally oriented, recruiting program has been recognized by the athletic department. If adequate funds were to be provided and extra personnel were to be added, what type of recruiting program could be initiated? Accepting the broad goals of the university in seeking a national student body, one of the department's basic concerns should be with the geographical distribution of the student body. From the sole fact that close to fifty percent of the freshman class is from North Carolina, one cannot infer that the recruiting program is restricted to one particular area. However, when the additional fact that two-thirds of the recruiting time is spent in North Carolina is taken into consideration, it becomes more evident that recruiting has been limited to its home area. The reason for this limitation may be due, in part, to provincialism that has existed in the past (in 1956, e.g., 82% of the student body was from North Carolina). Nevertheless, if the present attitude is toward attaining a cosmopolitan student body, the figure of fifty percent should be around 30% as is the case in comparable institutions. Wake Forest is a private institution and so is not subject to a restrictive geographical distribution. In the Carteret School for Boys' college catalogue, Wake Forest is grouped with other schools of the same academic standing (based on college board scores). It is interesting to note the

geographic distribution of other private institutions in this group. For example, at Tulane University only 30% of the student body are from Louisiana. Denison University claims that 57% of its student body comes from north central America (this figure should be compared with the fact that 74% of the Wake Forest student body comes from the South). Antioch College in Ohio has only 29% of its student body from the north central region. Bard College in New York has 20% of its students from New England. All of the above schools seek a national student body and geographically the percentages show a wider distribution than that which exists at Wake Forest. How could a greater geographical distribution be achieved for Wake Forest? The solution may be in a controlled distribution program where a definite number of spaces in the future freshman class would be allotted to a certain geographical area. The recruiter would have to go to the specific area and actively recruit enough people to fill the determined spaces if academically attractive students could be found. Naturally the program presented in this text is oversimplified. Much more detailed planning would be needed. Whether this particular program or another program is initiated is irrelevant as long as a wide geographical distribution is obtained.

Geographical distribution alone will not create a more diverse and intellectually oriented group. The actual personnel recruiting in these regions and even in our home state will have a large effect upon the diversity of the student population. With an expanded budget and staff, individual programs could be established where exceptional students could be chosen from the group and given special attention. The recruiter should avoid the high school counselor as much as possible in an individual program. The reason for the elimination of the counselor from the recruiting scene becomes obvious if we look at the situation that confronts a recruiter when he goes to a high school. For example, a Wake Forest representative visits high school A, which will have 300 students graduating



in 1970. From these seniors, the recruiter should formulate a list of talented prospective candidates. If the counselor does give any information about his better students, it will probably be in the form of test scores and academic ranking. Most of their labors are devoted to the administrative aspects of gauging a student's intellectual capability. In essence the high school counselor is more oriented to mass programs. The best source of information about talented students is teachers. Their daily exchange with great numbers of students qualifies their information about individual exceptional students. Talent is often hard to compute on paper and relay to another person. However, on a person-to-person basis, talent can become a very tangible factor that can be pinpointed by a teacher. In utilizing teachers, the recruiter can find the talented student who may not have unusually high test scores. He can find the student who, although he may not score unusually high on his college boards, may be an exceptional artist, musician, or writer. Under the present system the recruiter is stifled by test scores and mass programs which often give him a misleading perspective of the students he is recruiting. If an individual program is set up, the qualifications and characteristics of the recruiter will also be instrumental in determining the success

or failure of the program. It is therefore important that the recruiter have a liberal arts background and be well read and in touch with contemporary developments in politics, the arts, etc. We should not only explore talent in good high schools but also in poor and underprivileged high schools where an otherwise "bright" student is inhibited by a poor educational background. Granted that it would be foolhardy to accept students who obviously cannot handle the academic burden. But a more pragmatic outlook on the situation would consider the possibility of instituting a pre-college program that would prepare an underprivileged, but otherwise talented student, for the academic and social demands of the university. The fact that the athletic department already has such a pre-school program for athletes would indicate that such a training program can be instituted with some degree of efficiency. A cosmopolitan student body will not be limited geographically, academically, or socially. If they are limited, the character of the students becomes provincial with only certain kinds of creative talent being represented in the total picture.

In adopting the title of a university, Wake Forest should also accept the responsibility of creating the kind of cosmopolitan environment that one expects of a university. Curriculum changes and renovations in social rules are

essential for a cosmopolitan university; however, full advantage cannot be taken of these changes without a well-conceived recruiting program. The prestige of the university can only do so much in attracting good students. It becomes evident that the admissions department plays an important role in recruiting the bright and talented students. Administratively, the recruiting program operates with two basic drawbacks—lack of proper funds and lack of personnel. The relief of these two inadequacies would not necessarily lead to a more creative and cosmopolitan atmosphere. Changes must be made in the recruiting program to eliminate the program as one of the sources of this apathy. In addition to funds and personnel, a more creative and professional recruiting organization must be established. Recruiters must have the background and ability to keep up with contemporary developments on and off the campus. Above all they must be able to recognize and recruit talent at all levels of society—social, racial, or economic. A creative program will hopefully attract a more stimulating and cosmopolitan body of students. Recruiting, therefore, is the initial step in our effort to achieve a student body having more intellectual curiosity with more geographic, social, and academic diversity.

**Laura Osborne**  
**IMPOSSABLE**  
 what is impossable?  
 a black bubble  
 or a flying broom?  
 or an airplane that  
 dousen't zoom? Impossible  
 is not possable

*KaZoo*



*a new  
 location  
 but the same  
 pleasant  
 atmosphere  
 and  
 the same  
 good food*

**Tavern on the Green**



Multi-colored butterflies cling to a withered branch as it soars through the red sky. A contented lion emerges from thick yellow foliage, a red rose in his right paw. A miniature tiger reclines peacefully on a blade of summer grass.

We are in the land of Tiger Flower, King of the Grass, "where everything that should be small, is big, and everything that should be big, is small." Our eyes are astonished by the vivid landscape; the Grass becomes visible. Our minds are sharpened by the words of the tiger; Tiger Flower becomes real.

*Tiger Flower* is a tall, thin volume of smooth pages from which leap rich paintings and large italics. The book's appearance alone is sufficient to make one stop and peruse it. Robert Vavra, American writer and photographer, built his delightful tale around the enchanting paintings of artist Fleur Cowles because he was deeply affected by their imaginative quality. But *Tiger Flower* is no ordinary story; it is a child's picture-book, and much more.

The plot, in general, is this. A bird flies to a region where large and small are reversed, encounters the tiny tiger, and teases him about his seemingly ridiculous predicament. Tiger Flower, however, is of another opinion. He explains that all of the jungle animals were transported here by a great wind. Now their lives have changed radically, and they are happily indulging in new pastimes.

### The College Scene

College students will probably find attitudes revealed in *The College Scene* striking very close to home since they have grappled to some extent with those questions involving identity, politics, and the big bad world. The summarization and evaluation of their conclusions, as such, are not of much value to anyone in the midst of the college community. But for the unoriented outsiders (i.e. parents), the book is undoubtedly a must for their reading lists. A book written by students about students, it is an evenly guided tour through one thought prevalent on the campus today.

Statistics are often so difficult to read that the %'s soon become a veritable flood for anyone trying to wade through them. *The College Scene* is different. Using a conversational approach to their material, James and Robert Foley hit all the high spots of current campus debate without allowing the %'s to take over their evaluations or get in the way of their objectivity. Although their interpretation of the statistics (which cover student views on black power, God, drugs, sex, etc.) does not try to determine the "rightness" or "wrongness" of any prevailing attitude, the authors do not neglect to point out the fallacies behind some campus opinions; misunderstandings easily lead to erroneous or extreme thinking. As a reflection of student thought, then, the accuracy and respectability of this poll is increased by its thoroughness and knowledgeability. It has succeeded in providing a medium in which "students tell it like it is."

JAN RUCKER

*The College Scene* by James A. Foley and Robert K. Foley. 187 pages. Cowles. \$4.95.

## Book Reviews

In this strange land, the jungle beasts are no longer compelled to be fierce. The lion, for example, now hunts flowers instead of zebras. And "here, where nothing is as it should be, no one has to be any way but the way he is." The bird, Tiger Flower says, may remain with him or return to the land where things are the way they are supposed to be.

Thus, the bird, like man, is faced with an option as to how he will live his life. He does not decide immediately; he requires time to ponder the consequences of his choice or perhaps he never decides.

*Tiger Flower*, then, is obviously allegorical, but it has been written for everyone, regardless of age. One needs only a vivid imagination, the curiosity of a child, and a sensitivity to nature and experience to appreciate the book. Each reader will view *Tiger Flower* in a slightly different light, and each is entitled to his own reaction.

Perhaps Yehudi Menuhin, in his preface, best expresses its magic. Vavra, he writes, offers us "a glimpse of a world wherein there is so much time and limitless space that no one has to confine or categorize out of meanness of heart, for fear that there won't be enough beauty or enough truth to go around unless you frighten others away."

I, as one reader, cannot begin to communicate *Tiger Flower's* meaning or its effect on me. It creates a fantasy world never before seen, a world which entices, a world which lives.

SUZANNE SHUMATE

*Tiger Flower* by Robert Vavra. Paintings by Fleur Cowles. Morrow. \$5.95.



Black is  
when you're playing  
"Eeny, meeny, miney, moe"  
and the thing they catch  
by the toe is  
a tiger.

Black is  
being in the best  
part of town until the  
dinner dishes  
are done.

Happiness is being Black, and "Black is when they say  
'... one nation indivisible with liberty and justice for  
all ...' and you wonder what nation they're talking about."

It's beautiful and it's Black and if you want to be really  
with it, you must own a copy—leave it on your desk, it  
will add color as a conversation piece! *Black Is* is a short,  
not even very subtle, satire that you can read in five minutes  
and worry about for a lifetime. "It tells it like it is," which  
tends to make us whites uncomfortable. "Black is the warm  
feeling you have knowing you've created so many good  
jobs for whites in the Poverty Program." If you're Black,  
laugh freely, because Turner Brown, Jr. only wrote of what  
you've always known; but if you're white, and barely liberal,  
hide in a corner, because it touches you where it hurts.  
"Black is getting a white collar job and being assigned the  
desk at the window as anti-riot insurance." Grove Press  
prints a book that is bitter to the last page. . . . "Black is  
Beautiful" by Martin Luther King, Jr." and will probably  
make a fortune off white liberals. Ann Weisman doesn't  
even have to struggle to illustrate effectively.

Whitey, wake up, yes, you! If this doesn't open your  
eyes, well . . . you're probably hopeless anyway. EDNA BRYAN

*Black Is* by Turner Brown, Jr. Illustrations by Ann Weis-  
man. Grove. \$1.25.



Black is  
when somebody brings  
you home to lunch during  
Brotherhood Week—  
after dark.

Black is  
being so shiftless  
and lazy you scrub  
floors six days  
a week.



After reading this book, I have been patiently waiting for a group of famous journalists to leak to the news media that *Black Star* is only their little joke on the low level of and at the expense of popular American literary taste. It is beginning to appear that it will not happen, and it would be sad if any of the public were to take this book seriously and the author, Mr. Morton Cooper, were to laugh alone. But there is really little chance of that. If a person is to suffer through the entire novel, his only hope would be that of laughter. To say that the book has value even as a bad example may well be overrating it.

The entire plot is obvious in the first five pages. Put most simply, this is a Negro *Valley of the Dolls*. But this is not doing Mr. Cooper's diversity justice. He has tried to jump onto every bandwagon passing by these days. Somehow thrown together are the problems of race, law, politics, sex, which are incredibly incorporated into the world of show business where the author obviously feels that anything and everything can and does happen. The beautiful red-headed prostitute with the big heart of gold and razor blade scars on her wrist is there with every other currently popular cliché. Robin Hamilton, beautiful and talented and sweet Negro nymph, is offered a series of possible successes and possible mates. She dabbles with a few of each, and the only question the book raises is *how* she will live happily ever after. One of the least disguised character steals from the real world is Jesse Nash, a so-so comedian who suddenly makes it big and begins to swing in political circles. Mr. Cooper is trying to expose what things really happen and how things really work when his glory has already been stolen and spoiled by *The Carpet-Baggers* and true confessions magazines. The poverty of the book's ideas is excelled only in its pathetic expression. In his attempt at some sort of brutal, modern style, the author frequently leaves English grammar so far behind as to have some sentences which are utterly incoherent. Do not bother to pick up another review on this book, much less *Black Star* itself. It sickens one to think of Mr. Cooper chuckling all the way to the bank.

STEVE BAKER

*Black Star* by Morton Cooper. 437 pages. Bernard Geis. \$5.95.

*Running Against the Machine—A Grassroots Race for the New York Mayoralty.*

"No more Bullshit—their slogan." Their platform: make New York City the 51st state of the U.S.A. This was the foundation for the saga of the Norman Mailer-Jimmy Breslin quest to resurrect the maggot-ridden city of New York. With such a campaign introduction, one would think that *Running Against the Machine: A Grassroots Race for the New York Mayoralty* was the literary parallel for the Beatles' "A Fool on the Hill." However, Peter Manso's collection of speeches, clippings, and commentary from the Mailer-Breslin campaign is strikingly refreshing even though the candidates' platform is not without flaws.



Mailer's campaign for the mayoralty centered around the transformation of a rotten New York City into a prosperous and happy 51st State. New York City-State, as it would be called, would be divided into town-units according to geographic limits established by each New York neighborhood desiring incorporation. Education, Health, Welfare, Police and Fire Protection would be controlled by each "neighborhood-town" in New York City-State. The result, according to Mailer-Breslinites, would be a city-state which could solve the inefficiency problem which years of centralized city government has caused.

Although Mailer's suggestion is an imaginative one, it is hardly practical. The statehood proposal would never be passed by the New York State Legislature, let alone Congress, despite the city-state's virtues cited in section four of the Mailer "Position Papers." Many of the city-state's good points could be realized through the city's administrative decentralization—the return to the pre-La Guardia power or Borough Presidents. Such a reorganization would, no doubt, be more readily adopted than statehood and would be, by comparison, a lighter political adjustment for the city. Although Mailer is quite correct in his recognition that the cities of the U. S. are dying, he places too much emphasis on statehood as the cure. The problem of too many people pushed into too little real estate will still exist with its incurable problems. The problems resulting from this sardine-can existence can be relieved just as much by city decentralization as by New York City-Statehood.

The implication of Mailer's statehood plea, however, is a valuable one—basically one of decentralization. But besides the value which can be extracted from the platform, what of the possibility of actually having a Mayor Mailer? The thought of this situation would chill the heart of any man with an ounce of practicality in his skull. Mailer is hardly a working political animal; it is against his nature as a social gad-fly. He is a mammoth among men, tremendously blunt and untactful—and as such, hardly possesses the attributes of a politician seeking to initiate any sort of reform. He quarreled regularly with audience hecklers and periodically with his running mate, Breslin. Although Mailer's explosive vociferousness makes him the thinking man he is, it also shows his ineptness in dealing with people.

But even with his blazing temper and antagonistic nature, Mailer still has the ability to approach ideas head-on so that people react to what he has to say. Perhaps the value of the "Odd Couple's" efforts was that they, indeed, were thought-provoking and at least constructive in their criticisms.

I'm still amazed he actually had the gall to run; I'd bet he is, too.

MARY PIPINES

*Running Against the Machine: A Grassroots Race for the New York Mayoralty* edited by Peter Manso. 313 pages. Doubleday. \$6.95.



by Tommy McNabb

*A portrait . . . the perfect gift  
for any occasion.*

McNabb Studio

Wake Forest University



## WHAT'S NICE?

What's nice? cats chasing  
mice? or gold being sold at  
a cheep price? dice or people,  
or the churches steeple.  
the tower or the pin-flower  
power? what's nice?

what?

Laura Osborne

## RHYME

Wrighting is not like lightenging,  
Slipping is not like dirping  
Sick is not like pick,  
Chair is not like hair,  
lot's of things are like things,  
but  
lots of things are not like other  
things!

Laura Osborne

Pete ran to see the fire. The fire was a big  
fire. Pete saw black smoke. The house was a  
long house. It was a big house. My friend went  
with me too. The firemen had to rush. They put  
the fire out in no time.

Warren Richardson

## MY PET FUZZY

I have a dog named Fuzzy. When you let him in he won't  
stay in becuse he's not used to the house. Well if you run with  
a ball he'll jump up on you. If you whistle a tune he'll come  
to you. He'll give you his paw when you say give me howdy.  
He won't eat anything you give him until he sees you eating it.  
And when I come home from school he'll show his teeth and  
wag his tail. If he wants something to eat, he'll scratch on the  
door and bark twice.

Clovvia Jan Crawford

## THE CIRCUS

Once upon a time I went to a circus. It was a good one, too.  
When I went to the circus it was very crowded. It seemed like a  
week before you could get on a ride. Some of the rides were very  
cheep and some cost a lot. Most of the rides were not dangerous.  
The ride was very dangerous. This circus is very unusual because  
it has rides. Most circuses have shows with animals and strong  
men but this circus did not.

David Archer



### MY PET IN MISCHIEF

My dog used to be a mischievous dog. He almost did everything wrong. He was sweet and gentle but he weighed like a log. We danced with him. He stood on only two legs I love him but sometimes I still wish he was a pup. But still he would jump on the couch and make big lumps. I used to have a smaller dog. They sleep together I like both of those dogs but they died. My mother and my brother started crying and that was the end of the mischievous dog.

Parker Maine

### THE CIRCUS

One day we went to the circus. We went to see the monkeys, giraffes, riding ponies, elephants, and many other things. At last we saw the lions. The man's name was Mr. Smith. There were six lions. The man stepped on the chair and tripped, he fell off. And all six lions attacked Mr. Smith. And after that Mr. Smith was never heard of again.

Vivian Gentay

### MY PET GUINEA PIG

Once there was my guinea pig. Wendall's guinea pig got in a fight with it. Which one the greater? Wendall's thought his guinea was more terrific than my guinea pig so my guinea pig slapped it Wendall's guinea said oush that hurt my little tiny, so Wendall's guinea pig never meddled after my guinea pig again. Wendall's guinea pig was a poor guinea pig. He needed food so he died in the trash can.

Annette Murphy

### MY PETS

I have only four pets. One is a cat and the other is a fifty-foot boa constrictor. His name is George. My cat's name is Tabby. One in a while I play with George. He plays a little too rough. Oh I forgot to tell you about my pet pirana fish and my pet tarantula spider.

Well once my pet tarantula got out of his cage. He and Tabby got into a fight. (My tarantula's name is Crayfish). He was about to kill Tabby when George came along. He got right in front of them and fell asleep. They could not get over him. Just then my mother brought home one of her friends. George jumped at her. She screamed and George flew into my arms.

John Bunts



### MY PET SUPERCATEATER

Wade Haynes

My dog has a funny name as you can see. But he has earned it. You know what? We even have to keep him penned up. By the way he is a he and I'm glad of it too, he might even have babies like himself! Well it all started on one dark, wet, damp, dreary and nauseating night when I was walking my dog. I heard this sound and I thought it sounded like a cat's purr, and after a while I think my dog was thinking the same thing. Well he broke loose and caught the cat and ate it. Well he's been doing it ever since. Well that's why he got the name.

### MY FISH, SAM AND TOM

My fishes had two babies they were goldfish. Then the other day when it rained my dumb sister went to get some snails and she went outdoors to get them and she put them in with the goldfish and then they died. Now I have a dog.

Maggie Crawford

### MY PET MUFFY

Chris Arreola

My little dog is a little black dog that is half schnauser and half poodle and is furry and has sad eyes. And if something happened to her I don't know what I would do. And she can stand on her legs and she can sit and when I say come here she will and she will not run away either. And guess who taudt her all this? I did.

### MY PET

Once there was a cat walking down the sidewalk. I kicked the cat so hard. It was a black and white and yellow. It was a wild cat so I ran so fast. I saw a dog and kicked it in his face. Once fuzzy lick me on my face. And I ran home to go the supermarker. Then my mother and I saw another dog and I say come here dog dog dog. Then my mother said, "Who are you talking to and what did you say? And I say I was talk to that dog and I say come here dog dog dog. The next day I saw three cats and I say come here cat cat cat. I saw one dog that day and then I was going home to eat dinner. I saw a dog and my mother said I see you. And it was my dog.

Melinda Anderson



Something blue  
in the sky I've never  
Seen anything so  
high. Up above the  
moon So high, I saw  
the martian Walking  
by. the martian

Scared me so  
much I went and  
stepped on my dog,  
the mut. I'll never  
look at that moon  
in the Sky and See  
that martian Walking  
by.

Margo Lewis



Silas Creek Parkway at Stratford Road



# The Good Life:

DEAR RICHARD,

I HAVE BEEN WRITING A LOT OF POETRY LATELY AND  
THOUGHT I WOULD SEND YOU A COPY OF ONE. OH YEH,  
I LEARNED HOW TO TYPE. I KNOW IT SOUNDS STUPID  
BUT MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE TO PRINT IT IN YOUR  
SCHOOL MAGAZINE. IF NOT, TELL ME WHAT YOU  
THINK OF IT.

A ~~SOVIET~~ SOLDIERS PRAYER

Our Father, lead the way,  
Hear me lord, Im trying  
to pray,  
Guide my feet, hold my  
hand,  
Help me Lord, to be a man.  
Im fighting for life,  
death is new,  
Can I be saved? What must  
I do?  
Im fighting a war within  
my soul,  
It is a war that has never  
been told,  
I have no captain, I have no  
chief,  
My superior officer is hatred  
and grief,  
Im fighting this war all alone,  
Forgive me Lord, for Ive done  
wrong,  
It all began when I was small.  
I looked at the ground and  
started to fall.  
I fell to my hands, then to  
my face,  
I was alone, without your  
grace.  
What are tears I cannot cry,  
What causes this, I wonder  
why.  
Why I am here, I dont know,  
But where you lead me, I  
will go.  
You have led me in peace as  
your son,  
But now in VietNam, I carry  
a gun.  
So now dear Lord, its my time,  
Help me Lord, my soul to find.  
Father up above, I know you  
care,  
Please Lord, hear my prayer.  
AMEN

This poem was written by a Private First Class, now serving in Vietnam in the DMZ area. He never graduated from high school.







### MY CIRCUS

With candy and bubble gum being given out,  
My little circus is all about.  
I'm a lion tamer and tight rope walker  
And, of course, a talker.  
I love my little circus and I always will  
Until I'm an old man and have to keep still.  
Why don't you come to my circus?  
It's a fun place to be because it's free  
So come along,  
And join me at my circus.

Peyton Robertson





# *The Student*

We exist that you might know and make known what is Wake Forest. Without you, we cannot exist. Poetry, fiction, contemporary comment, drawings, photography, sheet music, suggested changes, and critical comments should be brought to our office, Room 224, Reynolda Hall. We will be glad to see you.

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## From Brian and Me


This is the time to tell one of my favorite stories.

It's a little story, no bigger than its hero who is an elfin king two feet high. I do not know exactly which century this one is for him, perhaps the ninth or the tenth, but I do know it is the age of mist for him and his followers, and according to the lore, the age of mist comes to elfin kings only when they are very old. The age of mist can sort of be explained as a time of dream, or more importantly, a time of dreamers. So . . .

Once there was a fellow who spent a lot of time dreaming; in fact, he spent most of his time dreaming. That's not to say he did not get a lot of things accomplished; he just accomplished all of them while walking around in a mist of dreams. It bothered him for the longest time how he could consume so many waking hours dreaming and still get along in the real world. Then one day it occurred to him that all the dreaming was wanting and vice-versa. He was sort of like Saul Bellow's Henderson the Rain King; he had this little voice inside him which was always going "I want," "I want," "I want." The little voice just never hushed.

Now this fellow had read a lot of folk-lore, and fairies, elves, goblins, and wizards had become pretty important to him because they were in the cast of dreams. But truth to tell, he always told himself he never took them really seriously. Until, that is, he realized that they were the only people in the world or not in it, depending on the magic of a given moment, who took *him* seriously. I mean, you know, here's a guy who always runs around, getting in and out of things usually within an inch of his sanity, always dreaming fantastic visions of figures cut in the air by swirling incense sticks, and above all, yes, above all, wanting, wanting, WANTING. It's something of a wonder the little people can take him seriously.

So, having accepted finally the truth and reality of the little people (he really had no choice), Brian came to him; Brian, the king of the little people. How he came is really very simple. At the particular moment when our friend realized he was mad and only little people take mad people seriously, pop, there was Brian, two feet high with his staff of oak, swirls of dreams kissing his feet, frames of fur amusing his head. From that time on, Brian was always around, his crown a bit askew, his eyes a Bacchic orgy of mischief, and his centuries-old heart growing younger daily.

Well, Brian is perched atop my shoulder now as I write and he and I are musing on what a last editorial should say. We've rummaged through quite a sackful of ideas, and the one we've decided on is that everyone should be a little bit mad. Both Brian and I like Donovan, you know, and we thought that the best kind of madness is the kind he describes: "Thought is like a little boat upon the sea,/  


You can have anything if you let yourself be." The maddest thing imaginable is to let yourself be, Brian says. When you do that, you can let other people be. Now Brian understands this better than I do. He says it has to do with mercy. According to the magic from before the coming of law, when we're a little mad and dream a lot and want, just want continuously, we find that the best way to get what we want is not to so much to let everybody else have what they want (human beings just can't do that) but rather to have mercy on each other when all our wanting gets oppressive. This is the way Brian interprets "letting yourself be." What he maybe means is that when you let other people be, you're letting yourself be. Brian just told me to quit straining so hard to get everything into words; he says you'll probably feel what I am saying if—I just let you be.



*Gee, They're Just Like People . . . Almost*



# An Interview with Gil McGregor and Charlie Davis

STUDENT: Do you consider yourself primarily of the Wake Forest Community or of the Wake Forest Black Community? Where do your allegiances lie?

C.D.: I don't exactly consider myself part of either one of the communities. That is basically the type of person I am; except for my select friends, I'll put it that way. You know, I basically don't have too much to do with Wake Forest besides basketball. As far as black students are concerned—only to a certain extent. When I consider my friends, my real friends are involved. Otherwise, I stay to myself and I basically don't have any allegiance except to myself.

GIL: I guess I can't quite separate allegiance from obligation but I guess if it's obligations, my obligation to Gilbert McGregor comes first. I don't think I realized it too much until recently, maybe this year. I guess most of my friends have to be black because they're my friends after I leave school. If I leave school and I'm going to associate with anybody—it'll be the black guys on campus that I know. As far as Wake Forest goes, I'm part of the setting, but not a part of the actual community.

STUDENT: Do white students approach you, wanting to be friends?

C.D.: I guess most of my friends are black because I come from Harlem and 99.99% of the people there are black. But I wouldn't say, you know, that I'm the easiest person to get along with and get to know. I basically just like staying to myself and I guess that's how come it's so difficult for me.

GIL: I don't think there's really a problem, making friends with white kids because it never occurred that you wanted to make friends with some white kids. They never really approach you. There's just no friendship . . . really it's like an understanding, so they don't ever present

a problem. Like I want to be your friend but I don't know how. They just don't bother with you at all. But I guess this is just as well because most of my friends are black. They choose to be my friend and I choose them to be my friend. That's about how it happens.

STUDENT: When you came to Wake Forest, when you were being recruited, were you given an accurate picture of the basketball program and Wake Forest in general?

C.D.: I have to say most definitely I was, Coach Packer was very truthful to me. He never ducked any questions at all. He told me there were certain things the South wasn't ready for. And basketball-wise I knew the Atlantic Coast Conference was a good basketball conference. I never really had any doubts about that. So I think through Coach Packer I figured on what to expect in college.

GIL: You know, I guess that I got a true idea of how things were going to be. You figure our coaches couldn't create a situation for us other than basketball and I expected the other people to be a little different than what they are, the other students, maybe. As for basketball, I knew it was good, but I didn't have any idea that it was this damn good. I didn't know I was going to be put up against this really good competition. Like it's a really great thing.

STUDENT: Do you think you have suffered any, like a lack of publicity, because you are playing at Wake Forest instead of North Carolina or Duke?

C.D.: I think only because Wake Forest hasn't been a power is the reason that anyone, me or anyone else, would suffer from a lack of publicity. As far as publicity goes nine times out of

ten, unless you're just *such* an outstanding player, you have to be on a winner in order to get a good amount of publicity. So I don't think there's anything Wake Forest could do except maybe get me a giant, no offense, really Gil.

GIL: I don't think I've suffered. I think that Charlie suffers to the extent that at some schools, there's an All-American campaign for at least one player. Like the school has a history of having All-Americans every year, so they make somebody their All-American candidate, whether he's a real super player or not. And maybe, like Charlie says, we don't have a history of having an All-American, but I think in order for us to start, our school should go to the extreme. Like, I think they should just really put out an extra special campaign to make a big deal over somebody they've got



Two points for the colored boy.

to make a big deal over. Charlie's that type of guy and it's not only going to help him for them to accent his presence, but it's going to help the program get in somebody else to take Charlie Davis' place someday. So it can help everybody all the way around.. So I think he suffers from the lack of publicity, not from the outside in but from the inside out.

**STUDENT:** What do you think the chances are for Wake Forest next year in basketball? Given some better breaks, do you think we'll have a considerably better team?

**C.D.:** I think so. You say a better basketball team. I think we have a better team this year than we did last year. However, last year we had a better record, but you have to look at the fact that so many other teams have improved. We were a sophomore team. I think that we caught some people kind of lax as to what we could do. I think that next year, we'll have another really good team.

I think we'll miss Walker, Todd, Ackley, and we'll miss Habegger. Those guys, they're not world leaders or anything, but they helped us. They really helped us. You know we'll be a team of seniors and sophomores, next year, more than anything else. One junior, too. I do believe that Lewkowicz will play a lot. Maybe Rich, too. I think we'll have a good ball club next year.

**STUDENT:** Has your style of play changed that much this year over last year?

**C.D.:** Our team style?

**STUDENT:** Your personal style. You used to drive a lot more last year than this year.

**C.D.:** Yes, but I figured that it took a toll on me last year, driving, you know, trying to back people in.

**GIL:** People started laying for you, didn't they?

**C.D.:** (Laughs). Yes, they did start laying for me, and I had to realize that I wasn't going to make it muscling people. My whole thing is to get

free for a second to shoot the jump shot. And that's my bread and butter. So, take advantage of your bread and butter. That's why I've changed. I think I'm better for it.

**STUDENT:** People are saying that you're a more well-rounded player this year than last year, Gil.

**GIL:** This has been a funny year for me. I can do more things than I could last year, but for some reason or the other, a lot of times I just haven't had the opportunity to do it. Personally, I also really think I have been getting screwed on the foul situation all year long.

**C.D.:** I'd like to intervene here also. Some people like to say Gilbert is inconsistent. And I think people have to realize, first of all where he's from and that he didn't have the exposure that other ball players had, playing against competition all the time. And also, I think, one very big thing that people have to realize is that Gilbert is not big. You look out there at the





centers in the league, 6'10" Dedmon, Randy Denton. That's like running around a wall. Look at all the trees on South Carolina. They're forwards. Ribock is bigger than Gilbert. And I think Gilbert is out of place. People are really asking too much out of him. They have to be very realistic about it. Gilbert is 6'6", 6'6½" in a league of giants. Now I think the job that he does for us, getting the balance that he does, blocking the shots that he does, I think he does a helluva job and I also think that he gets screwed on the foul situation. Other players get away with it and he doesn't.

STUDENT: Any possibility you might be playing forward next year?

GIL: Great possibility. I think that would help my game a lot. Like this summer, I really got to concentrate on ball handling. Not handle to the extent that I got to take the ball at half court, go behind my back, through my legs, but to the extent that I can catch the ball and make good passes, make one or two dribbles to get open so I can shoot my jump shot from a range of maybe ten to fourteen feet. Like that's my range. I think that it'd probably help my rebounding a little bit more because I'll be a little bit away from the basket and I'll have a little bit more room to maneuver. You have to get open to get a rebound 'cause people will box you out. I have more room to maneuver and people have to be conscious of me crashing the boards. Now I'm always trying to be under the boards. And I think that Pat Kelly, as big as he is, people are going to have to truss back on him a little bit and that'll open things up for all of us, including Charlie.

C.D.: You know, scoring wise I'd like to say another thing. You know they try to talk about different teams, different guys scoring. I think that if you look at the leading scorers in the league and look at their teammates you'll find that the same situation exists at Wake Forest as everywhere else. Every team has a leading scorer, the guy who gets 23-24 points a game. And after that you are going to find out that the averages will drop down

to 13 and 12 and 9 just like our team and that's just what Gilbert's getting. I think that with the person that controls the ball, Roche, myself, these people are going to score and in a sense the other guys on the team in a way really have to sacrifice their scoring ability 'cause I have the ball a lot and I shoot the ball a lot and the rest of the shots have to be distributed among the team.

GIL: I'd like to say, like playing with Charlie, I guess I have more respect for him as a ball player than anybody. A lot of people ask me don't you

maybe it's blown a little more out of proportion the deeper south you go. I think basically the athlete's going to be, in a sense, used by the school 'cause that's what he is. Any athlete is supposed to work for four years for twelve thousand dollars.

GIL: Well, I think even at other schools, people are being used by the school, but then they get things out of school. I mean more so than an education and a chance to play ball. They're getting, I mean, it's a two-way street. Although they're being used by the school *per se* just as an athlete, they

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First of all, I don't want anybody feeling sorry for me being black because I think it's really wonderful.

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wish you could score more? Yeah, I wish I could score more, you know, especially if it's necessary for me to score more in order for us to win. But I can see that if I can shoot it or Charlie can shoot it I really don't see why I should sacrifice the ability that he has. Whereas if there's a rebound I'd rather he get out of the way and let me get it, you know, 'cause I'm stronger and I figure that's my thing to get rebounds and his thing's scoring. Now the next time you get ten rebounds, (laughs) I'm going to shoot more.

STUDENT: What do you think the relationship is between the athlete, especially the black athlete, and the rest of the school? Do you feel that you're used by the school?

GIL: I think you put it real good just then—it's the black athlete and then it's the rest of the school and that's the whole relationship right there. That is what it is, the black athlete and then there is the rest of the school. That's how I look at it.

C.D.: I don't even want to talk about it. I mean, you know, I don't really know how to answer the question. I mean, 'cause I think that it might also take my personality into it. Yeah, yeah, you can use blacks, but I mean you can use anyone.

GIL: It could be anyone.

C.D.: I think that an athlete period is in a sense used by the school; I think that

get so much back out of the school. Whereas I think, in our case, we may be putting a lot more into school than we're getting out of it.

C.D.: Now, I agree with you there, but I think that the farther south you go, it's going to be more like that. Just because you're a black. I mean, that's the way it's going to go. I think that maybe in the majority of places up north that you have more of an opportunity to get more out of the school. I think that the fact that you're down south has something to do with it.

STUDENT: Well, if you were to be seniors in high school again, knowing what you know now, would you want to play basketball in the south?

C.D.: Not me. I'd stay in New York . . . or somewhere around there because now I realize that there's a lot more to college than just basketball. There's your life. I mean this is still four years of your life and you're also supposed to grow socially and in other ways. I think I've grown, well, I've grown mentally here because of the situation at Wake Forest and in the south. And I've grown athletically because I've played basketball for three and a half years. I think that if I was up north I could have enjoyed myself more and maybe come in contact with quite a few more liberal people.

GIL: I really don't think that I would

play basketball at a school this size. I know when I was in high school I had a teacher warn me against going to a small school and I really thought that what she said was dumb. In a way I still do. But I really think that I would have tried to pick out another situation. Maybe I haven't made the most of this situation at Wake Forest, but I do feel that there are other schools where I would have had more to work with. Maybe I could have gone to a conglomerate like Florida which is really not in the south but it's, you know, the weather's good and there are pretty schools down there, a lot of things to do. And like I really agree with Charlie in the fact that this is four years of your life

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I don't think there's really a problem making friends with white kids because it never occurred that you wanted to make friends with some white kids.

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that you got to be really a man. And right now, if something was to happen today, if Wake Forest were to disappear, and if I had to take off my sneakers for the last time, I wouldn't really think I had been prepared to face the world. Like I see how it is here and I think that a lot of people aren't really on the up and up. You can't trust a lot of people. I don't really think that from what I've gotten from Wake Forest that I could go out and be a complete man because I don't think I really have a chance. Then again, maybe it might help me because I may have to make it on my own. I feel that in a way I've done that here, you know, other than what help the coaches can give you, other than that, Jack, you don't get to make it with anybody and the only person I've had to look up to since I've been here is Norwood Toddman who is really only one year my senior. So, like I, you know, I haven't found very much I could really look forward to.

STUDENT: What are you mainly looking forward to now?

GIL: I hope I can play pro ball. That's my biggest hope. I have to, really, in a way I think I kind of have to.

And it's going to be hard for me; it's really going to be hard.

STUDENT: Is the A.B.A. going to make much of a difference in being able to play for a pro team?

GIL: If there isn't a merger, the more teams there are the better it's going to be. I hope they form a third league next year that'd have as much money as the other two leagues. The more teams, that means they need more players, somebody's got to fill up the uniforms.

STUDENT: How's your draft situation affect whether or not you play ball?

C.D.: The draft's ruined my life. I'm number eight in the draft. Some guys and I sat down and figured it out. Approximately three days after I get

the first round, pro teams know that I'm going to have to go into the service so they may hold off until the fourth round—something like that, or the fifth or the sixth. And there's a whole lot of difference in money when you start going back in the rounds. For me it's bad.

GIL: Well, as far as the draft is concerned, I guess I'd be termed lucky. I was 356. But I feel so remote from the situation that I can only sympathize with Charles. And I really hate, you know, for that to happen. But like for me, I guess I was just lucky. The draft is, I guess, the last thing I'm worried about.

STUDENT: What do you think you'd do if you weren't to play pro ball?

C.D.: I would sell peaches for Delmonte. I would take the Delmonte's job of \$8,000 a year, a car and travel, your expenses paid. I'd take that job, work for Delmonte's. I'm sure I'd find something. After 3½ years in college I'd have to find something.

GIL: I'd try to find some way of getting into some type of public relations work—counselling or advertising—something to do with people. I'd try to get in there.

STUDENTS Have your racial attitudes changed?

C.D.: No, my racial attitude hasn't really changed. I don't think that you would say I have, you know, definite racial attitudes. The only attitude I have is man to man, you know, no matter what color you are. Never trust any man. Period. I mean you trust them, so far, but you don't trust them with anything powerful enough to hurt you. I don't think that my attitude has changed too much. I don't trust people. Even my good friends I don't trust more than so far.

GIL: Well, I don't think mine have changed too much either. I like to deal with individuals. All I found out is that it's almost relatively impossible to be able to live like that. Unfortunately there are principles that confront you every day. There are concepts, and one concept is black and one concept is white. So maybe my ideas towards the white concept have definitely changed because I'm looking at it from another light. But



## My whole thing is to get free for a second to shoot the jump shot. And that's my bread and butter.

my concept of the individual man hasn't changed at all. I still like to judge individuals by their worth. And you know, if I find somebody that is worthy, I guess, of my trust or whatever, worthy of my acquaintance, whether he be black or white or plaid, like I can give it to him. But whenever the person proves unworthy, then I have to try to stay away from that person.

STUDENT: Do you think that maybe the race issue is built up too much, like do you get tired of being asked questions like, "What is it like to be black?" Would you just rather live outside that type of consideration?

C.D.: First of all, I don't think the racial issue is being blown up too much. It's there and everyone should know about it. As far as people coming to me and asking "What is it like to be black?" after my first year here doing my best to explain to people who ask me these questions and trying to do what I thought was best, which is communicate, after finding out that all I'd said was forgotten by these people in a matter of days, and after realizing that all I was doing was wasting my breath, I stopped explaining. I stopped talking about it. I stopped taking my time. I kept it to myself. That's the way I am now and that's the way I basically intend to continue. There are enough books out, enough ideas floating around, let them pick one of them if they want to; that's up to them. I doubt they'll get it from me.

GIL: I guess my first year people used to ask that, too. I never really got tired of it because I really thought I was doing some good. Then I came to the conclusion that there isn't anybody in this school stupid. They know what's coming down; they know how black men are treated because so many of them are from the south, and their parents and they have even done some of the treating. They're

smart enough to know what's right and what's wrong and they know what their God, their Jesus Christ, stands for and when it's not carried out. It's not like these people never lived in America, never watched a television, never read a book or never knew what injustice was, that you've got to sit down and tell them. After you did sit down and tell them, they didn't really want to react to it; all they could say was "I sure do feel sorry for you being black." That's really



turning me off because I think that that's just a cop-out to sit down and say "I wish there was something I could do, but apparently there isn't." First of all, I don't want anybody feeling sorry for my being black because I think it's really wonderful. It's just like I don't want anybody telling me they wish they were black over being white because I think that's really stupid. Be a man first and then be white. You can love a man when he's a man first and then black. Then I don't think there'd be any trouble. I really don't think anybody would have to come up and ask you, "How does it feel to be black?" because

they're never going to be black. Nobody wants them to be black. I don't want them to strip themselves of their identity and try to assimilate mine because that just helps to create a problem. I want them to try to get rid of all the injustices that are associated with my being black and do away with all the prejudices that are associated with their being white. They know what they have to do. I don't guess there's an answer anyway. God, if there was an answer, I guess I'd just mimeograph it off, send it out to the student body and have them memorize it, and regurgitate it, like they do in a classroom.

STUDENT: Do you think the administration made a mistake by not having more than four black coeds on campus and two off campus? Does that create a special kind of pressure of its own?

C.D.: Most certainly, it gives you something like a ratio of six dudes to one girl. Now what kind of social life you supposed to get out of that? What you gotta do is go out in the city and find yourself a girl, but then, who has cars? Especially my freshman year. Who had a car? What was it like? Twenty some odd of us and two cars. (Gil: And one was a VW.) No joke! I mean it was bad, really bad. What they should have done is gotten a fairly equal amount of males and females—best thing would have been maybe six girls to one dude—that would have been good. Most definitely they made a boo-boo.

STUDENT: What sort of relationship does this build between the black men and the white women on campus?

GIL: It necessitates a relationship of some sort. What that relationship grows into, I guess depends upon the personal acquaintance of the black man and the white woman. The relationship was created by the boo-boo made in the beginning if anything went on, then they shouldn't blame the black guys (and that's what they want to do) or the white girls because it isn't anybody's fault. I don't see why. I know a lot of cases, man that's what you had to do. I mean, we didn't have cars; we had to stay

on campus and everywhere you looked anything with a dress on was white. If you're a man, you've got to talk to somebody with a dress on sometime. That's just logical; they should have known that was going to happen.

STUDENT: You mentioned the word "blame?"

GIL: I don't guess there was any real blame, but the situation existed and that's how it had to be handled. I guess the word "blame" came up because of the situation that occurred. The situation was considered abnormal; it was not a situation created by us—we were solicited to come here. Every black male was solicited to come here. We just didn't up and say, oh, "I think I'll go to Wake Forest."

STUDENT: Did the administration ever enter into these relationships?

GIL: I've never actually heard anything but rumors.

C.D.: Yeah, I've heard rumors, too.

GIL: One girl told me that somebody up top told the junior advisors to warn them about messing around with black guys.

C.D.: It's not that. It's what can happen to the girl herself. There's a mess of things she has to go through—like being blackballed by sororities and the white males on campus.

GIL: Then there's letters to parents, I've heard of that. Letters like "Did you know your daughter was dating X? He happens to be black."

C.D.: Then there's letters and obscene calls to the girls themselves.

STUDENT: So then, the main pressure is on the girl?

C.D.: Yeah, because nobody around here has guts enough to come to us and tell us anything. Not that I could beat up anybody, but I could come get my big roomie here.

STUDENT: Do you think it would make an appreciable difference to have some black professors on campus?

GIL: You've got to take classes under them. It's the first time in your life you've got to do what somebody black tells you to do and that's good.

C.D.: It might be good. They tried to incorporate a black course here taught by a white professor, and I'd just like to say that I think Dr. Smith did a

whale of a job under the conditions he was under, being white trying to teach us about black people. Most definitely in courses of this nature it would be best to have a black man.

GIL: There is also a black society on campus, and it would be logical for the advisor to be black.

STUDENT: Is the Afro-American Society technically open to any Wake Forest Students?

C.D.: Yes, under three-fourths majority vote of the members, anybody can get in.

STUDENT: Have any white students applied for membership?

GIL: Not that we know of. We have an open invitation to them.



STUDENT: Do you think the administration's tried hard enough to get black professors?

C.D.: From what I've heard, they haven't.

GIL: From what they've said, they have.

C.D.: Everybody else has black professors. They can't tell me; really they can't give me any reason why Wake Forest can't have a black professor.

GIL: Well, we've heard they're really so-o-o much in demand. I don't guess there are too many black guys getting out of grad school. They get guys here that teach while they're working on their Ph.D. Why can't you get a black guy who's getting out of grad school and let him do that? We found out that they're so-o-o popular

that everybody just scoops them up and we could never could get there on time. (C.D.: We didn't have a scooper.) We want a professor, one with a Ph.D., that's been proven. I think we wanted Alex Haley but God, he's making a million dollars where he is. Why would he want to come here? We certainly aren't prepared to give him more money. If we really wanted somebody, with as much money as this little institution has, we could lure somebody away from another job with a more lucrative offer. I wouldn't leave steak for beans; that doesn't make sense.

STUDENT: Do you think the administration would more or less like to keep a small, respectable percentage of black students here, maybe a couple of black professors some day?

C.D.: If they don't do something, they aren't going to have a small, respectable amount of black students.

GIL: They don't realize what they are creating—a white campus.

C.D.: Right now you are not going to get any black students to try and talk another black student into coming here. Why should he do that? As a matter of fact, I wouldn't tell a white student to come here.

GIL: If that's what he wanted to do, all right, but I wouldn't twist his arm and swear this is the greatest place in the world.

C.D.: I'd leave it up to him.

GIL: I'd present him with the fact—the true fact—

C.D.: And that wouldn't be too good.

GIL: The facts from the school's point of view, that'd be bad for them. I wouldn't really have to go to the extreme on one side.

C.D.: You wouldn't have to lie; you could tell them the truth and if they came here, they'd be crazy.

STUDENT: Do you think the attitudes would be better if there were more blacks on campus?

GIL: I think the attitude of *everybody* would have to change, you figure this school is so small, so separated—too many sects. People complain about schools like Carolina, they say you can tell he's from Carolina; he's so this and so that. Man, you can't tell a guy's from Wake Forest; you can



tell what fraternity he's in, but you can't tell anybody from *Wake Forest*. Those guys from Carolina are all alike, but maybe it's because they've got a certain unity that Wake Forest lacks.

C.D.: People talk about "let's not go to a big campus. You'll get lost; you won't be a part of anything." Go to a small campus with a small student body that you'll be a part of, just like a family. Well, hell, they must have about 1000 families here. It's all spread out; there's no closeness on our campus.

STUDENT: Why do you think it's so spread out? I've run into the same problem. Freshmen move into a suite and these same freshmen graduate together.

GIL: The only thing that we have ever had that brought all the students together was Chapel—and you know, that wasn't really groovy and they cut that out.

C.D.: Let's make sure they understand that you're not really mad and begging to get Chapel back.

GIL: That's to show that the situation was so pathetic that the only place where everybody got together was in Chapel. Ha, ha, ha. That goes to show right there. Everybody gets down on people with long hair and your daddy was in that fraternity and you've got to be in it and dress in whatever style it is, tassel loafers and alpacas. Everybody is down on everybody.

C.D.: You know, it's true. Except for a few people or a few groups, there isn't much imagination here. Everything is the way it was before. Even though I do think the students had a little imagination trying to get intervisitation. . . .

GIL: And they let somebody trick them out of that. I've always said that a guy can leave high school, come to Wake Forest, graduate, and never change that attitude. He never has to change it; he's never confronted with a situation that's going to make him change. You can be the same person from the time you enter this place to the time you leave. You can come in with the same people and leave right with them without any trouble at all.

Nobody's going to make you change. One girl didn't want to vote for intervisitation because this was an "institution founded on tradition" and she didn't want to do anything to change the tradition.

C.D.: Let's talk about how everybody can be happy and get rid of the whole racial problem in this country. I have this idea about how this can be done in my life span and my children's life span. This country can go through the talking period, the fighting period; they can write up the bills, and they can integrate, but there's not going to be any happiness in this country unless they do one thing—my idea is perfect. You can divide up the country into three parts—if you're a white racist and want to be with all white people, go over there—if you're a black racist and want to be with all black people, go over there—and if you want to integrate, go into the other part. (Applause) Thank you, and I want you to know that I honestly believe in this.

STUDENT: Where would you go?

C.D.: I would go into the complete black part. I know you might be thinking that I'm admitting that I'm a racist. No, that's not what it is. But it's like I said; the fact that I was brought up in Harlem with 99.99% black and those were the happiest days of my life. I figure that I should go where I was the happiest. I've seen two things—complete black and almost complete white so I won't take my chances with integration; I'll go back where I was happiest. I'm not joking—I'm really serious about this. That's the end.

STUDENT: Where would you go, Gil?

GIL: I was just thinking. I've never thought about it like that. I guess I'd have to go to the all black too. I've never been in an all black situation but once and that was the week that I spent with Charles in Harlem. It was a strange feeling. I was talking about it in my Psychology class. You could walk down the street and see black people and not feel inferior, not feel stigmatized because you were black. Everybody was black. But like if I tried a really successful type of integration, I might say I would go to the integrated part, but for some reason I guess I've never really been exposed to integration. For a week, I was exposed to all black and it was a gas. Everybody knew what you were talking about when you hollered chittlins, and soul food, and boogaloo. They understood that; everybody was on one card.

C.D.: See, now wasn't that a good idea?

STUDENT: What would happen to the white people who wanted to live in the all black section?

C.D.: That isn't possible. You can have two extremes and the middle-of-the-roads and that's it. You just can't be white and be black at the same time.

STUDENT: It seems like all the black people with the smarts would move into the black section and that would leave two parts—not three.

GIL: That's what I was thinking—all black and all white.

C.D.: How do you figure that?

STUDENT: Why would anybody with any sense move into the integrated part?

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It's not like these people never lived in America, never watched a television, never read a book or never knew what injustice was, that you've got to sit down and tell them. After you did sit down and tell them, they didn't really want to react to it; all they could say was "I sure do feel sorry for you being black."

"What is it like to be black?" After my first year here doing my best to explain to people who asked me these questions and trying to do what I thought was best, which is communicate, after finding out that after all I'd said, it was forgotten by these people in a matter of days and after realizing that all I was doing was wasting my breath, I stopped explaining. I stopped talking about it. I stopped taking my time. I keep it to myself.

C.D.: Why not?

GIL: Like I just said, I'd never experienced it. I'd never been in an all black situation except for a few days. Trying to rationalize, I came to the conclusion that really in this day and time, all the black people would go over to the black section.

C.D.: Let's take who would move into the integrated part. The black middle class "I want to be white" people would move into the integrated part.

GIL: It'd be so small. It'd be a small section.

C.D.: It's okay, then we'd decrease that section.

GIL: We'd have more room then. We could take the east coast and Florida.

C.D.: We could figure that out later. The problem would be to figure out the weakening of defenses and how it would weaken America that way. But then, would there be an America? Just so Florida's in it and I haven't figured that out yet. There's also some things like what you think of democracy that would have to be figured out.

GIL: Two points for the colored boy.

C.D.: I think like democracy's great. Listen, let me explain something.

GIL: They're going to label you a communist.

C.D.: You gotta listen. See, a weaker, well you can't exactly call it a dictatorship. Well, we've got our President, but the President can't exactly do what he wants to do. Now, if you

could get me somebody who's strong enough, powerful enough, and smart enough to take over this head spot yet leave me the rights to my religion and to criticize if I want to; but still he makes the decisions without going around to the rest of these comedy people, that'd be all right with me and that would be a form of dictatorship and a form of democracy, too.

GIL: It's called socialism.

C.D.: Is that what it's called?

STUDENT: It's also called a benevolent dictatorship.

GIL: It won't exist. You know that man that you were talking about a while ago that you'd trust except with some-

thing that would hurt you? Well, you just gave it to him.

C.D.: Now, where I was talking about a man giving someone just so much trust that it would hurt him, that would have to be more of a personal thing. If this man wants to go blow up everything, then he can go ahead with it. That's the way the system is made and I'd have to go along with it. In a sense, that's almost what the President can still do, except for the other heads around, and they don't have to agree with him. This would get rid of a whole lot of this hassle. I think if a man is strong enough to fight his way all the way up to that position, he should have the power. What we should really do is wait until science is able to create the perfect baby, almost perfect. It would have all the characteristics of courage and intelligence, but you couldn't make too many of them because too many superior people bring problems when everybody wants to try for the top. You just make one. Let him run the country and when he dies, let them make another one.

GIL: I think there'd be a problem in that after a while you'd realize that your heart does something besides just pump blood. You'd realize that your soul was in your body and that this guy was like a plug in your body clogging any feelings coming out, it would be like a mechanical existence.

C.D.: Yeah, but you're still living.





STUDENT: If you had a situation where you could work out a system of government that was completely color blind, do you think that would be better than the three countries?

C.D.: No, because you still have the people. I don't think exactly that it's our system that's making everything so bad.

STUDENT: What if the people were to get that way?

C.D.: Well, then, there wouldn't be any problems. If people were completely color blind then you would be accepting me as a man and for what I do, and I'd be accepting you for what you do, but people aren't that way.

STUDENT: Basically, are you just tired of waiting?

C.D.: I just don't think it will happen. I don't think I should exert any energy because I don't think it will happen. Nope, it ain't going to happen. I think it's good that there are some people in the world who really want it this way, but I think that they're fighting a worthless cause. There're just too many people against it, for it to be successful.

GIL: There's just too much to change. I was looking at a film today and I found out that it just so happens that in India they put black soot on babies to keep evil away and I just realized, I bet America is the only place where black represents evil, instead of protection against evil. They put black soot on the bottom of the babies' feet and a black spot on their faces for beauty and it's to keep away evil whereas in America it represents evil.

C.D.: I wrote a poem. Want to know the title of it?

STUDENT: Yeah.

C.D.: I can't read it. It's an exclamation point, a star, 2 dashes and quotation marks.

STUDENT: Meaning?

C.D.: Reality.

STUDENT: Really? Bring it up?

GIL: He just read it to you.

STUDENT: Is that the entire poem?

C.D.: (Laughs) No, that's not the entire poem.

GIL: He's out of tape.

C.D.: Tape's running off.

GIL: No, it's still running.

STUDENT: Thanx.



There are concepts, and one concept is black and one concept is white.



*We got tired of reading our own stuff, you know, so we decided to have a writing contest (joke), expecting maybe a few poems we could stick in the back of the book somewhere. Then we got in about one hundred pages of material. (Surprise.) Most of it was pretty good, some of it was better than pretty good. They're the winners and maybe you should read them, especially if you get tired of reading us too. For those of you who have things better than these, bring them up. We'll run them too.*

*A tip of the hat and thanx to the judges: Lee Potter, Elizabeth Phillips, Jan Rucker, Russ Brantley, and William Miller.*

## The First Annual STUDENT Writing Contest

### DAEDALUS AND ICARUS

Geoff Frazier

First Place

Soaring:

consider the idea  
is enormity of monuments  
more than the Pharoah's  
flights into death.

Daedalus:

conceived more than Egypt  
He would be up,  
not a God among gods,

but

a Man consorting  
with gods.

Consider the impudence!  
of the Flier! the extravagant daring!

Icarus:

knew only  
of round-breasted girls,  
the watching of the bull-games,  
kisses in marble baths,  
from ardent maidens  
washing and oiling his skin.

Testing:

Daedalus chose  
only the wax  
melted from bullock fat  
consecrated in holy fires.  
Used tendons only of these black beasts  
to skein his dream.  
Ah the Dream!

The Scene:

From rock ledges



Down the eye  
on foaming breakers  
bright blue and white!

Above; the God,  
fiercely staring, Phoebus-Ra  
bore down,  
Glancing at flimsy  
constructions, tenuously  
clinging  
And oozing already  
in the light-glare.

Flight: the flapping of wings —  
the fear-surgings plummet to  
breakers,  
As great sea-breezes  
moved by those magnificent fans,  
roared past the ear.  
A sudden stilling of flight  
downward,  
Singing, soaring, forward  
moving all muscles,  
Interwoven with wax  
and tendons, the man and bull  
making a truly  
Flight scene.

Daedalus: Arrogant of the creator  
in his grooved and crooked face

Still, keeping his flight low,  
Desiring knowledge now of  
certain powers, But  
too crafty to anger gods.

Icarus: The glorious ascension,  
The freedom of Flight  
Light glaring in his eye,  
Eye to eye with  
The Great God,  
and man plummets  
to sea,  
while screaming sea-side crowds  
watch,  
until Daedalus misses in his pass  
to catch the fallen son.

Aftermath: And the day darkened,  
And Daedalus will not be  
comforted,  
Lost is his beautiful youth,  
half-alien son,  
carrying  
the chameleongrace  
of Cretans.  
Daedalus dismounts on  
a sea-cliff; and invoking  
his deities, gives them  
back his honorable sacrifices.



DREAMER

MARGARET PARRISH

Second Place

I came to earth on a frozen sunbeam  
From somewhere,  
Hitched a harpie for my first city tour,  
Never trusted a capricious wind,  
Tripped down the slow-motion foam of Angel Falls  
To drown my hopes in the Styx,  
My fortune was told by a fish that was all mouth  
And my friends call me a dreamer.

## A DAY IN THE PARK

Walking barefoot through the grass  
Sticking our toes into the freezing water  
Journeying around the lake  
Stopping and lying on the bank under the shade of large oaks  
Gazing at mallards swimming aimlessly  
Watching children play at the water's edge  
Communicating beautiful words in silence  
Kissing you and feeling a warm, happy sensation creep through me  
Being such *hippies*  
Venturing through the woods and then breaking our self imposed silence  
Telling me that I'd never make love to you  
Wondering why I could still be so happy  
Telling me that I must always treat you gently  
Thinking how could I ever hurt you  
Remembering it all and how beautiful you were  
Missing you  
Wanting you to miss me too  
Hoping you'll want me again sometime, anytime  
Hating the thought of *ever* being forgotten

CHARLES TURPIN

Third Place

There was a man of extremes  
Between rough solitude and serendipity singing  
he spent his time.

On the shore in solitude  
he sat, contemplating a frog  
The sun was gold; the water died  
in advance at his feet; smells of  
the week past, of fornication and fishing  
drifted around the lake, a cloud.  
The man of solitude contemplated nothing  
and cursed at the sealy stink.

The man of serendipity sonnets  
raised high tankards of baron beer  
He pinched unsuspecting behinds;  
he giggled; he too thought of nothing  
and cursed more than occasionally.

The man of extremes met himself  
coming home on the road  
nostrils full of fornication and fishing;  
mouth wide-warm with beer;  
he fought himself to an even draw.

GEOFF FRASER

Honorable Mention





### REFLEXIONS BY A DESERTED SWIMMING POOL

In liquid reflection of temporality  
Mirrored solid rock tremble when pine needles splash

Heavy mountain and cloud chasm,  
Held by peripheral reflection in concrete walls  
Threatened equally by taffeta ripples,  
Skimmer and disappear

No promise in substance security  
Spread your fingers and the whole runs through

SANDI ELLIS  
Honorable Mention

# Honorable Mention

## THE UNIVERSITY AS A HOLE

Horny halls of virgins  
Need  
To be screwed  
To  
The  
Walls.

Viet Nam  
Burns Biafra  
Starves. Is  
That toilet  
Paper draped  
Upon those trees?

Don't smoke that  
Thar  
Mary  
Ceewana  
Or  
Ya'll become an adick.

The rotcrock  
Made a  
Peace sign  
As he  
Taught me  
How to kill



Brother,  
Ain't  
We shipped-in 50  
Colored boys (or is  
It black boys now)  
From Africa.

*We*  
prejudiced.

Don't worry mothers.  
Your  
Daughters are locked  
Up  
At  
12:00.

The hippo  
Cried at  
The death  
Of Him,  
But his  
Likeness lives on.

Kathy Taylor



## Honorable Mention

You don't know what we can find;  
Why don't you come with me, little girl,  
On a magic carpet ride?

La illaha el lill Allah

There is no god but God.

La illaha el lill Allah

There is no god but God?

La illaha el lill Allah

There is no god but Death

In those fucked-up cities where lions shit on buildings and men vegetate within skeletons and garbage and LUCILLE

Retrogressively now:

Gestalt is dead

And so back we go

To the point of resting; searching for a beginning

And believing in no end.

Non fui, fui non sum; non desidero

Negativism implies positivism—if there is no end,  
there can be no beginning

Badly, we turn to emotionalism and scribble a page with syrup-love and nonsense.

To the Andromeda Nebulans, our world does not exist and if it exploded it wouldn't matter. It all depends on your point of view. Nonetheless, there is optimism in pessimism's teeth. Live fully and down-to-earthly, but remember the Andromeda Nebulans. Non fui; fui non sum; non desidero

I was not; I was, I am no longer; I wish nothing more.

In the Folk Ghetto—yeah—and the man beside me grabs his stomach and moans; his head drops through to his knees. Smoke clouds like dry ice—thick, uh-huh. He moans in time to the guitar, just.

A romanticist? He must be. Diagnosed. Verdict: Death with heartache. I, the realist, sing hard and loud, without bitterness; just complacent (paradoxically) knowledge. No pain except truth's sobering chill; liquor's warmth is an illusion.

Set, set, set, Charlie, in the Folk Ghetto. Man, take me out of the outside groove and into my own country. Here I can relax and rub my chin. What would happen if an hour-glass didn't have to be turned over? If its sands were perpetual, immortal? If man were immortal? Only then would living make sense. As it is, it is ridiculous: Life exists and is beautiful in itself—without another justification—until it destroys itself. What kind of flower is that? Absurdity was never romantic, so men don robes and fasting-faces and pretend. Let's play like it had a happy ending and it really meant something.

No, here I stand on the edge of a planet in the middle of a solar system on the edge of a galaxy nowhere in an infinite universe. If Hitler had subjected our macrocosm to some Utopia or *brave new world*, it wouldn't have mattered in the course of things. Real perpetuality and it doesn't matter. What Christ-figure would swipe us from the pit? Even a flood is dreaming—because it could never happen at the right time. Anyway, there's not enough water in the skies.

God is a wild card and anything goes.

Yet, yet, yet, Charlie, back into your country. We must live daily, purposelessly-in-the-long-run. It doesn't make any difference, so why not do a good job of it? But, keep in mind the threat of a Utopia and forget that hour glasses are turned over. Sad. Sad, man.

NANCY ANDREWS



*Yes, Virginia, there really is a Santa Claus!*



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The courts have viewed attendance at universities as a privilege and seldom have they interfered on behalf of the student, for theory claims that one who is enjoying a privilege has no rights. In today's society, such is simply no longer the case.

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by Louis Salas

For many years students have been considered irresponsible children in the hands of a stern educator whose task is primarily to instill discipline and educate them in the orderly process of our society. Today the student has become restless in his role and has asserted many rights for himself and others in what he considers as the freest and most liberal of arenas, the university. He has been concerned with the rights of others and with issues of great national importance, but has taken little trouble to find out how he as a student stands in relationship to other citizens in our society. It has been said by many commentators that a student at a private college has less rights than any other member of our society, and this will become obvious when we compare the student at a state-supported institution with a student at a private university.

Members of the academic community have not fully considered the legal relationship the student has to his university. The courts, at the prompting of academicians, have created an obscure concept known as *in loco parentis* which, if translated by Spanish and Latin, becomes "in lieu of the crazy parent." In this relationship the parent has delegated to the school his parental functions and the school stands in the parents's place. Only the most unaware institution would now assert that the student expects the university to take the place of his parents. Universities are unequipped to play the substitute parent, and students are uninterested in substituting one type of parental discipline for another.

An absurd example of this antiquated way of thinking may be found in the Wake Forest University Student Handbook under "Student Marriages." Under this regulation, all students who desire to be married and are not yet twenty-one must have their parents inform the Dean of Women or Men that they intend to marry. Thus, where a student twenty years old is planning to marry someone of whom his parents did not approve, the university could suspend him if his parents refused to notify the school, even though the law would permit his marriage. Amazingly enough, the stupidity of this regulation does not cease here. A student twenty-one years of age or older must notify the Dean in writing of his intention to marry naming date, place, and intended spouse. However, the school grants some leniency to the student under this policy: he is given "an opportunity to withdraw from the University immediately" if he has failed to give proper notice.

Under this provision of the University a married co-ed is forbidden to live in a dormitory. The logic, of course, is that the married student may slip and inform the other virgin residents of her sexual experiences, thus corrupting their minds. Doesn't it seem unfair that the wife of a soldier cannot live in a dormitory simply because she is married?

The courts have viewed attendance at universities as a privilege and seldom have they interfered on behalf of the student, for theory claims that one who

is enjoying a privilege has no rights. In today's society, such is simply no longer the case. Courts have recognized the fallacy of this theory in relation to secondary and elementary education and are now beginning to recognize higher education, also, as a right to be enjoyed by all. However, education is only a right in the case of a state-supported institution and not in that of private institutions. Here is the first serious dichotomy between the student at a state-supported institution and the student at a private school.

The most common refuge of university administrators from explaining their sometimes tyrannical and irrational behavior toward students is that every student when he registers enters into a contract with the university and having registered pledges to accept the university honor code, to abide by all institutional regulations, and even to accept the principles and traditions of the university. In return for tuition and the student's compliance to the school's regulations the courts have implied the student's right to continued attendance as long as he remains in good standing. The language most universities employ to force a student to contract away his rights may be found in most catalogues. The one at Wake Forest is typical:

*Wake Forest believes in individual freedom, not as a right but as a responsibility—freedom to be and more important, to become. Attendance at Wake Forest is a privilege, not a right. The University's traditions and principles, accepted by each student in his act of voluntary registration, evolve from the core of freedom and responsibility that are indivisible. Therefore, it is presumed that the student who elects to come to Wake Forest does so with the intent of being in fact and spirit a co-operating member of the community.*

Almost identical language was used by Syracuse University when it expelled one of its women students. After expulsion the administration informed her that the Dean had heard rumors about her, and had subsequently talked to her sorority sisters who informed him she was a troublemaker. The reason the school gave the court to explain their expulsion ruling was that they did not believe she was "a typical Syracuse girl." The Court went on to explain that when the student signed her registration, she accepted the school's regulations, one of which stated that she must behave like "a typical Syracuse girl" and that the school could determine the meaning of "a typical Syracuse girl." Thus, by registering she had waived all her rights as an American citizen. Our own Wake Forest has a similar provision, even more repugnant because of its irrationality and obtuseness. The University in its student's handbook under the appropriate heading of "Student Responsibility" states that Wake Forest has "a legitimate interest in their welfare in and out of class, on and off campus." Espe-

cially, is the University concerned with those student actions that are inconsistent with their obligations as members of an educational community. "When in the opinion of the University the conduct of any student at *any place* is reprehensible or detrimental to the best interests of that student, his fellow students, or the University, appropriate disciplinary action may be taken."

In another case involving a similar provision of school rules, the court took this contract theory to its illogical conclusion. Four students at St. John's University in New York took part in a civil marriage ceremony and were expelled. St. John's University is a Catholic institution, and in the Catholic faith it is a grievous sin if any of its members take part in a civil ceremony. The two who married were students at St. John's; the groom had taken his final examinations and was awaiting his graduation. The other two students had been witnesses at the wedding. The court upheld their expulsion on the reasoning that they had signed a contract with the University in which the University had reserved the right to expel any of its members who did not behave "in conformity with the ideals of Christian education."

A state-supported university could not make such a dismissal. Courts reject the notion that attendance at a public institution can be conditioned on a waiver of constitutional rights.

#### Bill of Rights

##### *Freedom of the Press*

Today's college newspaper operations are big business. Many college newspapers have larger circulations and budgets than many city dailies. In addition to local college news they have expanded to report world news and to criticize matters of national policy.

The increasing use of questionable vocabulary in their criticism of figures, the college president no exception, reflects the burgeoning liberality of today's college newspaper editors.

The question of student freedom of the press first came up in 1953 when the student publication at the University of Georgia advocated integration. Immediately, the University's Regents took a position criticizing the newspaper and calling for its suppression. The student editors replied by claiming that the Regents were trying to interfere with freedom of the press. In reply the Regents answered:

*Now there is no question of freedom of the press involved. The question is whether or not the Board of Regents will be dictated to by a handful of sissy, misguided squirts who have just enough knowledge to think they know it all. Every time I see one of the sissy boys hanging around some college, the more I think every one of them ought to be made to play football.*

This problem has not come to the surface in North Carolina, but there have been some incidents. The editor of the *Technician* at North Carolina State Uni-



versity was recently cited for publishing material offensive to the school administration and the Board of Trustees. There have been other incidents at other institutions in North Carolina which have not been publicized.

In a recent survey conducted by the Educational Testing Service, it was learned that in the South one-half of all trustees of universities believe that the university administration should censor student newspapers. The study also revealed that this is the feeling among all the trustees in other parts of the country.

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State school officials cannot infringe on their students' right of free and unrestricted expression as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States where the exercise of such right does not materially and substantially interfere with requirements of appropriate discipline in the operation of the school.

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Only one case has recently appeared in the federal courts involving a student newspaper's right to freedom of the press. In *Dickey v. Alabama State Board of Education* the court decided that a student newspaper at a state-supported institution was entitled to the protection of the freedom of the press provision of the Constitution. This case involved Gary Clinton Dickey, a student at Troy State College in Alabama. Dickey wrote an editorial in his school newspaper criticizing the Board of Trustees of the University of Alabama and praising the actions of the University President in a case involving the right of students at the University to print some statements controversial figures had made in a University publication. Dickey's faculty advisor asked Dickey not to publish the material and his decision was appealed to the President of the institution who supported the advisor's decision. The paper's advisor furnished a substitute article entitled "Raising Dogs in North Carolina" which Dickey deemed to be inappropriate for the paper. Instead of printing the substituted article, Dickey printed the title of his editorial under which he simply wrote in bold letters the word "censored." Dickey was suspended from the institution and appealed to a federal court. The court ordered his reinstatement and said:

*State school officials cannot infringe on their students' right of free and unrestricted expression as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States where the exercise of such right does not materially and substantially interfere with requirements of appropriate discipline in the operation of the school.*

Speaking against the war off campus was held to be valid grounds for suspension in *Samson v Trustees of Columbia University*, and the alleged socialistic views of a senior law student were held to be sufficient grounds for expulsion in *Goldenkoff v Albany Law School*. In both of these private college cases, the courts upheld the university's right to expel a student for expressing unpopular views.

It should be noted at this point that the Court used the words state school officials, not school officials. It is doubtful whether newspapers at private institutions have the same rights accorded to their counterparts at state-supported institutions.

The argument which is used to deny students at private institutions the same rights as students at public ones is as follows. The Bill of Rights in the Constitution applies to acts which are forbidden to the federal government in their relations with citizens of the United States. These rights are made to apply to the states through the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. . . ." Thus, the Constitution forbids the states or Congress to make or enforce laws which contradict the rights secured by American citizens in the Bill of Rights. Since the actions of private universities are not state actions but private actions, the federal courts cannot enforce these rights which ordinarily they would enforce against state-supported universities when their administrators act so as to contradict the Bill of Rights.

#### *Freedom of Speech*

As student activism increases in our colleges and universities, the courts will often have to review actions of schools that enforce regulations curtailing the freedom to demonstrate protected by the First Amendment.

In *Hammond v. South Carolina State College*, a federal court, reversing the suspension of students who demonstrated against university rules, affirmed that a university rule requiring prior approval of all demonstrations unconstitutionally restricted students' First Amendment rights; thus a flat ban on all university demonstrations would be impermissible. The Court recognized that students have as much right to demonstrate against university policies and to ask for a redress of grievances as the citizens have to ask the same of the governing authorities. The Court also held that the University could not charge the demonstrators with trespassing since this was state owned property on which the students had every right to petition for their demands. It is equally clear that students do not have the right to demonstrate on University property indiscriminately. As in the case of other public facilities, the university may place reasonable restrictions on the use of such facilities to insure safety, order, or maintain normal educational operations.

It should be pointed out that this and all other such cases involve conduct by state officials in denying to students their First Amendment rights. Private college cases in this area however have demonstrated the courts' reluctance to interfere with actions by private school administrators. Speaking against the war off campus was held to be valid grounds for suspension in *Samson v. Trustees of Columbia University*, and the alleged socialistic views of a senior

Once again we face this strange dichotomy: the state university student enjoys a large amount of leeway in his use of his freedom of speech, but the student at the private university must remain content while all his rights are usurped.



law student were held to be sufficient grounds for expulsion in *Goldenkoff v. Albany Law School*. In both of these private college cases, the courts upheld the university's right to expel a student for expressing unpopular views.

Currently, one of the most controversial issues of free speech centers around the existence of speaker ban laws or regulations in a number of states. In North Carolina, state university officials were charged with preventing the use of university facilities by known members of the Communist Party, those who advocate the overthrow of the federal or state constitution, or those who, in answer to questions about their subversive activities, have pleaded the Fifth Amendment before any tribunal. This and other similar statutes have been declared invalid by federal and state courts as an unreasonable violation of the Fifth Amendment. A prohibition resting solely on the credentials of the speaker seems beyond justification. Certainly the dangerous or pernicious effect of the speech cannot be determined merely by the reputation of the speaker.

Even though Speaker Ban laws have been invalidated at state supported colleges, they are considered a reasonable exercise of the private universities' power to prescribe to students to whom and to what they shall listen, and to protect them from speech which might be damaging to them. Once again we face this strange dichotomy: the state university student enjoys a large amount of leeway in his use of his freedom of speech, but the student at the private university must remain content while all his rights are usurped.

#### *Right to Privacy*

Controversy continues to grow around the rights of university residences "to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures" as specified by the Fourth Amendment. University officials as a whole have not been fully aware of this provision and constantly introduce a provision into their room contracts such as:

*Each student in accepting his/her assignment agrees to abide by this contract . . . and to permit, in his presence, duly authorized University personnel to inspect his room and any effects in such room. Authorized personnel may enter rooms at any time to check for cleanliness, or to make necessary repairs, or when it appears to the University that the safety of the students is endangered or where property damage is involved. In the student's absence such inspection of the room and its effects may be carried out by at least two duly authorized employees. P.41.WF Student Catalogue.*

Students who do not reside in dormitories currently enjoy the protection guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment. Here permission of college administrators does not free state law enforcement officers to enter the student's residence without a

search warrant. Those living off campus possess the privileges and responsibilities of the ordinary landlord-tenant relationship. Inherent in the landlord-tenant relationship is the former's duty to respect the other's right to privacy. Any resident of a home, hotel, or motel may oppose the unlawful search of his premises by the landlord or anyone whom he authorizes, and any evidence secured by the search could not be used against him in a court of law.

The recent decisions reveal the attitude of the courts toward university searches and seizures of student's rooms. In *People v. Kelly* a university resident tried to suppress evidence which the college Dean had obtained and which was being used against him in a criminal proceeding in a state court. Police, accompanied by a university official, had searched his room without a warrant looking for property stolen during several burglaries. Because dormitory rules permitted the entry of school officials during an emergency, the court concluded that the search was justifiable.

In *Moore v. Student Affairs Committee*, state narcotics agents, with the aid of a school official, conducted a mass search of dormitory rooms. Drugs were found in Moore's room and he was expelled from the college. State criminal proceedings were instituted against him. In order to get reinstated Moore appealed to the federal courts. The court ruled that a university can search a student's room without violating his Fourth Amendment rights when an official has reasonable cause to believe he is fulfilling an affirmative obligation to maintain campus order and discipline.

Although the harm caused by expulsion is great, even greater is the danger of criminal prosecution based on incriminating materials found in a student's room. As the state's interest in curtailing the use of narcotics increases the student may find himself facing not only expulsion but also a criminal indictment. Even though the courts in the preceding cases ruled against the students, it seems reasonable to expect that other courts will reverse these decisions. However, even if these decisions are reversed and the state supported university resident is protected against unreasonable searches and seizures, this will be of no avail to the resident of a dormitory in a private institution. The private university student will still face the prospects of some Dean bursting into his room to search both him and it simply because he thinks some "emergency" exists.

#### *Procedural Due Process at Student Hearings for Violations*

*It shall be the duty of the Honor Council to receive, prefer and try all charges of violations of the honor system as provided by the Constitution and the Statutes.*

This is the introduction the Student Handbook gives to the Honor Council at Wake Forest University. It continues by saying that the honor system,

reduced to its simplest terms, means that a student shall act "honorably in all relations and phases of student life, that his word can be trusted implicitly, and that he will at all times conduct himself as becomes a student of Wake Forest University whether at the University or away from the campus." This provision makes it clear that we must behave as becomes students at Wake Forest University—remember the young woman who was not a good "Syracuse girl." An Honor System which tells us to be "good" is poor at best. And we find it does not tell us much more. It says: All work shall be regarded as pledge word, no one may cheat in an examination, no plagiarism, stealing, bad debts, worthless checks, or false testimony will be allowed. Now that good has been negatively defined, we may proceed to review the operations of the Council.

In a typical cheating case the Honor Council proceeds with all deliberate speed to insure that justice is done and evil is defeated. In the normal course of events someone will inform the Honor Council that they suspect certain irregularities occurred in an exam or quiz. The Honor Council chairman plus two members he appoints proceed to determine whether there are sufficient grounds for the trial. Somehow, in most cases, there are. During these proceedings the three inquisitors inform the student to appear and prove his innocence. Before his appearance, the investigators have usually talked to the accuser and any other witnesses they think relevant. They warn the witnesses not to talk to anyone about the case and they usually do not—not because they lack the urge to do so, but because the trial is usually the next day and there is no opportunity to do so.

The accused is questioned thoroughly, and he is given every opportunity to clear himself. This hearing resembles a confrontation experiment in which the purpose of the investigation is to hammer the witness constantly until he will admit to killing his own mother; the theory here being that a man who is innocent will never contradict himself or be frightened by the presence or questions of the inquisitors.

**Our statutes guarantee the accused student the right to counsel. This is a great step forward since many schools do not guarantee this right to accused students.**

After this hearing, the members retire and decide whether they think there is enough evidence to have a trial. Once this is completed, they inform the student of their findings and appoint counsel for him. Our statutes guarantee the accused student the right to counsel. This is a great step forward since many schools do not guarantee this right to accused students. The right to counsel is then explained to the student, and he is told that he may choose from the two members of the hearing committee. Once

he chooses from these two, the other investigator then becomes the prosecutor for the trial. Up to this point then, the prosecutor and the defense counsel have worked together, and both felt the student was probably guilty enough to be held for trial.

Let's think about this. By statute, the accused has right to counsel, but since he must accept the Council's choice this is an illusory right. No counsel at all might be better than such as this; especially since counsel and prosecutor have worked together during all proceedings up to the trial itself. The reasoning behind this model concept of justice is that the Honor Council does not work as an adversary proceeding but works together to search for the truth. Perhaps our nation's courts, so long advocates of the adversary system as the best of many systems of justice, should stop and heed the WFU Honor Council's partnership—prosecution and defense searching together.

The accused is permitted to choose an open or closed trial, and the quest for truth then begins with all deliberate speed. Somehow the members of the Council have gotten the notion that the faster they can try a man the more just the verdict. This notion seems to grow from their experience that witnesses tend to forget and their testimony is subsequently less valid. Thus, the faster a witness can be placed on the stand, the better will be his memory. Nonetheless, although a speedy trial is desirable, as our nation's courts have held for years, such great haste can only prevent the accused from adequately preparing his defense.

After the evidence is presented at the trial, the members of the Honor Council retire to discuss the evidence and reach a verdict. All the spectators are told to leave, and the members of the Council retire for their deliberations. The prosecutor and defense are not allowed to participate in the discussions, which is only as it should be. During the proceedings someone will make a motion for a verdict, either guilty or not guilty. The members then vote on the motion; it takes nine of the thirteen voting members to convict the defendant. At this point, we will consider another model concept of justice developed right here at Wake Forest. In order for the accused to be found innocent, there must be nine members voting not-guilty. The inequity of this rule does not need explanation and we shall proceed with the trial. If no verdict can be reached, the Council continues to vote until one of the members holding out tires of the game and votes with the majority. After the membership has decided on the innocence or guilt of the defendant, a motion is made for a punishment. The minimum punishment for a first offense for cheating is probation; punishment for other offenses is to be determined by the Council. Typically, one member wants the accused to get the lightest sentence possible and another wants the stiffest penalty prescribed. They compete with each other. Thus, if the member wishing for the stiffest penalty makes his motion



first, he will usually vote to have the student expelled but most of the other members will balk at his motion. A contrary motion will be made to have him suspended; probably that is what the member who made the motion for expulsion wanted in the first place. This practice of racing for bids in the sentence seems extremely inequitable when we remember that the student's career is at stake. In many ways it resembles the bluffing which goes on at a poker game.

## Because of a bounced check at the Trophy Room one Wake Forest student was placed on probation.

The Honor Council also tries cases involving worthless checks. An actual example of this honor code violation will be found in the case of a student who gave a check to the Trophy Room, and it bounced. The Trophy Room then called the University which then notified the student that he should see to the matter or be faced with an honor code violation. There were some errors in the student's bank balance and the student was placed on probation. The only reason for this statute regarding worthless checks is that the University, having a hard time with bad checks issued by students, needs an inexpensive and powerful collection agency. What could be more suitable than the Honor Council?

Another judicial body exists to attend to these and other such serious violations of the Honor Code. It is the Men's Judicial Board. The Board is composed of six students, five elected by the student body and one appointed by the outgoing board. Six faculty members complete the board. They have jurisdiction over all conduct violations. These are listed in the statutes as hazing, games of chance (or gambling as it is better known), use of intoxicating liquors, and two others which have to be cited in their entirety to be fully appreciated:

*Section 3—Conduct toward guests—Any conduct toward visitors, citizens of the city, passersby, visiting teams, or other guests of the university tending to injure the reputation of the university is a violation of the Honor system and shall be treated as such.*

*Section 4—Riots—Participation in campus riots is prohibited and is grounds for suspension.*

The Board will also rule in other cases which shall be assigned to them at the discretion of the Dean of the College. The Board, however, cannot rule on the most extreme cases of faculty conduct violations.

Most recently, the Board has been in the spotlight for suspending two students who, on probation for traffic violations, incurred more violations, and thus broke probation. After the decision, it seems the Board was remorseful and reinstated one of the stu-

dents on condition that he aid a traffic policeman for a period of so many hours.

From the statements found in the statutes, the jurisdiction of the judicial board seems rather hazy, and the cases they handle are usually determined by the Dean. For example, the provision in the statutes about the students' conduct toward visitors seems rather obtuse and antiquated. Its meaning is very unclear. Does it mean shooting the finger at a car which passes by, or does it mean conduct unbecoming a Wake Forest student?

Finally, all the students at Wake Forest University received a letter from President Scales in which even another judicial system was added to our present structure. In his letter President Scales informed all students of the following: That the Board of Trustees had granted him emergency disciplinary powers in cases of clear and present danger to lives and property, that summary suspension be given to any student who commits acts of violence to persons or unlawfully occupies university property; that the suspension be reviewed by the judicial bodies of the University not less than seven days nor longer than fourteen days after it has been issued, and that no official has the power to grant amnesty to any violators. This statement amounts to the fact that any time the President wishes to call an emergency he may do so and that any students caught during that emergency will be dealt with summarily.

In this article I have tried to point out some of the inconsistencies between the rights of students at state universities and those on private campuses. It is sad that this article had to be written. The author hopes that those who read about the inadequacies of the system will be moved to take some type of action to correct the situation, for it is our own apathy that has placed us in this situation. If we took greater care in voting for members of the Honor Council, Judicial Board, and Legislature, we would not have a prostituted system which is run largely at the whim of the Deans of Men and Women. If we took care to look at those students who are suspended or expelled from this University on the weakest of evidence and inform ourselves as to why they were suspended, there would be no need for these problems to be pointed out, but perhaps with the apathy shown by this student body they have exactly what they deserve. In closing I wish to reiterate the statement made by President Scales in the letter he sent us concerning campus disorders:

*For Wake Forest the essential question in time of controversy is, not who or what is to blame, but what is to be done about the great issues of our time. I dare to believe that our long history of freedom will serve us well, and I am convinced that the University will begin this seventh decade of the Twentieth Century more committed and better prepared than ever before to making a better world.*



*Nick Cortese breathes his last.*

In the early afternoon of a recent spring day, a mild-mannered man might have been noticed by even Bunker Hill sitting on a bench listening to a tape recorder. The man is Jeff Jarvis, supervisor and general babysitter of a small yet bothersome group of secret guys. These are the words that he heard.

"Jeff, it has come to our attention that strange events have occurred within the last twenty-four hours at the Poteat dormitory. Upon coming to work early Monday afternoon, Willie found every single room to be vacant. For a while he thought that by some



*Willie searches for the lost boys.*

get caught, you will be penalized five points and will have to stand in the corner.

"Good luck . . . sucker."

Early the next morning Jeff is on the scene of the possible misdemeanor searching for clues against the knowledge that nothing could have escaped the eyes of the campus detectives who have searched the area already. With Jeff is Werner von Bunsen, the rather unknown, but unsuccessful mad scientist, whom Jeff has brought from the old country especially for this mission. It is the wizard of invention who has the luck. "Jeff, come over here; I think I've found a clue." And he was not far from wrong because

# Mission:



*"Jeff, your mission, should you . . ."*

mathematical improbability all of his boys had gone to class on the same day, but this notion was dispelled when he began to notice that many of the beds were still neatly made in the Wake Forest tradition and appeared not to have been slept in the night before. Something is amiss. Jeff, your mission, should you accept it, would be to find those Poteat men and get them back. As usual, should you or any of your team

*Irrelevant*

By Steve Baker

lying by the bushes of the quad was the expiring body of Nick Cortese—a rather large clue. The two agents reach the wounded warrior as he breathes his last, but before he departed for his well-deserved meadow of echoing bluebells, he managed to gasp a few last words, "Beer can . . . raid . . . Honor . . . panties."

"Would you mind elaborating on that?" Jeff asks politely, but it is too late. A great spirit had departed from this world. Back in hiding, the entire Irrelevant squad racks its brains to decipher the meaning of those parting words. "Was it a message to his mother? Was it his last request?" the conspirators ask each other. Suddenly Jeff stirs in his sleep and mumbles, "I've got it." The joyous accomplices rush to waken their adored leader whom they sense has once again solved another inscrutable dilemma by blind luck.





*Keeping abreast with modern transportation.*

Everything falls into place now. The S. D. E. T. H. J. has struck again. I refer, of course, to that august body of perfect public servants which formerly existed in two separate judiciary branches, but finally, after finding themselves continually feuding over questions such as whether the remains of an old auto registration sticker is a violation of Honor or Justice, have now united in their common interests and abilities to form the "Supreme and Divine Elite of the Truly Honorable and Just." Jeff proceeds to relate the terrible events as they might well have happened.

Very late in the evening one of the men or women heading for bed in Poteat for the night must, in a moment of regrettable forgetfulness or drunken stupor, have dropped a beer can somewhere in the quad area. The jolly justices were probably informed of all the sordid details within moments after the crime, and saving the time which others might spend in thinking, they were immediately in action. Most of the dorm dwellers were probably still setting their alarms for Church when the raid began. With big sticks and nasty tongues the three hundred bewildered bunkmates are cajoled into the nippy night air by the henchmen of the SDETHJ—former right wing political science majors. Lined up and frisked, they are soon being questioned all at one time by the Merciful Mighty Mason, "leader" of the SDETHJ. In a pose shifting from Captain Bligh to Yosemite Sam, he begins, "OK you hoods, we know that one of you is guilty as hell of throwing a you-know-what on the grounds in flagrant violation of the rules of the university and the spirit of the SDETHJ, and that bad boy is not going to get away with it. (Where did all these girls come from?) Now if the guiltiest one will just turn himself in or if some of his friends will rat on him, he may bet a break in court and the rest can go free after mug-shots and fingerprints."

The men of Poteat are taken aback and certainly do not know what to make of the MMM and would have less of an idea to whom a single beer can belonged on Saturday night. "Won't talk, eh? Well we're going to take everyone of you into protective custody until the guilty and the, pardon the expression, innocent can be separated." And so moments later the

perplexed people of Poteat are whisked away into the night.

"But where?" asks the yiddish gymnast, Yom Kipup.

"A very good question," replies Jeff, "and I have a wild hunch of an answer. We all know that the SDETHJ recently discontinued use of its hidden vault behind the rug in Reynolda lounge to move its records to 'safer' places. Though not always noted for keeping precise transcripts of their proceedings ('keep 'em vague and loose like the law' as they say), still they certainly must have made some note of where they are keeping the prisoners. The important thing is to get to the captives before the proud prelates confuse their parliamentary games more than usual



*At last within the holy of holies.*

and execute the accused before taking their I.D.'s."

"Get to the point, Jeff," urged Paprika.

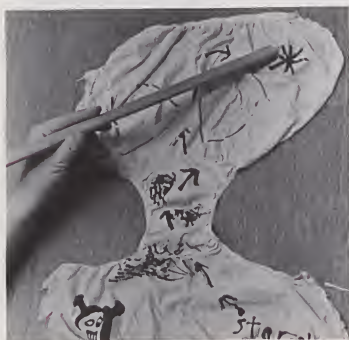
"The final words of Cortese are the clue. I am now positive that the SDETHJ now carries all of its important documents written on its underwear."

"You were right," grumbles Oscar Grunt, "you sure do have a wild hunch."

It is soon agreed that the M-I squad will have to enter Bostwick Dorm to retrieve the desired dainties. These ruthless raiders anticipate no resistance from the female members of the SDETHJ, who are part of the strange cult of female mystics who believe that their dorm and persons are inviolable and impregnable so long as they prayerfully worship and pay humble homage to their own special goddess called Dean Leake. Most men in the vicinity are consistently intimidated from any action by oaths such as "Be good in the name of Lu Leake." In one final word of encouragement Jeff somberly said, "We are going to defy the entire host of deities of

Mount Reynolda and their priests by violating the Sacred Decree of Leake behind which our enemy confidently stands: 'Thou shalt not raid panties'."

The entry into the dorm is as secret as possible. Werner von Bunsen, that lackluster man of learning, pulls from his bag of gadgets a contraption which he assures his cohorts will "either shrink us all to four inches or else give severe hernias." For once, one of his ideas works. The Marquis de Facade has deftly disguised himself as a coed and proceeds to place his friends in his breast pocket to keep them near his heart and comfortable. Once inside they return to 99 44/100% original size. The work in the dorm goes smoothly as most of the girls on the hall refuse to believe what is before their eyes and taking their unmentionables. Back once again at headquarters, the Marquis fetishishly examines each pair of the loot until he discovers the one with the answers. "If I understand the undies correctly, we must look beneath the shrubbery and bushes around the chapel. I interpret this to mean that the imprisoned men of Poteat dorm are being held in those catacombs formerly known as the Wake Forest tun-



*The treasure map.*

nels. They since have fallen under the shadow of the SDETHJ, who have remodeled them into huge dungeons and torture chambers as well as a Perry Mason memorial museum," under the direction of Mark Reese, avant guard inferior decorator.

The mystery is now solved and all that is left for Jeff to do is to invent one of his spectacular escapes for the prisoners and deserved punishment for the villains. Once again he draws upon the superhuman strength of Oscar Grunt, who has served so willingly, if clumsily, in missions gone by. Doing one of his ever popular wild life imitations, Oscar makes like a mole and burrows his way through ground and concrete into the tunnels which have been darkened for the night. He follows the sound of soft moans until he comes to the first of the hostages who are individually chained to the wall. In the first moments of hushed conversation, he hears of horrors like few Wake Forest students ever expect to live through—

knuckle rapping with a plastic ruler and even harsh looks from administrators, though the SDETHJ is not at all above using the rack for drawing and quartering. And so while that jury body slumbered as innocent babes, Oscar crawls down the length of the tunnel biting through each chain. He then leads them single file to his freshly dug exit from which they emerge with tears of joy and relief. The rest of the M-I squad is waiting to greet them and take them back to the dorm. It is a lengthy job to tuck all the boys in and hear their prayers, but finally it is finished and the squad has no doubt that the rescued, even the Sig Eps, will have forgotten all the danger around them by morning.

After all the other members have packed and left for their respective side shows and "homes," Jeff and Paprika remain discussing the adventure. "Pap" is curious how the Supreme and Divine Elite of the Truly Honorable and Just will be revenged upon. Jeff explains, "They will never be seen again. Though nothing will keep them from leaving the tunnels, they will never be able to believe that they have made a mistake. Day after day the one who is to play Hamilton-Burger-for-a-day will 'call the defendant' to appear in court, and no one will appear. Judge-for-a-day and Perry-Mason-for-a-day will calmly sit by pretending that nothing is wrong. Even if they should decide to do something, they will never agree who shall act the part that they all secretly desire in their innermost heart—Paul-Drake-for-a-day, he-man."



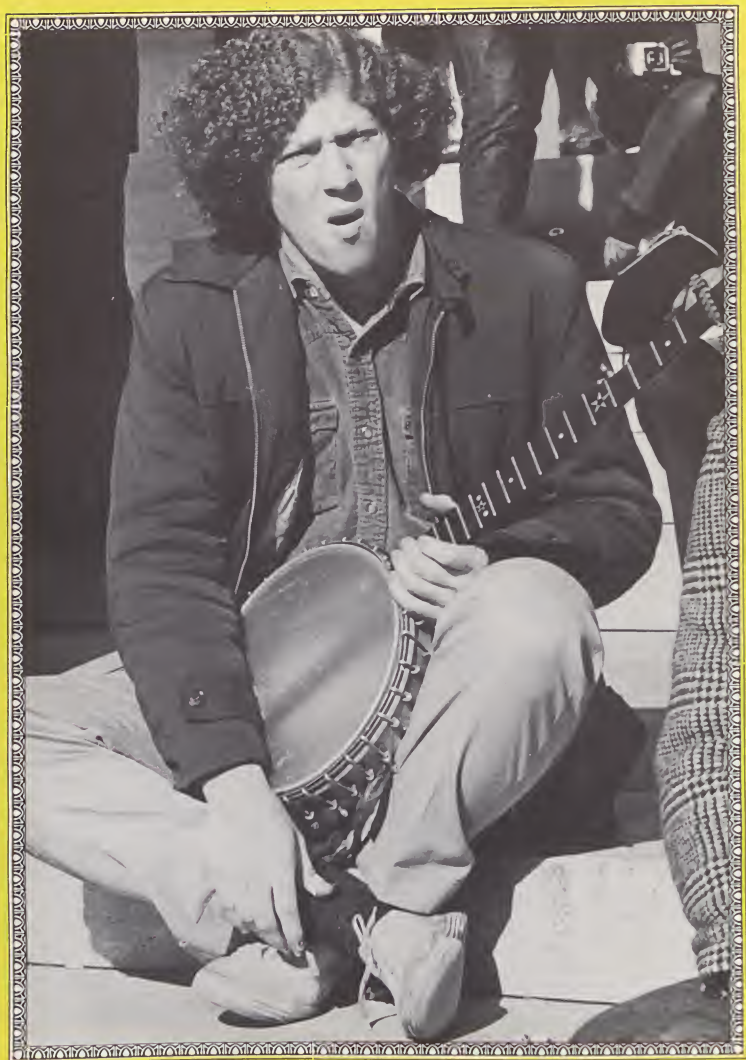
*The joyous prisoners see sunlight again.*



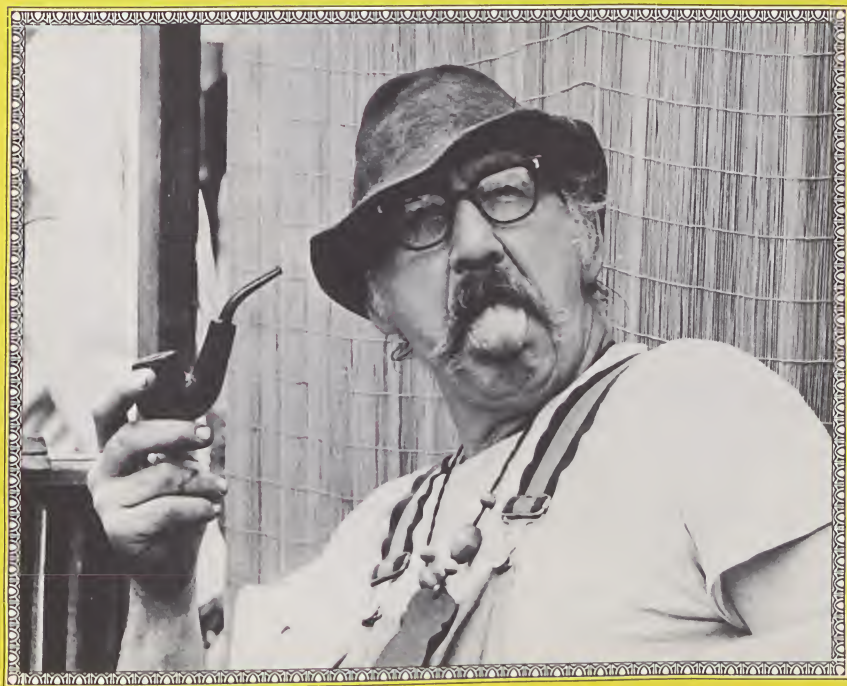
# ONE EQUALS ONE THOUSAND

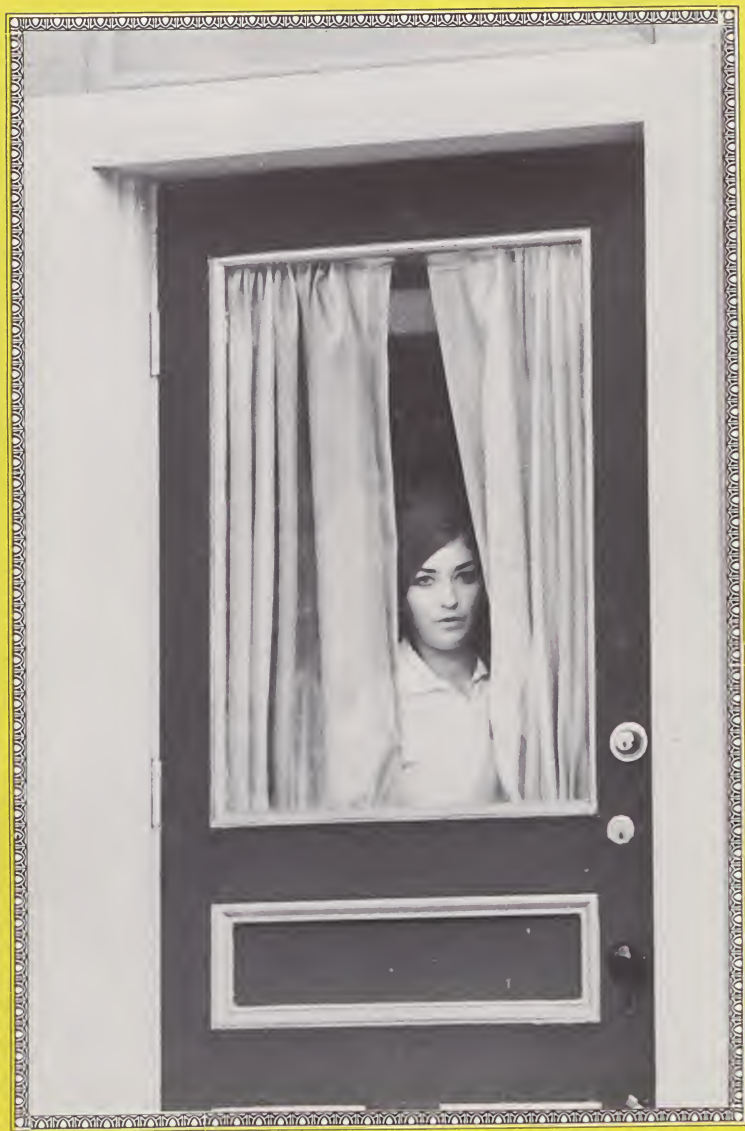


*photos by rick banasik*











# festival

## Jack McDonough

At the risk of being accused of trafficking in hyperbole, I think it fair to say that two of the most significant events in American history occurred this past summer. One of these, of course, was the landing of two Americans on the moon and the consequent opening of the solar system. The other was the Woodstock Rock Festival, subtitled: "An Aquarian Exposition: Three Days of Peace and Music."

It is often true that what is of overwhelming interest to the sociologist is of no more than passing interest to the historian; and there are those who will persistently maintain that Woodstock was no more than a sociological phenomenon. But they are few. The historical implications of Woodstock are simply much too great. As Max Lerner wrote afterwards: "What is an 'event' in social and generational history? If it is something that marks a turning point in the consciousness generations have of each other and of themselves, then the weekend festival at Max Yasgur's vast meadow at Bethel, New York, was an important event . . . the historians will have to reckon with it."

Now just what the connections might

be between Apollo and the Aquarian Exposition is something I grappled with for quite some time, and out of more than idle curiosity. I hadn't found the handle until, in mid-September, I went, almost by accident, to see for the second time Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Several days before that, while visiting some friends in Manhattan, I had come across W. H. Auden's poem "Moon Landing," in which I spied these lines:

*We were always adroit  
with objects than lives and more facile  
at courage than kindness: from the  
moment*

*the first flint was flaked, this landing  
was merely a matter of time.*

Which is, of course, the entire point of Kubrick's film: that, on the cosmic scale of history, the entire progress of man's journey through his time on earth can be dated by two events: when the first flint was flaked, that is, when he first discovered the tools; and his gradual refinement of the tool until he could visit another ball of dirt besides his own. At these two points in time man finds the black obelisks which have been left by the Great Cosmic Spiritual Intelligence (my title) and which send back to the Intelligence a beam notifying it (them) of man's achievement.

Aha. Vibrations in the universe. Planes of energy. Unities and Intelligences. That indeed is where it's at: the only thing commensurate to the vast fields of mental energies released in inner space by acid is the fields of the unknown dark and light moving in outer space.

Barry Farrell, in his commentary for *Life*, indicated that, until Woodstock, he had hesitated from designating rock-dope and American religion. Woodstock cleared his doubts. And certainly, if a self-contained way of defining the self in relation to the largest problems

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** *This article was completed about six weeks before the Rolling Stones' free concert at Altamont, California, and the death and bloodshed that accompanied it. Those events have scared the souls of many in the hip community and have made frighteningly clear the need for the hip community to take a deep and searching look at itself and to recognize that all is not as cool as we often trick ourselves into believing it is. I do not think that Altamont denies the essential inner meaning of Woodstock, but it should make it clear that we ourselves are a long, long way from the Promised Land and that on our way there we would be wise not to use the Hell's Angels—nor those who hired them—as spiritual guides.*

of existence and contentment is a religion, then rock-dope may well be a religion. Its church is inner space. The mind. As all religions, then, it is idealistic: it defines things in reference to the mind. But it does so ultimately—the freedom and expression of the mind, and the willing granting of that freedom to other searchers is the only referent. Which is why it differs from religion as we have come to use the term. It borders on mysticism, and Americans

become complete. Witches? Ghosts? ESP? Poltergeists? These will no longer be abnormal because we will have broken down the boundary by becoming more in touch with the cosmos; we will know these things naturally. The conversion of matter and energy,  $E$  equals  $MC^2$ , will apply to souls as well as to bodies. Blake's units will have been proven.

After all, every particle of knowledge that man has ever collected since time

became so many people: how to combine art and technology. For without the technology of electronics—the exact thing which put man on the moon—acid rock could not exist, could not be the objective correlative of the inner journey. The idea of space is ultimately intranslatable to verbal terms (witness the attempts of the astronauts to communicate their awe), just as the acid vision, with its pulsating and shimmering walls of color and its new lessons in



rarely think of mysticism and religion as the same thing. But this entire exploration of the world inside the mind finds its obverse, its photo-offset, in the exploration of outer space.

This is precisely why Kubrick *had* to present the close of *2001* ("Jupiter: Beyond the Infinite") in terms of the acid vision. He had no other way to do it. And the scenes were more than just tremendously fascinating. They were very possibly accurate in what they intimated about the potential state of man's being in the future. For as man progresses through time, more and more mutations and refinements take place in his body; more and more functions are transferred from the body to the mind; and the body becomes more and more unnecessary. One of our problems, even today, is the problem of excess leisure time: what do we do when our bodies aren't working at making a living (or are making a living without doing "work")? To restate the problem more bluntly: our bodies are gradually becoming extra baggage. What to do with them?

Now whether or not man's body will ever disappear entirely and whether he will ever become a *purely* spiritual entity, I cannot say, and at any rate, I am talking about tens of thousands, and perhaps millions of years. But the possibility is intriguing, and a real one. As the mind becomes more and more refined, we can expect the identification between the mental and the spiritual to

began is designed, really, to one end and one end only: to find a way to defeat death. We won't always admit it, but that's it. It's not the moon we want, it's not Mars. But locked far away in our secret hearts is the breathless hope that there's something out there which will show us how to never die. And what more natural way for man to live forever—indeed, what other way at all—than as a purely mental/spiritual being? So Kubrick's space traveler becomes Blake's mental traveler, and as he approaches Jupiter he and his vehicle become transformed into pure energy, pure color, pure vibration. He becomes his vision.

Just as with the mind, we're dealing here with pure space. Space. What is space? The void, the ether, the vacuum, the empty. Space is black, but to us, it appears blue. Blue of hope, of sea, of life. Perhaps, then, a kind of life there. Space. The medium over which the dead travel. The medium of planetary influences. The medium over which living brains can transmit electrical thought impulses, no need for words. The ether through which sound must pass. The electric vibrations of acid rock would be stillborn were it not for the space which transmits the waves, linking musicmaker to musichearer, person to person. This is why, of course, culturally, electric rock is so fantastically important. It demonstrates, with tremendously greater impact than any other form, the solution to the problem which

the defining of one's dimensions against other things, is ultimately intranslatable into verbal terms. Non-verbal generation? That's why. But hardly non-sensation.

Here's another vision, Norman Mailer's as he watches the moon rocket ignite.

*... the flames were enormous. No one could be prepared for that. Flames flew in cataract against the cusp of the flame shield and then sliced along the paved ground down two opposite channels in the concrete... and in the midst of it, white as a ghost, white as the white of Melville's Moby Dick, white as the shrine of the Madonna in half the churches of the world, this slim angelic mysterious ship of stages rose without a sound out of its incarnation of flame... then came the ear splitting bark of a thousand machine guns firing at once... the thunderous murmur of Niagaras of flame roaring conceivably louder than the loudest thunders he had ever heard and the earth began to shake and would not stop... the sound of the rocket beat with the true blood of fear in his ears... as if one's ears were in the caldron of a vast burning of air, heavens of oxygen being born and consumed in this ascension of the rocket, and a poor moment of vertigo at the thought that man now had something with which to speak to God...*

## II

But back to earth and to the actions which gave impulses to these reflections.



There were a lot of rock festivals last summer, and their profusion is itself a fact to be reckoned with. Two of the biggest occurred at Atlantic City and at Bethel, and I should like to say some words about them.

Atlantic City was not the *experience* Woodstock was, but it was an exciting festival. Much of the talent which showed up later at Woodstock was at AC; and because AC had none of the staggering strategic problems Wood-



stock had, it cleared \$250,000 in contrast to Woodstock Ventures' loss of over two million.

Friday, August 1, opened the festival. It was a beautiful day. The afternoon was taken up mostly with lesser-known groups, but at about 5:30 twilight was taking over, the sun had moved behind the grandstand and was sending streams of shadowed columns across the grounds. Procol Harum came on and the first knot of ionization crept across the crowd. Matt Fisher's organ swirled in the half-rock, half-churchy harmony that is the Harum: their poetry is a pretty metaphysics with a sneering existential undercurrent, a metaphysics which leads you easily, with jokes of cabbages and kings, to the edge and then lets you walk over. Theirs is a poetry of boundaries, of dark and light twists and unsaid things, and I was glad for the coincidence which had arranged for them to be on stage while twilight marked out the boundaries of the day.

Dr. John and the Night Trippers came on, and Hugh Masakela, and some others, and things kept building up. They exploded with Iron Butterfly. Erik Brann sent out one of those weird wrrroooooonngs on his guitar, and all of a sudden thousands of kids went over the barriers, up the stage scaffolding, fanned out over the track. The rest of the night was up for grabs. Butterfly sang, the kids crept in. The song ended, they'd ask the kids to stay off the stage structure and the sound-system wiring

("If you had any idea how much juice is running through those lines you'd keep off 'em"), the kids would get down, settle in, the next song came, the kids charged again. They did In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida for about 25 minutes. When the Chambers Brothers came on, the place was hopped up beyond belief.

The Chambers Brothers are so effervescent anyway that they could turn a graveyard into a slum-soul-acid block party. Lester Chambers was flopping around in his floppy hat and his floppy bells, and the whole crowd was floppy, you know, swaying together, and when the Brothers did Time there were 40,000 people dancing, or performing some variation of dancing, and the kids down on the track got into a massive hand-clapping circle dance, and right in the middle of it I looked toward one of the speaker columns and here was this cat, naked, dancing on top of the speaker like he was the happiest guy in the world. Pretty soon the spotlight picked him up and everybody started clapping and digging him, and he went on and on and everybody was happy with him but even more happy that no one came around to lay somebody else's morals on the guy's head and tell him that he wasn't allowed to dance without clothes on.

It kept up Saturday. The American Dream opened, and were good to open because it was early, no one expected a lot either from his own responses or the Dream, and the group did some nice things and brought the day around. The Byrds were tumbling nostalgia, the Byrds, one of the first acid groups, head-conscious, very, very lyric, acid-interpretors of Dylan, and more than most people realize a centrally profound force in rock since '65. They did some new country-gospel rock, too, more intimations of Dylan via The Band and their kind of music.

While Tim Buckley was on, the inevitable happened. There was a pond in the middle of the turf grounds, beyond the stage, behind hedging and across a length of grass. Everybody knew it was forbidden territory and nobody believed that any body of water anywhere on a nice day with good music was forbidden. Buckley sang, and I saw one kid flit across the hedge like a butterfly, his hair bouncing, his jacket waving. Within five minutes the ragpickers army had filled

up the plain on their way to the Rubicon. I looked at Manny—Manny, friend, housemate, sharer, who has a face very kind and serene which hides the oceans of near-nihilism which torment him because he is the freest kind of searcher caught in the worst kind of American-Jewish (his parents first generation immigrants)-status-environment-law-school-parent-love-but-I-need-to-clear-my-own-path strictures. Manny said, "Let's go out there," so we did, walked in the water, talked around. Intimations of Woodstock, lure of the grass and water, nude swims.

More intimations of Woodstock when we got back to the stage area: Glenn McKay of San Francisco's Headlights (who travel with the Airplane) was talking about crowd control: "The fate of the whole rock scene—of Woodstock and any other festival—depends on you. There's a lot of people watching us. A lot of people tried hard to keep us from using the track, but we've got it and we're free to use it as long as we don't use the turf. You've been free to move around all you want. Nobody's hassling about dope, and you've been free to turn on when you want. (Loud cheer.) Let's be free enough to keep things together so we can do this again, and again."

Such was the nature of public announcements. They were themselves the cultural history of the underground writ small. "Will the cats who are climbing up the light towers please sit down on the platform once you get up there. Please don't all climb the same tower." "There's some bad acid going around, it's being called peace acid. Don't take it, it's a bumner." "If you want to fill up your water jugs or if you want to get sprayed down, the track's water truck is coming up along the fence off stage left."

The announcements at Woodstock were much in the same vein, but more extensive—interminable announcements trying to help people who were lost get back together, getting Marcia, who had the dope, to rendezvous with John, who didn't. Individuals made their own announcements. One kid near us on Friday at Woodstock would rise every five minutes or so with this: "Will the girl who has my pink pillow please return it to me? If anyone has seen a girl with

a pink pillow please let me know. I need to have my pink pillow." And crowd control was largely handled by the crowd. Which was fortunate. Many people at Woodstock were afraid, because of the size of the crowd and the rottenness of conditions, of wholesale disruption. But it never came. When an argument near the stage neared the point of a fistfight, everyone close by rose up yelling, "Peace, Peace," and the fight was averted. When kids started climbing the lighting towers, thousands of other kids started chanting, "Get the fuck down!" "Get the fuck down!" And they got down.

So Atlantic City's Saturday wore on. Booker T. and the M.G.'s did some nice, lazy afternoon things. B.B. King did some blues like blues have never been bluer and convinced everyone that he must be where all blues came from. Butterfield followed him, but as Manny remarked (who has only one god, and that is B. B. King), you can't follow blues with blues that aren't as good.

But better things were coming, everyone was up for some rumble and some throb, and Creedence gave it to them. The crowd soared. The Revival is a phenomenal group: they sensed precisely the exact center of all rock, sniffed it out, and then created music right in that center. They've got overtones of the fifties and Duane Eddy twang, they're backwater and country, they're San Francisco heavy, they're bluesey, and they really, really have a beat you can dance to. Their music isn't complicated, but it's one hell of a synthesis. And it's tremendously infectious. They didn't play nearly long enough.

Jefferson Airplane played long enough: they did an entire hour and a half concert by themselves. It was a perfect ending, this fleecy-heavy Airplane sound, Gracie Slick singing acid lullabies as the clock drew near midnight. Gracie was all in white, white buckskin with fringe. If the Virgin Mary had been a sexy Indian, she would have looked like Gracie. Marty Balin was very Low-Rent, other-side urban, motorcycle T-shirt, jeans, boots, looking partly mean but mostly intense, dragging very mean things out of the guitar. The Headlights went to work behind them, subliminal faces floating up out of raging colors.

Sunday, Sir Douglas opened with some leftover schlock-rock. Santana stunned the crowd with percussion, Buddy Miles was bouncy, sweaty, devilish, Joe Cocker freaky, Three Dog Night, fashion plates. Canned Heat, minus a few men, found substitutes from Joplin's backup group, did a half-hour boogie jam, and called it quits. At twilight it began to rain (more prophecies of Woodstock), a soft summer rain, and no one moved or seemed to mind. Zappa and the Mothers appeared, Zappa in sarcastic orange saying, "We won't play too long, we know you want to hear the heavy groups." Then he proceeded forth into his Day-Glo rat's maze of music, bare-assing the crowd, taunting them, bringing them to the very brink of irritation, and then slid without a pause into something soft, rainy-summery-afternoony, and we had another beautiful twilight thing.

It was Janis' turn. She was an explosion of burgundy silk, wailing, screaming, pleading, crying for you to go ahead and take just another little piece of her heart. Her backup band had solidified greatly over the past few months, Snooky Flowers leading on sax, and he and Janis got into such a wail together that they did everything but ball right on stage. By the time she got through everyone was in some state or other of exhaustion and enervation, presuming that there was nothing that could possibly follow that. But out came Little Richard, from who-knows-what-other-kind-of-world, and it was just bizarre, *mad*, Little Richard screaming Lucille and Miss Molly, standing atop a five-foot platform, hair piled five inches high, floor length fur coat, white-on-white suit. It was all so downright *incalculable* that we had to dig it. So we dug it, and then, filled up but capable of taking more, happy and unhappy, we went home.

### III

Well, Woodstock was different. Much has already been written about it, some of you have read these things, and I am not sure what I can add. But it was the kind of thing which forced everyone into his own reflection and interpretation; not to do so would be to risk losing the thread and perforce holding your peace forever. Sometimes you have to talk to yourself.

Woodstock transcended a rock festival, becoming a total experience, a total happening. It was not a diversion from life, not a weekend fling. It was life. It transformed itself into something beyond itself. It was the amazement we all shared with one another that so many of us were there. It was, in the sense in which Edmund Wilson used the phrase he borrowed from Melville, the shock of recognition.

I was struck dumb by the sight of the grounds at Woodstock, and I could tell from the faces of those around me that they were too. They were smiling and talking, but they were mild smiles, a bit breathless, the attempt to be cool and to accept it was there, but it was a breathless cool, and slowly, creepingly, we began to realize that we were looking into a collective mirror, that we had come face to face with the collective self-image, the gigantic jigsaw puzzle of our



culture that we hadn't put together yet. Now we had, and we knew our time had come, because there it was on that hill, fanning up out of the huge sloping natural bowl whose bottom was the stage, fanning up, out, and over the vast expanse of the hill, all color and movement. We looked at it, wondered a bit, and then, with a type of anticipation, went through the looking glass and joined the image, an image which would convince the others who would come later and look at this vast, human, moving pointillism that, indeed, our time had come, and all you need do to join is to look into the mirror, see yourself, and come in and be a part of it.

The universal reaction, in short—unspoken, etched on every face, both in amazement and gladness was: "Christ, I had no idea there were so many of us." I just had no idea there were so many of us. It was a feeling, a sense, I had gained the first sprinklings of in Atlantic City. While Joplin was singing, I had looked back up and over the crowd from my position close in front of the stage,



and had been swept up by the sense that here were 50,000 people, all digging the music, all digging the message of the music, all digging the message to be free, to be open, to be excited and alive, to share, to love, and not to hurt. And the defenses of my paranoically guarded optimism came down a little upon thinking that almost all of those 50,000 were kids who really believed that peace is possible, that it is wrong to hurt people, that it is wrong to restrict them and box them and crate them, kids who (metaphorically or otherwise) had strolled down the highway of the acid universe and had found that it was loving. They were kids who had found that the greatest pleasure in life was the simplest one: getting together with other people and getting into something with them. But that was nothing compared to the loving vibrations that were flying around Woodstock. 400,000 kids, and almost

I had talked about this. We had talked also about the possibility of permanently getting all the heads together in one state, a sparsely populated one (Nevada, for instance), and electing our own governor and our own legislature. It could be very easily done: there are roughly ten million heads in the country; Nevada has now about 300,000 people. (Yes, Woodstock was bigger than all of Nevada.) An immensely interesting possibility.

At any rate, these were reflections confirmed by Woodstock. Out here in the middle of the New York countryside, out here in the midst of the Catskills and the small homes and cowpastures and hog pens, yes, right smack dab in the backyard of Mr. Nixon's Forgotten American, suddenly, seeming as if it had been spewn forth full grown from the bowels of the American earth, was this fantastic cascade of color and

world had ever been to a party this big before.

And this is why Woodstock has already become a legend, why the word itself has been raised to the power of a symbol, why all you need to do is speak it and you have evoked some magical force, you have called up spirits from the vastly deep, you have made yourself privy to the secret which may change the world. Nothing else but the music could have lured so many to Bethel, and beyond any doubt this was the greatest collection of musical talent ever assembled in one place at one time. And let no one fool himself: nothing but the music could have drawn so many people there. But it soon became clear that the sense of community was replacing the music as the central force. There was just so much to do, so many people to see. And even though the sound was excellent—I marvelled at how



all knew what it meant to share, or at least were willing to try to find out because they knew the other way would never work.

This was one of the things Manny and I had rapped about during the AC weekend. Probably one of the first things that the head and the freak learns—or devises, or spawns naturally—is a whole set of instinctive, defensive, hideaway reactions and responses. He hates himself for them, but he can't walk down the street without them. Without them, the sneers of the nice old ladies, the ogglings of the children, the taunts of the truck drivers and the national guardsmen who are out grocery shopping with their wives, become too many quills in his skin. The smaller and more provincial the city, the fewer heads there are, and the worse the sneers are. So the crazie develops a cortex, a shield, a silence, a studied, purposeful, and cultivated indifference. So this was one of the small revelations at AC—a revelation of relaxation, a chance to throw away the invisible shield. Manny and

movement, and out of this swirl came a spontaneous creating of a way of life. Everyone looked at everyone else, and after the initial gasp came the great smile: at last we were together, at last we could throw away every last one of those lousy, poisonous defenses, we could do anything we wanted, we could dig any thing we wanted, there were almost a half-million people to groove with and there was no one going to tell you not to groove because everyone believed in the celebration. Yes, this was the biggest party anybody had ever thrown (and truly a party it was: it became clear early Friday that the gate couldn't be controlled and the announcement was made later that it was a free festival), and we were going to celebrate. There had been before, in the history of the world, gatherings this large; Hitler had looked out upon a crowd this large, and so had Mao, crowds whose purpose could not have been any further removed in spirit from this crowd's; but man, nobody in the

much power they must have had to throw the sound out to the reaches of that crowd—the bulk of the crowd, by force of natural circumstance, could not clearly see the performers. Without that organicism, without seeing the mouth behind the voice, the body behind the guitar, the life drains out of one's devotion to the performance, and diversion is just a swallow away. So people began diverting, doing things, crazy things. One of the festival officials—I think it was Mike Lang—had announced early Friday, "There are a hell of a lot of us here. If we're going to make it, you had better remember that the guy next to you is your brother." So we began to find out things about the brothers sitting around us.

Little families sprung up. Mickey and I had lots of peanut butter, and bread, and pretzels, and other odds and ends. The kids near us had lots of wine, and a decent water supply, potato chips, and their own range of odds and ends. Mickey had gotten a headache, and although we were able to get some

aspirin, she told me that they probably wouldn't help, she got migraines a couple times a year, was pretty sure this was one of those times, and Darvon was about the only thing that would help. A little while later the kid with the water tapped me and asked if Mickey still had the headache, and I said, "Yes," and he said, "Here's a Darvon, it might help," and I looked at him thinking, are you weird, man, I mean, are you weird, how did you know, but didn't say that, just thanked him profusely, and within a little while Mickey's headache was pretty much gone. I began to wonder if there wasn't anything which couldn't have been obtained somewhere in the crowd if it were needed.

Friday was the folk day at White

vals always have these kinds of surprises, and it's worth going just for that. It had begun to rain by the time Ravi Shanker came on, and despite my appreciation of Shanker's art, the rain made the scene an even more unlikely place to meditate. Yet the appearance of Tim Hardin, in a very personal way, brought the matter of Woodstock full cycle for me, and caused me to meditate.

I had been up to Woodstock proper earlier in June. The town has a strong, clean, and quiet force to it. It is old and mountainy and quaint, but it is also very arty (it's been an artist's colony since last century, and half the town, it seems, is galleries), very open, very hip. A goodly number of assorted freaks were wandering around the

trailing clouds of glory.)

Yes, Woodstock could well be the home of the Second American Revolution. Dylan can live there in peace because everyone accepts the fact that very famous people hang around there, they accept people who do creative things as normal because, after all, that's what human beings are supposed to do. If the Revolution is going to be a take-em-from-behind, freak-em-out-with-a-bag-over-their-heads, ha, we created a culture behind your backs, you were so busy eating TV dinners and watching Peticcoat Junction that you didn't even notice—if it's going to be cool, non-violent, then Woodstock could very well be the Concord of the future.

So it was that I went into the Elephant



Lake, and it was good that it had been so arranged. You can't mix the easy voices of folk with the amplification of the heavy groups, and putting the single acts together on the first day was simply a matter of artistic courtesy. The heaviest act Friday was Sweetwater, and they really aren't very heavy at all. They were supposed to open, but the roads were closed, groups had to be flown into the stage area by helicopter, and they hadn't been able to get there yet. So Richie Havens opened. Havens just has so much heart—who would ever have thought a kid from Bedford-Stuyvestant, with a lisp yet, could have made it, but he did, and he's a great singer. He was overjoyed at the scene in front of him, and both his string of mumbled superlatives once he saw the crowd, and his singing, showed it, and this vast behemoth of a crowd settled in for a long summer's trip. Sweetwater came on, and Bert Sommer from the New York production of *Hair*, about whom I knew nothing, but who is a very, very nice cross between Noel Harrison and Dylan. I knew nothing about Melanie either, but she sang some beautiful things. Festi-

streets, and at a small square in the center of town others were clustered around some benches and around the flagpole—accompanied by one police car with one portly and possibly benign cop standing by, watching the standard of good life in Woodstock going down the drain right before his very eyes. I had flashes of Officer Obenheim, new Alice's Restaurants, in multiple. A potential gold mine of stories here.

I parked, went strolling with Dog, rapped with some people, tried to get the town under my skin, and then put my finger on the vague atmospheric pressure I had detected around me: the spirit of Dylan was hovering over the entire town. Yes, it was palpable, it was the unspoken invocation on everyone's lips. Everyone knew he lived up there on a hill outside of town, why, he even came into town sometimes to shop for groceries. (Which was a fact taken large account of in the decision by Lang and Roberts to associate the name Woodstock with their festival, even though it had been planned for Wallkill and then had to be moved to Bethel. But everywhere it went, it went

with two chicks I had met who had just hitched in from Connecticut. We had some fantastic Chinese rice and vegetables, and these were vegetables, wow, huge, green, crunchy. A redheaded cat was playing the piano, got up and said he'd like to let Tim Hardin play awhile, and I muffed a little rice, but there was Hardin and he sat down and sang as comfortably as could be imagined, and after awhile the redhead came back to play and Tim wailed off on the side and they got into a very deep blues thing, and it was so natural it was just nice, and no meal I've ever eaten tasted better or digested more easily, Chinese rice with Hardin sauce on top, altogether, nice.

So here was Hardin in this dark White Lake night, singing with that beautiful, touching, but tough quality in his voice, a sentimentality that is saved by a really tough honesty, a sincerity that is tangible, you can hear it in his throat. When he sang Simple Song it was all there, you could not deny either the simplicity or the truth of Hardin's emotion flowing into Darin's song: "No doubt some folks enjoy doing battle/



Like presidents, prime ministers, and kings/So let us build them shells, so they may fight among themselves/And leave us here to dance and sing." Yes, speaking one to one, it is everybody's sun that we wake to in the morning when we rise, and Hardin had the conviction to speak one to one between himself and the thousands there.

But there was no sun while Hardin sang—there would be little sun that weekend—it was raining harder and the night was getting colder, and the blanket Mickey and I drew up around us wasn't enough. The fires began. Oh, this place was already wild with metaphors, and there were plenty more pressing in on the horizon, but the birth of the fires was a biggie. Behind us the

against the white man's sky, waiting for the toll of doom on the fire way of life. I saw Neanderthal man, saw the creation of fire. Saw *Quo Vadis*, early Christians huddled in fear and devotion around a skeletal catacomb blaze. Saw living rooms, townhouses with fireplaces, winter vacation in the woods, ice skates, here kid, snuggle up to the fire. Yeah, the whole place was a crazy, insane cross between a war encampment and a living room, and then somebody near me broke out a whole bunch of marshmallows and handed them around to toast, and I really *flipped*, had to get off the images, the marshmallows were too real.

Into the puff of the marshmallows came Arlo, and that was too perfect,

Joanie sing you to sleep?

Something was happening here, thousands of kids guarding their fires, standing in the rain at 2 a.m., being washed by Joan's voice, dedicating themselves to that vision of a future of love. An army such as this the world had never seen, unless it was those down-and-out Christians so long, long ago. The vision was profound. I shall always carry it with me. I hope I carry it as a reminder of how things began, and not as the ashes of a dream that came to nothing.

#### IV

So deep in this Catskill night, filled with damp exhaustion and wonder, we began to shuffle through the mud that had already begun to form. The mud was appropriate. It confirmed the sus-



potato chip/Darvon gang, along with recruits, had begun a fire, and our knot got tighter as we all drew up on it and thanked the heavens for other elemental forces to go with the rain (things do work in opposites) and for the next half hour we proceeded to get uptight about how long we could keep the fire going. We burned everything we could get our hands on, but there wasn't much wood, and eventually I had to offer on the pyre several posters I had snared earlier. But we had scouts out and just when things were *really* crucial, they got back with armloads of wood, and the world was right again. By that time the entire hillside was dotted with fires, it was outrageously beautiful, the entire 30 acres, the same bowl which had fanned out and up the hill in a flurry of blankets and wild color in daylight had become a bank of campfires, addressing the darkened Catskill sky with respectful but defiant forks of orange flame. The ragpickers army had entrenched for its assault on the next day.

Visions snunk up on me. I saw Valley Forge, Trenton, Gettysburg. I saw American Indians, Sioux crouched

me eating sticky marshmallows, there under the blanket with Arlo rapping about how Moses was a far out cat, going into a fifteen minute rap on Moses and the Pharoah and singing Dylan's Walking Down the Line, and boy it was zany. Zany.

Things work in opposites. Baez was not zany. It was well after 1 a.m. by the time she came on, and rarely if ever have the moment and the person coincided so perfectly. Joan packed up all our sorrows, took all our exhilaration and exhaustion and carried it all through to a final easing out. What more beautiful way to be convinced of your ideals than to have Joanie face all those fires and sing to you of them, to have her talk to you in the rain and shiver and fire about what David was doing, how could you not believe in your own strength when you saw how much she had and how gently she used it? How could you not stand up and say Peace back to her with your two weak out-stretched fingers and as much heart as you had, listening to her sing "We Shall Overcome?" What more beautiful way to be put to sleep than to have

picions of creation I had had since arriving, knowing that just several weeks before the festival there had been nothing on this land, it had just been open field with cows. The massive creeping wooden fence which snaked around the concert grounds, the massive stage and its catwalks, the massive speaker columns and lighting towers had all sprung up in a matter of a few feverish weeks, indeed, had not been completed until the opening morning of the festival.

The ambitiousness of it had stunned me. There had been *nothing* here. Every nail, every plank, every strand of wire, every light bulb, every last thing had to be brought in. This was an act of creation. No less. And when one considers the duplication of expenses caused by the need to move from Wallkill—a duplication which cost \$350,000—the creation becomes even more impressive.

And the rains on Saturday and Sunday, and the mud and the slime—this sealed it. Just as God had leaned down and brought Adam up out of the mud of the earth, just as life had crawled up out of the muck and slime of Paleolithia, this was a Creation. And the

mud taught to these refugees the essential lesson of Creation: that its products are natural, right, and good. You take the gift from the heavens, the rain, and you mix it with the gift of our planet, the soil. You mix them, and you get mud. Mud is the cleanest stuff in the world. And so these children of the mud ran and swam nude. They allowed themselves to be created again. They did what all men must learn to do when faced with the elemental forces of life: they endured. And they endured without so much as a hint of violence.

More suggestions of God, from *Rolling Stone*, September 20, 1969: "The outstanding thing was the unthinkable weight of the groups that played. Take Sunday night and Monday morning. . . . Here's the lineup: Joe Cocker, Country Joe and the Fish, Ten Years After, the Band, Johnny Winter, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, the Butterfield Blues Band, Sha Na Na (a knock-em-dead group from New York that does beautiful versions of fifties hits), and Jimi Hendrix. It's like watching God perform the creation. 'And for My next number. . . .'"

Yes, it was all too incredible. At 5:40 a.m. on Sunday the audience was sitting in the dawnlight of a day that would be rainier and colder than the last, listening to the Who do an electrifying two-hour set. When they finished, Jefferson Airplane played for over two hours, until 9:30. At somewhere around 3 or 4 a.m. Sunday night (Monday morning) Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young appeared together for the second time on any stage anywhere and completely bedazzled the crowd with a haunting kind of perfection. At 9 a.m. Monday morning, as the normal business week was just getting under way elsewhere, Hendrix was finishing up his set with the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Taps," and "Hey Joe."

Greil Marcus of *Stone* discusses a question which is by now uppermost in the minds of almost everyone interested in the rock scene.

*Woodstock was a confused, chaotic founding of something new, something our world must now find a way to deal with. The limits have changed now, they've been pushed out, the priorities have been rearranged. . . . At the festival thousands were able to do things that*

*would ordinarily be considered rebellious. . . . Selling and using all kinds of dope, balling here, there, and everywhere, swimming, canoeing, or running around naked, and believe it or not, "staying up all night"—one could do these things simply because they were fun to do, not because such acts represented scoring points against parents or Richard Nixon or "Reader's Digest." The problem now is to find a way for such festivals to continue, with a clear knowledge that the audience cannot be limited by sales of tickets or by anything else. . . . Ticket sales will not do it. Getting the bands to play for free will not do it. We are, for better or worse, beyond those kinds of solutions. Probably an attempt will have to be made to get the record companies to finance the next festival. . . . If we cut back to a festival that is really little more than three bills from the Fillmore sandwiched together, then we will also be cutting off the greatest possibilities of rock.*

Marcus' prophecies may be fulfilled, at least in part, by John Lennon's Peace Festival in Toronto in July. At any rate, Woodstock was not the end. It is too much in the air. The entire rock-dope culture is too strong, it knows it now, and it won't be denied. It knows that by getting into your own head you learn about the person thing, and, subsequently, the love thing. And there is no stronger force on earth. At Woodstock the area people were very uptight about the "drug menace." But they were just as amazed at the goodwill, the happiness, the cheer, the sharing, the lack of violence. And of course they never put two and two together, never guessed that there might be a relation.

But there is, and that relationship has created an entire counter culture. The big complaint used to be (maybe still is) about kids "dropping out." Well, in the first place, the kids have goddamn good reason to drop out. Who wants to work for IBM, for Christ's sake? Who can dig being told that you can't have those clothes or that hair if you want to make some money? Who can dig being told he will be put in prison if he decides to smoke a joint in his living room and listen to some music? Just who do these people think they are to tell you things like that? Where did they ever accumulate so much poison?

Check your daily press for what's going down with the military in this country. You'd be raving insane *not* to drop out.

But that's not the point anyway. The whole drop-out paranoia ignores the fact that these people aren't dropping out so much as they're dropping into a new way of life. Look around you with a discriminating eye and you'll see that there are two entirely distinct life patterns going down around here. That Other Culture has got its own morals, its own ethical code, its own language, its own art forms, its own manner of dress, its own music, its own political style. As Lennon said to a young revolutionist who questioned him about the Establishment: "You tear it down if you want. I'll build around it."

But as Mr. Nixon's Forgotten American (forgotten, perhaps, because he never created anything, never made the crucial attempt to get outside himself and get in touch with others) senses the gathering strength of the crazies, these crazies who want to pump some candy-cane and butterscotch into his power mower, he is struck dumb with fear and begins to get more repressive. Already half the cops in the country are ready to kick the shit out of a longhair at a moment's notice. And says Tricky Dick, no more grass. It's not bad enough that we have a few thousand people rotting in prisons and a few thousand more whose lives are subjected to the most insane and emasculating rules and restrictions because they happen to like grass. No, things aren't bad enough in the world, there's not enough hatred and war to divert all those "extra dimensions" of Nixon's helpers; no, they've got to conjure up a new Operation Intercept—refusing, of course, to call a thing by its name. Not bad enough that they have almost irrevocably poisoned relationships with the Mexicans (but everyone knows that Mexicans are lazy and inferior anyway). Not bad enough that they are using my tax money to go into a foreign country to spray the crop with a nausea-inducing chemical whose effects are not fully known. Not bad enough that they're driving kids who can't get grass into heroin and heavy speed. Not bad enough that they are flying in the face of all available medical evidence and are refusing to do any research to even attempt to make a case



justifying their law. No, all that's not bad enough. But to top things off, they offer you a government task force report to explain their actions: "At least some users show evidence of a loss of conventional motivation. They seem to prefer instead a non-goal-oriented life style, which emphasizes immediate satisfaction to the exclusion of ambition and future planning." Can you dig *that*? Do you know what that *says*? Well, if you can't read Trickysone, I'll tell you what it says. It says if you do grass you just might grow up not wanting to be President and not wanting to have a nice wife named Thelma. And I find it brutally ironic to see the federal government so concerned about the "future planning" of its youth while it's sending hordes of twenty-year-olds to be killed in a monstrosity insane bloodbath in Asia. When people do things like this—when, for instance, Hamilton Township, New Jersey, where-in was held the AC festival, passes a law, totally without provocation, that the festival cannot be held again—when people do things like this, I begin to think that they deserve the revolution in *whatever* form it comes.

Drugs are here to stay, and the sooner those in power acknowledge that and try to make some kind of creative and intelligent and positive response (no matter how taxing such responses might be for them), the better off we'll all be. All these panels and discussions, particularly in regard to grass, strike me as curiously beside the point. Grass is a foregone conclusion, and by now acid is getting to be. Said one state police sergeant at Bethel: "As far as I know, the narcotics guys are not arresting anyone for grass. If we did, there wouldn't be enough space in Sullivan county or the next three counties to put them in."

Nobody who digs grass is going to stop doing it. One of the first things you learn after getting into it is how ludicrous the laws are, and, more than that, how ludicrous is the stockpile of political structures which enforce these rules, how sterile these structures are which constantly obtrude themselves, wedge themselves into that simple space between you and your fellow man. You learn how truly, truly *sad* such men as Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson and Richard Daley and George Wallace and

Lewis Hershey and J. Edgar Hoover are. Not just incompetent, though some are that; not just contemptible, though some are that. But sad. The great clipper ship of *Life* went sailing by on spangled waters, and they never had sense enough to get on.

And no amount of repression will convince you that dope, used intelligently—and I'm assuming intelligent usage, which, while it is a personal responsibility, would certainly be promoted by a more sane official attitude—is an evil. I see no reason whatsoever why there should not be centers where a person can go if he wants to trip. He could be given tests and be advised, if he is unstable, not to trip. The stable person might be told, given his personality traits, what he might expect from LSD. He could be sure that the acid he was getting was untainted and properly dosed. He would know that if he got into a bumper he could be given some thorazine (or something akin) and brought back down. He could be supplied with an environment which would insure good sensory information being fed to him. Simply having this kind of security would almost preclude the possibility of a bad trip. And the potential advantages in personal enrichment for the tripper are simply too overwhelmingly great for this not to be done.

Of course many still fear the drug and certainly some of the fears have a legitimate base. *Life's* Farrell had at least one very negative response to Woodstock: "In the cold acid light, the spoiled field took on the aspect of an Orwellian concentration camp stocked with drugs and music and staffed with charming police." I am not sure whether Farrell had Orwell mixed up with Huxley: it is the *Brave New World* which is rendered so nightmarish by the government's "charming" application to its citizens of a continual drug stupor. And Farrell has his villains wrong, for to both Huxley and Orwell the villain was the government, and in our situation it is the government that is *suppressing* the drugs. Which leads me quite logically to a nightmarish thought of my own: that the very reason the government is so intent on suppressing the drugs is that tucked back in the bureaucratic mind is the intention to use the

drugs for its own devices. I'm conjuring up goblins, you say? I hope you are right.

At any rate, the two cultures are there, and the murmuring undercurrent of conflict is not so distant on the horizon. I think that the next twenty years of American history are going to be crucial. This may seem a glib and pretentious thing to say: at all periods in history everyone is wont to claim that his generation is special. But I think that the next twenty years or so are going to decide whether America continues to careen down the path of technological robotization, or whether we will, pull back, accept the lesson of openness that is being offered, and start putting the technology to humane and constructive uses. We are, at this moment, horribly close to robotization, and it didn't just happen overnight. But as the underground culture becomes stronger (in response, of course, to the escalation of technology and armament), the conflict will become sharper, the possibilities for repression more real, the choice more clear. That openness, that energy of space, space as the objective correlative of our collective dreams for freedom and expansion, may teach us something. We must never allow ourselves to come to the pass where we want to travel into space because we have defiled the earth and its human possibilities beyond reclamation.

The potential for making the right choice clearly lies within us. There are small posters circulating around now showing the symbol of the dove and the fretboard which say, quite simply, "We proved it at Woodstock." Well, we proved many things at Woodstock, but certainly the most important thing we proved was that a half-million people can live together under the worst kinds of conditions and can live together in peace and joyousness if their hearts and minds are with one another. It is a lesson we can all humbly learn.

And one other. Friday a jeaned and muddy guy came tromping by us, obviously lost or misplaced, saying something about "Looking for my people." And a cat near me looked up at him, looked around at the crowd, and said to him, "Dig it, man. These are all your people."

# You've Come a Long Way?

I find it very ironic that the most recent proof that I have discovered in support of Darwin's theory of evolution was found among that same old species which formerly rejected and fought the theory—the Baptist Christians of North Carolina. I chose to study the life, wild and otherwise, of the Wake Forest Territory because it offers the scientist an ecology unexcelled in the degree to which it is a closed system, virtually unaffected by outside influences. And so, after months of research, I am now prepared to hypothesize, as Father Darwin showed that man is descended from the ape, that likewise the Co-ed of 1970 is descended from the Co-ed of 1960.

No one opposes this theory more than the Co-ed of the 70's, who will admit to no relation or similarity between herself and "that hick" of 1960. And I would be so bold as to suggest that the Girl of 1960 might well claim that her undeniable offspring is "no child of mine." Both would refer to a vast number of facts which I label Exterior Differences (See Chart A). They feel it obvious to any one who can see, that these countless physical differences prove that we are discussing two distinct species rather than two sisters.

Moreover, it cannot be denied that there are some differences that run even deeper than the hemline of the sixties. The Woman of the 70's exhibits some definite signs of freer thinking and even

## The Coed of 1960

She has a great personality, writes English papers on Emily Dickinson and makes all of her own clothes.



## Chart

She says and thinks:  
"Is my slip showing?"  
"Is my nose shiny?"  
"Smoking makes you look so sophisticated and naughty."  
"I want to be a nurse."

Breck Hair Girl

Eyes—She sees no evil (etc.).

Vest—Not entirely removable

The No-breast Look

Sleeves—Rolled up industriously

I.D. Bracelet—"Never forget *who* you are"—Mama

Why this hand position?

Low Hemline—To balance high morals

Skin—To drive men wild

White Bobby Sox—For purity and to fight athlete's foot

Buster Browns—To withstand the Shag, Mashed Potato and to allow fast get-aways



# Origin of the Species

## II

intellectual and social concern. The 1970 Woman is so proud of the fact that she is not at all narrow but has superior and varied "interests." Though I will not try to dispute the value of her "interests," I feel I should point out that from a biological point of view, any thoughts that she may entertain about poverty, race, war or pollution serve only the function known as "topics of conversation" and are far removed from organs of "true concerns and convictions." Indeed, I had once thought that the "call" of the Coed of the 70's sounded so relevant only by chance mutation, until I came to realize the value of such poses and talk in her modern mating rituals.

It is in that realm of dating that the Woman of the 70's sees another great difference between herself and the Girl of the 60's. Though only the titles of the movies and the names of combos have changed with regard to the specific dating activities, the modern lady is proud to testify that she is less limited than her inferior of the 60's in the number of boys who are good enough to date her. She will today date both the pretty fraternity man *and* the pretty hippie, though she finds it most convenient when they are combined in one person. Yet I would suggest that she is in no way different from her sister of the Sixties in that she still desires only a stereotype or in her case, maybe

A

She says or thinks:

"I hope I don't seem to be wearing make-up."

"Are my panties showing?"

"Smoking is great, but eating the roaches is dynamite."

"I just want to be funky."

The Coed of 1970

She is cool, slick, and might go down.



Why this hand position?

The No-Bra Look

High skirts to . . .

Skin—To drive men wilder

Boots—For stomping the establishment

two stereotypes. The trait of the species is unaltered; they crave ideals for mates, even the Ideal of Individualism, but never individuals.

The similarities between the Girl of the 60's and the Woman of the 70's far outweigh the differences. Though their favorite books may be radically different, they are the same in number. They sleep, "eat wisely," study, talk, and allow males to chase them. They are possessed of certain guiding principles and ideals biologically known as prejudices. In short, they belong to one and the same species. They roost in the same family tree.

But that is only half my argument. There have been some rather fundamental changes besides the superficial ones in the past ten years. Objectively considered, they seem to be adaptations of the species to significant changes in the environment. Dean Nature has given the breed a few good breaks, and the species has uncharacteristically evolved to take fuller advantage of its new situation. Though the environmental changes to which I refer will appear to the reader to be extremely minor and hardly responsible for the consequent changes which they are charged with I must reiterate the fact that the most salient characteristic of the Coed species is its reluctance and perhaps innate fear of change and difference even when change is fashionable, and therefore, any drastic steps forward must be assumed to be forced upon it.

Anyway, it was action by another breed common to Wake Forest Territory—Administrators—that is responsible for the change of lifestyle of the Coed such as it has changed. The primary alteration was the allowing of the Coed to be in the presence of the Male for a slightly increased amount of time. The undercurrent effects of allowing the Coed to shower between midnight and 6:00 A.M. must not be underestimated, but in my opinion it is this extra hour of encounter with the Male which has violently altered a single aspect of the Coed's life—sex. How this change came about, I can only speculate, but it seems most likely that the slightly lengthened co-existence brought the Coed to the knowledge that the Male had something more to offer than the act of the "goodnight kiss." As I have

implied, this imbalance in nature led slowly but surely to a stage in the evolution of the species which must be considered promiscuous by the standards of that species.

Some may suggest that this undeniably important change is in some way connected to or even caused by the superficialities known as morality and standards. I would hope that my earlier arguments will still serve to remind that this species—Coedus—is one whose "talk" must never be confused with its actions or attitudes. The other reasoning would necessarily imply that because the Coed converses with her kind and Males about the subject of poverty that she is committed to and actually does fight it; see now far that is from all the facts. The confusion perhaps grows from excessive observation of that group of animals which I must biologically label mutant or freaks who out of the blue are actually striving everyday to realize all of their intellectual, emotional and social potentials. These freaks presumably existed contemporaneously with the Coed of the 60's as well as with the Modern Coed, and it seems to me that it has been with causing trouble for me and my fellow biologists in mind, that both early and late Coed perpetrate a fictitious similarity between themselves and those individuals for the sake of self-flattery. This is particularly true of the Coed of 1970 for whom the "freak" embodies so many of what for her are "topics of conversation"; by continuous talking and keeping an eye on the actions of the mutants, she is deluded into thinking herself to be a "Fine Person"—the rarest breed in this or any other territory.

In conclusion, the 1970 specimen of Coedus is essentially only as different from the 1960 specimen as her language is transfigured by four letter words. Though they have put the chameleon to shame with the incredible show of outward change, most aspects of the species are still intact and indicate no presage of immediate change. But the fact of one substantial change—sexual activity—demonstrated hopefully that the Coed is under the law of evolution and may some happy day, progress. But as it stands, its history of development is second only to Male of the Wake Forest Territory in brevity.





## A large, empty triangle with a curved base, intended for a drawing. The triangle is defined by two straight lines meeting at a point at the top, and a curved line at the bottom. The interior of the triangle is blank, providing space for a drawing.

"Date me three times and I'll let you kiss me goodnight, maybe."  
"We shouldn't be here alone, we might get carried away."  
"I respect you as a person."  
"Do you really think it's a sin?"  
"Sure I drink; all the men do. But I know when to quit."  
"So do I."  
"Would you ever do the twist in public?"  
"I'm a two dab man."  
"How many children would you like to have when you grow up?"  
"I love you."  
"Where are you from?"  
"What's your major?"

The Couple of 1970  
 "Do your own thing."  
 "I just want to be myself."  
 "Sure I've turned on before."  
 "Baby, I dig you."  
 "Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn."  
 "What's wrong with right here?"  
 "Why not try the pill?"  
 "It's heavy, man."  
 "Yeah"  
 "Wow"  
 "Like, dynamite."  
 "What a groove."  
 "Dig it."  
 "Uh."  
 "Where are you from?"  
 "What's your major?"



We have made it! We're here! The seventies await. Ten virgin, unviolated years waiting to be excavated, paved, plundered, polluted, strangled, stabbed, splattered with blood every now and then, and generally consumed by our weary civilization. The sixties are behind us. Bandaged and scarred, they have hobbled into our past, preserved delicately in year-books, magazines, and old "Best of Carson" tapes. . . .

The sixties will prove themselves worthy of the pains we took to record them. The early sixties saw our space program get off the ground, and as rockets went up, scientists began to look again within themselves. The economy sailed to almost equal heights in the sixties. The Beatles stormed American markets, attained almost immediate fame, faded into near obscurity, and returned to lead us into the seventies, the harbinger of social revolution, warning us to "Get back" to where we once belonged. The sixties was a time of assassinations, and the McCarthyistic anti-communist paranoia of the mid-fifties seemed to evolve into a social insanity of bolted doors and unwillingness to get "involved." A country that was still flexing its muscles from World War Two began to question its role in a "Dead End War" in South Asia. From two polarities on the intellectual scale, there came at once cries for humanitarianism amid strife and order amid chaos. The prophets of social reform moved from protest to resistance, from resistance to revolution. And the fabulous sixties closed amid the cries of revolution, leaving the seventies to deal with the Chicago "circus trial" of those revolutionary leaders.

At Wake Forest we are never so conspicuous about moving from decade to decade. We slipped quietly into the seventies, as we did the sixties, crossing the bridge at midnight, like surreptitious Incabod Crane, glancing over our shoulders at the phantom at our heels. Essentially, Wake Forest passed into the seventies in much the same condition that it had passed into the sixties; one hand clutching the future and pulling us painfully forward, and the other hand holding with remarkable tenacity to the "Bible Belt" mentality of the reconstruction South, from which Wake Forest originally grew.

For Wake Forest, the early days of 1960 were more or less a time of calm before the storm. The senior class of that year had been the first class to complete four years on the new campus. They were the first to graduate with no recollection of the "old world" in eastern North Carolina. They were totally of the "new world." But they had not yet discovered the Beatles or the miniskirt or the hippies or even Bob Dylan. And so the ducktails and the crew-cuts and the bobby socks floated complacently in and out of the magnolias, confident that they would exist forever.

The storms clouds began to gather early in January when Hollywood announced that a motion picture, *High Time*, would be shot on location at the Wake Forest Campus. The movie itself, a musical comedy, was a synthesis of the old world and the new. It starred the golden-throated, lop-eared hero of the establishment—Bing Crosby. Co-starring with Bing was the latest dynamite discovery of the same generation that gave us "sha na na *Get a Job*"—sixteen year old Fabian. When this news broke, Wake Forest became a campus ablaze. The co-eds who had followed every gyration of the super-pelvis with unctuous fervor now awaited the opportunity to meet their hero "in the flesh." But other people associated with Wake Forest reacted differently to having a "worldly movie" shot on the campus. *High Time* became a matter of intense controversy in Wake Forest circles. Sam Stoudt, a stout hearted Baptist, sent this letter to the *Journal*:

"I was shocked today to see an article concerning the making of a movie at Wake Forest College.

"There are many thousand Baptist like myself who do not believe in movies. Then to have one made of the very campus that we Baptists give our money to support is a slap in the face of our long Christian faith.

"I cannot understand what is taking place in our Wake Forest."

Stoudt had good reason to be shocked at this development. There was no way he could understand what was happening to his Wake Forest. His brainchild



# But Seriously,

## How Did We Get Here?

### Michael Harrawood

was growing up. And like all children, Wake was growing out from under him and striking out on its own. Nonetheless, Stoudt and his people won this battle. The controversy raged for the entire month of January until finally Hollywood cancelled the film, bowing politely as they backed away from us. The paper account read that . . . "the decision of the studio was based on the belief that some parts of the action would not be suitable to the nature and tradition of Wake Forest College."

That word, "tradition," is a word that still sits, toadlike, on every student at Wake Forest. But, the very next month of that same year, Wake Forest College students were to break another tradition—a national one. In February, 1960, a group of Wake Forest students staged the first integrated racial demonstration. The students were arrested and found guilty of trespassing. This marks the beginning of a long and stormy decade of race relationships at Wake, one that still rages today. But although a small number of students had committed themselves to the cause, the college was not officially behind them. That same month, Wake Forest denied admission to a black applicant from Ghana on the grounds that there were "no provisions" for such actions by the college. A survey taken the next month showed that forty-five percent of the students thought that the college should "never integrate."

That same year, President Tribble gave a "warning" to the "Bright and Lazy" students of Wake Forest, fortifying a tradition of *in loco parentis* that has yet remained unchallenged. "It therefore becomes a matter of moral and spiritual stewardship for the faculty and administration," Tribble spoke in Chapel, "to see to it that students here shall make good use of their opportunities or be eliminated." In other words, at Wake Forest, moral and spiritual, as well as academic development, is "the responsibility" of the administration, not the students. Thus, the students are not actually "responsible" enough to determine their own course of actions. And, ten years later, when a "responsible" group of students was to ask for the privilege of intervisitation, and a "responsible" Honor Council was to take action against

an alleged offender, the guiding hand of administrative stewardship would come crashing down on their heads. Because these "responsible" students were not "responsible" enough to "Make use of their opportunities." Morality, whether practiced in the bedroom or the classroom, was then and is now the "responsibility" of the administration.

Five years later, President Tribble was again to be heard on the subject of student responsibility. A group of students drew up an alternate class calendar—without Saturday classes. A petition of about 1,000 signatures, presented their plan. Ignored by the faculty, several of the more energetic students prepared a dummy to be hanged in effigy outside of Wait Chapel. On the dummy was a sign that read "Red tape + silence + indecision = Our Faculty." President Tribble opened Chapel that day with four hymns: *Faith of Our Fathers*, *Lead On O King Eternal*, *In the Cross of Christ I Glory*, and *He Leadeth Me Along*. He then proceeded to "Blast the Students" for their actions. "I deplore this low level of behavior on the part of those responsible for this." Warren L. Pate, President of the student body, was as lost as a puppet with his strings cut, or perhaps, one with his strings manipulated by some unseen hand. "I'm really in a state of stock," he told reporters. "I haven't had time to think about it. I just don't understand it." Although Pate might not have understood what was happening, the handwriting was on the wall. Then, as now, a "responsible" member of the Wake Forest student legislature, whether he is a class officer or an Honor Council member, is free to operate only within the bounds of "administrative stewardship" i.e. "administrative stringpulling."

In spite of a "traditional" sluggishness, Wake Forest began to develop an interest in social and community development. In June, 1961, 21-year-old Kenard C. Rockette became the first black student to register for courses at Wake Forest. The official college policy had been amended to include, "A limited number of special students for evening classes and summer classes without regard to race." This was a small step for a college, but a great step, I suppose,

for mankind. Edmund Reynolds, the black applicant from Ghana was still denied admission to the college. Reynolds finally gained admission to Shaw College, a North Carolina Negro College, where he began to make straight A's.

In 1962 a new tension had arisen in the struggle between the intellectual and fundamentalist elements at Wake Forest. Earlier in that year, news director Russell Brantley had published the controversial novel, *The Education of Johnathan Beam*, which is basically the story of a country boy of fundamentalist, agrarian heritage who goes off to a Wake Forest-like college and begins to discover the world. The novel has a ring of *You Can't Go Home Again* and dwells on the conflict between the intellectual and religious elements at Wake Forest. Naturally, our infuriated Baptist Brethren denounced the novel as a worldly attempt to make money from writing trash, sex for sex' sake, etc. Baptist Ministers urged their congregations to pray for Wake Forest as students began to take a stand on the side of Brantley. For a time, every student who could afford a copy of the book carried one in subtle but open counter-protest to the Baptists. It was in the midst of this tension that Billy Graham came to our campus. This was certainly the worst time to bring the hosannas of religious revivalism to Wake Forest. When the "humor issue" of THE STUDENT appeared in April of 1962, the magazine stood in open challenge to the "Bible Belt" revivalism of the Baptist State Convention. "Wake Forest to forsake Sin" read one blatant headline. Fortunately, Wake Forest did not forsake sin, but Wake and the Baptist Convention did forsake THE STUDENT. The magazine was suspended in the summer of 1962 for two years.

An article in *Time* magazine once referred to Wake Forest as the "South's best High School." But in the early sixties, Wake began to develop a reputation for academic prowess. In 1963 Wake Forest sent a team to the College Bowl. Here was an opportunity for the "South's best High School" to establish itself academically on a national level. The sixty-six students that were nominated for the team underwent an intense period of testing until the four members were selected. In March of that year, the team, Florence Wisman, Frank Wood, Diana Gilliland, Jim Shertzer, and their coach, Davie Hills left for New York. In their first match they defeated the University of Kansas City by a score of 275-215. The next week, the team rolled over Emory University by a score of 315-80. Finally, they were defeated by Kenyon College 275-245. The defeated team returned to Winston-Salem with \$3700 in prize money, asking that \$1500 be given to an African Studies Program. The "South's best High School" was a thing of the past.

1964 was also the year that saw the primary skirmishes of the most intense battle that Wake Forest would see in the sixties. Once again, the controversy involved the Baptist element at the college. The next five years on the Wake Forest College cam-

pus would see flowers and confetti thrown, and crosses burned.

The encounter began when President Tribble suggested revamping the Board of Trustees to include 16 non-Baptists on a Board of 36 members. The 16 were to be chosen by the Baptist State Convention. Expanded sources of financial support, directed toward our eventual University status, lay behind this innovation. *The Biblical Recorder*, the official voice of the Baptist State Convention, was outraged at the thought of losing Wake Forest College or even "dividing the responsibilities." Preachers began to gather, saying that President Tribble was ungrateful for their support. Money was evil, they maintained, and if Tribble wanted any more of *theirs*, he would watch his step. Actually, Wake Forest University had always been a plan of the Convention, but they wanted it to be under Baptist control.

On the campus, 2,000 students had endorsed President Tribble's plan to leave the Baptist fold. Ten years earlier, in 1953, 80% of the students had been Baptists. By 1963, this number was reduced to 44%. Wake had outgrown the Convention's ability to support its needs. Besides, it was agreed, it was time to dilute the provincialism of this religious-geographic clique. But, despite all of the arguments, the convention defeated Tribble's proposal by a vote of 1628-1106. Convention President Starns said "there are those who look on this convention as if it were a millstone about the neck of the college." When the news of this defeat reached the campus, the students left for an hour's silent vigil. They carried signs saying, "Thou shalt not kill—Wake Forest U." and "College for Sale." When President Tribble returned from the convention, the entire student body had gathered, perhaps for the only time in its history, to cheer their president with confetti and flowers. Tribble told the students that he considered his defeat a moral victory, producing a "new spirit of harmony" on the campus. And the campus had come alive, seething with a spirit of unity in a cause.

The Baptist State Convention set up a committee to investigate the proposal during the next year. The months that followed were rather quiet, with only an occasional editorial appearing in the local media. When the convention met, in December of 1964, they rejected a new proposal allowing their colleges to accept government aid. Many Wake Forest people saw this as adding insult to injury. The students burned a 12-foot cross on campus and then organized a horn blowing caravan through downtown Winston-Salem. Many students began to dance on campus, a flagrant violation of Baptist policy.

A movement began within the convention to oust Tribble on the grounds of "incompetence in administration, recklessness in statements made to T.V., radio and newspaper medium concerning the actions of the conventions in session," "inability to control the Un-Baptist, Un-Christian-like demonstrations that have occurred on the Wake Forest Campus." This pro-



posal was sponsored by a group of 21 ministers and received only 55 votes, a very small minority against the 655 member convention.

The students reacted to this action by dancing and "Whooping it up" at a protest rally. Once again they ran through downtown Winston-Salem shouting "Go to hell, convention, go to hell," and "To hell with Baptists." "Where would you be if it was not for our support?" the Baptists admonished the student body. They answered by burning another cross.

And, as that second cross burned into ash and was forgotten, the controversy likewise began to diminish. Soon after the convention adjourned, the issue began to simmer. For the next year, the opponents divided themselves into two camps, each exchanging an occasional shot, but avoiding actual combat.

Then in January of 1967, President Tribble announced his retirement. As he left office, he won approval from the trustees for a three point program: Wake Forest was to become a University by the next fall, provision would be made to include out of state, non-Baptists on the Board of Trustees, and a new athletic stadium was to be built by September of 1968. As of today, the Board of Trustees is still an all Baptist group. Tribble, upon leaving office, conceded that he had never wanted to separate from the Baptist State Convention, but wanted only to diversify the basis of financial support.

In his own way, he had been an antagonist, a revolutionary despot, a martyr, a *changemaker*. Largely because of his efforts, his successor would be the first president of Wake Forest University.

As the Trustees began to search for Tribble's successor, the College rallied in a last minute attempt to catch up with the world around it. In February, Challenge '67 saw the students confronting such controversial figures as George Lincoln Rockwell, head of the American Nazi party, and Black militant leader, Dick Gregory. The first administratively-sanctioned dancing took place in April of that year. The students had a street party in the strip of road in front of Davis Dormitory. This road is not officially part of the college and therefore, students were able to frug obstinately under the stately noses of college officials.

In May 1967, it was announced that James Ralph Scales, vice president of Oklahoma State University, would become the new president of Wake Forest. Wake officially attained University status on June 12, 1967, just after the retirement of President Tribble. The campus and the city began to settle down for the summer, awaiting the arrival of the new president.

Scales, a soft-spoken, demure man was a dramatic change of pace from the unapproachable, if not intimidating, atmosphere of the Tribble administration. Almost immediately, the campus began to take on a new air. The new university was becoming less of a seminary for young men and more of an institution for scholastic pursuits. Since Scales came to office in the fall of '67, this campus has changed con-

siderably. But the changes have been subtle. Unlike the bull-doing methods of the Tribble administration, Scales used quieter techniques, feinting and jabbing until the enemy was surrounded. The Reformation attitude of Wake Forest officialdom has begun to recede. Old Baptist standards, the no-dancing regulations, and the no-drinking laws have been more or less forgotten. Last year, the compulsory chapel was abolished, admitting for the first time that religion cannot be forced on people. Black students have been admitted to the University on a basis which, only now, exceeds tokenism.

When the Trustees decided to approve a plan to build a \$4 million dollar stadium, it meant a new direction for Wake Forest Athletics. To parallel the scholastic improvement that had been made over the last decade, Wake had decided to upgrade athletic prowess. Once again the small southern college began to think like a 20th century university. Money was invested in scholarships and modern facilities to make Wake Forest an attractive offer to first rate athletes. Players were recruited and trained. And although this program is still effectively in the embryo stage, it is evident from the improvements in scheduling, coverage, and competition, that the program has begun to get off the ground.

As the 68-69 academic year got under way, Wake Forest began to take a genuine interest in the world without. The previous year had ended rather gloriously with 400 students marching through downtown Winston-Salem to protest local poverty. The group pledged over 3000 hours of working time to the underdeveloped areas of the community. Unfortunately, this program began to fade and die almost as soon as the press coverage ceased—it has since been forgotten. Nonetheless, early in the year, sophomore Kirk Jonas, angry young man in residence, led a school wide fast for Biafra. This program asked that students release their meal cards into a fund that would send the money to Biafra. The campaign raised over \$4000.

In October of '68, the students heard the controversial Timothy Leary expound the virtues of L.S.D. My god! Five years ago a man could be shot if he brought a beer on the campus. Now the college was spending money to bring in a debate on drugs.

In addition to Leary, Wake Forest began to bring in personalities that were as controversial as they were relevant. Spring of the year saw Challenge '69, bringing such national figures to the campus as Michael Harrington, Harvey Cox, Edmund Muskie, and Saul Alinski. The program won nationwide acclaim for the University, and the entire proceedings were broadcast over educational radio.

Last year a protest group made up of whites and blacks alike, publicly burned a Confederate Flag and a recording of *Dixie*. The group was attempting to break with the elements that they felt had inhibited the growth and freedom of Wake Forest in the past. By destroying the symbols of the past, they had

hoped to destroy the past itself. Unfortunately, for all of us, life is not all that simple. The "communist inspired militant negroes and white trash" were severely criticized by the more primitive elements of the Wake Forest Community. The paradoxical argument of Southern bigotry was expounded in this letter to the local paper: "If the trend toward the destruction of the *Democratic process* is not stopped, then those who seek such violence should be classed as enemies of the country and *annihilated*."

For the most part, however, nobody did or said very much and the whole incident was forgotten almost as quickly as it had occurred.

Perhaps this is the saddest thing about Wake Forest. So many running starts; so many baby steps. During the last ten years we have slipped quietly from crew-cuts to "Beatle" cuts, from madras and seer-sucker to bell bottom pants and Apache scarfs—and we have mistaken this for progress. In 1960 fundamentalist objections stopped the filming of a "worldly movie" on our campus. Ten years later our film program has become number one in the nation. But as a "community of teachers and learners" we remain unchanged. We try to be "responsible." We make feeble attempts at student government, but we are forever doomed to sit wide-eyed as the long arm of a dead morality comes sweeping out of the 17th century to slap our wrists. Movies, dancing, liquor, integration, or sex are all issues that revolve about an antiquated principle. Wake Forest may have finally made it into the twentieth century. But that means very little when you stop to consider that the rest

*We have made it! We're here! The seventies await. Ten virgin, unviolated years waiting to be excavated, paved, plundered, polluted, strangled, stabbed, splattered with blood every now and then, and generally consumed by our weary civilization. The sixties are behind us. Bandaged and scarred, they have hobbled into our past, preserved delicately in year-books, magazines, and old "Best of Carson" tapes. . . .*

*The sixties will prove themselves worthy of the pains we took to record them. The early sixties saw our space program get off the ground, and as rockets went up, scientists began to look again within themselves. The economy sailed to almost equal heights in the sixties. The Beatles stormed American markets, attained almost immediate fame, faded into near obscurity, and returned to lead us into the seventies, the harbinger of social revolution, warning us to "Get back" to where we once belonged. The sixties was a time of assassinations, and the McCarthyistic anti-communist paranoia of the mid-fifties seemed to evolve into a social insanity of bolted doors and unwillingness to get "involved." A country that was still flexing its muscles from World War Two began to question its role in a "Dead End War" in South East Asia. From two polarities on the intellectual scale, there came at once cries for humanitarianism amid strife and order amid chaos. The prophets of social reform moved from protest to resistance, from resistance to revolution. And the fabulous sixties closed amid the cries of revolution, leaving the seventies to deal with the Chicago "circus trial" of those revolutionary leaders.*

of the world is almost out of the twentieth century. And so we begin a new decade with a campus-wide as well as a nation-wide Trial. Our own Honor Council conflict, like the national conflict in Chicago, challenges the sanctity of a decaying establishment. It is not that establishment itself that is on trial in either case, but rather we who have allowed it to grind to a halt.



### Words Can't Cure

If sick at her stomach  
And in sedated pain  
She can't quite concentrate  
But asks to be read to  
To be talked to  
The story must be short  
The poem must be—

Oh what must the poem be?  
There are no poems for a dying girl.

**Elizabeth Phillips**

### Hope

how come you so up  
today  
my boss called me  
something  
a dirty name,  
that bastard  
no  
well, what  
mister

### Communication

you did a nice job  
on the car  
sure  
i mean it's really good  
it's a job  
i'm trying to tell you  
something  
i know

### Justice

how did you make out  
in court  
i lost it, man  
that's bad  
i expected it  
ain't you got no guts  
guts don't count in court

**William Gulley**

### *From the Faculty, Lines Prepared by Sammy Covington*

*From the Faculty, Lines*

*From four members of the faculty, these lines reach out. Call them feelers, maybe. They are out—feeling for you and your ideas, just as you in this issue are out feeling for them. These poems arise out of their sad, their ecstatic, their pensive, their hopeful, their young and their old moods. They are a sharing—not for you, but hopefully, with you.*



## Jack McDonough

### DAYBREAK

—with thanks to Joan

Are you, maybe, part of the day?  
An odd thought—you are flesh,  
A day is a collection of hours,  
A date, a feeling in the weather,  
A Tuesday for thinking, a Wednesday for storms.  
But you are in—no, of—the day:  
Your face is in the breaking of the light,  
Your hair bounces off the last strands of night;  
The creep of dawn's rays over the clouds  
Is the race of skin over your reaching arm,  
And later, the currents of your movements in the ocean's silence.  
Of course, you are not the sun, nor the day,  
But you stretch like Chinese gauze across them;  
And even back there in the black of my mind,  
You cast some light.  
Baez once wrote  
That we must all help the sun to come up each day.  
Baby, you sure do your part.

### SEASON OF THE REAPER

Yes, I have heard the autumn before.  
I have seen and felt it.  
It is no stranger to me, nor I to it.  
I have heard the clacking of railroad wheels  
In the horizon, the smoke like the smoke of burning  
Auburn leaves hanging from the trees that,  
In the horizon, gather the train into their skeletal womb.  
I have read Keats's ode, and lesser odes,  
And have reflected deeply, more deeply, perhaps,  
Than is healthy for my neurotic twenty-four years.  
I am not an old man.  
My bones are still supple, wiry,  
And my taste for adventure is strong and lusty.  
I keep late hours,  
Often run on all fours,  
And I dream of California, and of Capri.  
But in autumn my adventuresomeness  
Is like a whispering knife;  
I see what my life must come to.  
When that first crack of cold air  
Snags me in the gut  
I know that the autumn of my days  
Will rob me of my dreams  
And the wisps of smoke that float from my nostrils and my throat—  
That is not the condensation of warm air against cold.  
That is the hell inside me coming out.

### FOR RENE

In almost-spring, 1968

In the days of sand and michael  
When the neon sunshine sang  
And the ocean trembled whitely  
Through your voice that chimed and rang  
Then the skies were taken lightly  
While we learned that love is blue  
In the days of sand and michael  
When we both were twenty-two





BOY

Nobody would've guessed  
from my deportment  
when humbly I played  
The Moonlight Sonata  
(first movement)  
That I was the proudest  
boy on the block  
Your only cock  
of the walk by God  
Or when I played "Nola"  
for the crowd at The Lodge  
The Lamps outside  
in the black lake hardly moving

Me in my white ducks  
and blue flannel coat  
standing there in that  
brown murk and dust  
gleaming with my girl  
by me, watching the  
Big Negro men  
(I said "Negro" carefully  
even then)  
in papa's foundry

What that young flesh  
Didn't know!

SULKER

What I like in  
Wood and stone,  
There's no thin skin;  
Nor are they prone  
To verbalize  
Or tyrannize  
In any wise  
When to my will  
I bend them.

What I rue  
In womankind,  
There's no true view;  
Nor do I find  
The easy tear,  
The stricken stare  
Less hard to bear  
When from my heart  
I send them.

One day

One day,  
While on the road between  
Capernaum and Beth el Zedeck,  
God went behind a tree and  
Relieved himself.

The onlookers were shocked.  
"Surely God does not relieve himself!"

"Certainly not," said God,  
Comfortably  
Pulling at his belt.



## Excerpts from the Student Handbook

John Simpson

FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Entering Student,

Wake Forest University. . . Saturday night hockey in the field house, getting up in time for early afternoon classes, talks with your psych-adjustor, sitting on the vast concrete expanse that is Reynolda Plaza. In your first year as a WFU student, these and many other aspects of campus life will combine to present you with a picture of Wake Forest—what it is, and what it likes to think it can do for you.

This Student Handbook has been prepared to present you with a preliminary insight of sorts into Wake

Forest. Though the insight is not the experience—that must come from your own life here—it will nonetheless offer a comprehensive view which will, with luck, prod your reluctant little psyche into wanting to become involved.

We wish to welcome you to the University. We welcome you regardless of your creed—regardless of whether you are Zen or Taoist or even, God forbid, Baptist. We welcome you to the South's acknowledged citadel of learning.

Martha Vineyard  
Editor, Student Handbook



## THE CAMPUS

Despite the megalopolitan atmosphere provided by the buildings of municipal Winston-Salem which surround the campus, Wake Forest has managed to preserve its status of nearly two centuries' standing as a center for conservative trends in building and landscape design by sticking to a strict Georgian exterior—which, is perhaps, flattered by being called "architecture." . . .

Included in the main campus are about 500 acres of land and 24 buildings. . . . In addition to the University buildings on campus, there are three faculty apartment buildings housing about 25 separate families, 63 student apartments, and the President's Home, as it is quaintly called. A museum is housed in Reynolds Shelter, which was constructed by a nervous administration during the bomb scares of the 1980's in the rather amusing fear that anyone in his right mind would want to blow up the Winston-Salem area. . . .

### "The Buildings"

Wait "Chapel" occupies a prominent place at the north of Reynolda Plaza. In addition, it doubles as a center for campus temporal activity—in that it houses the University's master clock—and as an auditorium for whatever inconsequential activity the College Union may have scheduled for a given night. . . .

Reynolda Hall serves as the center for all student activities on campus. It contains the offices of SDS and the Afro-American Society, as well as those of Student Government and other minor organizations. . . .

In the new Tate Field House, named after a successful Wake Forest football coach of the late 1960's, is the headquarters of the massive communications complex that is WF's Athletic Recruiting Department. Made a separate administrative division in 1986 because of the obvious problems presented by such a vast network, the Department maintains constant telephone, teletype, vidphone, warp-phone, and, in short, every type of communication known to man, with over 85% of all the high schools across the United States. . . .

Sharing some of the facilities of the Athletic Recruiting Department is the WF Division of Academic Recruiting. Made a separate administrative division in 1989 because of the fact that no one seemed to have any idea what else to do with it, the Department prides itself on maintaining some sort of liaison—usually in the form of a grudging acquaintance—with nearly 15% of the nation's high school guidance counselors. The Academic Recruiting Division's telephone network is famed far and wide for its ability to link—instantaneously!—any given office with the one next door; indeed, it is not unusual for a recruiter to wind up talking to himself over this technological miracle. . . .

The campus of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, which moved to the University's main campus in 1995 after being brusquely shunted out of the

North Carolina Baptist Hospital by the indignant administration of that institution, is situated more or less to the northeast of the "chapel." . . .

Located pretty much to the southwest of the main campus is beautiful Reynolda Gardens, 150 acres of botanical wonderland. Included in this area is the ultra-modern-on-the-inside Fine Arts Building, which overlooks a gilded reflecting pool. (The whole scene would be oddly pseudo-Taj Mahal, were the exterior of the building not so arrogantly Georgian.)

Behind the Fine Arts Building is an intricate labyrinth of mazes, formed of virtually thousands of hedges. Over the entrance to the maze hangs a foreboding sign, "*Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate*" ("Abandon hope, all ye who enter here"), taken from Dante's *Inferno*. The obvious symbolism gives one the creeps. . . . Everywhere one turns, he can hear the delicate strains of "The Delphian Dances," which is piped through the trees and bushes in such a way as will make the whole affair the ultimate in synthetic nature. One catches occasional glimpses of little papier-mache nymphs and cardboard cherubs cavorting behind trees and rocks. . . .

## THE WINSTON-SALEM AREA

Winston-Salem is located in Piedmont North Carolina, which, if not *the* fastest-growing area in the eastern United States, must surely be lolling about somewhere in the Top 20. . . .

Following a massive municipal reorganizational shake up in the late 1970's, the city fathers of Winston-Salem agreed to merge with the neighboring communities of Greensboro and High Point, thereby forming what has been called a "mini-super-city" with a population of well over two million. This area of three-cities-within-a-city has expanded to and surrounded Wake Forest's campus—not, as has been noted elsewhere, with altogether happy results. For the WF students, lusting after better social facilities, have invaded the metropolis in droves. . . .

But the town-gown situation is not altogether without hope. Despite persistent rumors that the city has plans to erect a wall around the University, it has been proved over and over that without Wake Forest, Winston-Salem would die. Or, at any rate, take a short nap. . . .

## THE PEOPLE

With all her glorious traditional folderol and much-outward-ado-about-nothing, it is in the final analysis the people of Wake Forest that make her what she has the *gall* to be. In these people there are two factors which are nearly always foremost—a deep love for the hand that feeds them and a personal concern that each and every individual student must come out of his college experience bloated with a store of useless facts. . . .

### "The Administration"

The University's administrative policy is a positive one—"To hell with wisdom; just crank out the de-

grees." The administrators, over a period of about the last 25 years, have developed a policy of *laissez faire* towards matters of student concern, after getting their collective hands burnt every time they so much as touched such matters. . . .

### "The Students"

To live in the atmosphere provided by the Wake Forest student body is, indeed, an experience. From the excitement of a political rally in the Young Socialists' meeting room to serious talks on the "international situation" with the kid next door, from donning colorful masks and brandishing nearly harmless "revolvers" in a "surprise party" for the folks in town to meeting your "bunkie" for the first time, from the halls of Montezuma to the shores—but enough. The warmth, wit, and understanding of your fellow students will be one of the first things to strike you about your WF life (and probably the source of one of your greatest disillusiones, as well). . . .

Yes, as goes her people, so goes Wake Forest—a fact which is one of the University's chief claims to the national spotlight. Proof of this universal acclaim is amply supplied by the current popularity of a parable of sorts among people all across the country. According to the parable, Satan, appearing before a timorously indecisive high school senior, gives the young man a choice between Hell and Wake Forest. With only the slightest of hesitations, he declares flat-out for our own Parthenon of education. . . .

### STUDENT ACTIVITIES

#### "Honor Council"

In keeping with the University's traditional policy of reducing the most important problems to their simplest terms, the Honor Council last year issued the following statement:

"We, the undersigned, being of more or less sound mind and body, realizing that HONOR is primarily a matter of student concern, do hereby abolish the so-called 'Honor Code'."

While everyone else on campus was snickering behind their hands at what was apparently nothing more than a controversy-stirring ploy by the Honor Council, *damned* if the sneaks didn't really abolish it! The result, of course, is that the Honor Council itself has gone the way of all such anachronisms. Any new student who had his heart set on joining this organization is advised to register for the Experimental College's special seminar, "Alternatives to the Honor Council—What Are They and Are They Really Worth the Trouble?" . . .

#### "Publications"

Asked to comment on the Georgian architecture of the University's new Publications Building, "Old Gold and Black" editor Harry Karafin, Jr., remarked "I think it symbolizes the administration's respect for

us as free-thinking individuals. The people in charge—and all of us on the publications staffs—stand united in the right to freedom of the press and freedom of speech. After all, if God didn't want man to speak, He wouldn't have given him a tongue, would He?"

Would He, indeed? This liberal attitude toward the power of the pen over the sword is typical of Wake Forest's publications' philosophy. The three items put out regularly by WF's student journalists—the *Howler* (WF's annual), *THE STUDENT* (the literary magazine), and "Old Gold and Black" (the campus newspaper)—all serve as important guides to life on the Wake Forest campus, and as an excellent novelty items for you to show your grandchildren in your later years when you realize you have nothing else to show of your four years here. . . .

### "College Union"

With the coming of the mixed-media light shows and rock ballets in the mid-1970's, the role of College Union as the co-ordinator of campus social and cultural activities was given a badly-needed shot in the arm. However, with the advent of TV and stereophonic sound in the dormitories in the last five years or so, CU has suffered a blow from which it may not recover. For as students sit in their rooms and allow their gray matter to turn to putty in watching Ed Sullivan's 52nd Anniversary Special or in listening to the latest resurrection of some long-forgotten folk singer, they become rather less interested in going over to the "chapel" to see the "Russian State Symphony Orchestra Play Hits from Lennon-McCartney." . . .

Nevertheless, CU still serves a major function in the Wake Forest program by maintaining its "College Union Suggestion Box" in Reynolda Hall. . . . Incoming freshmen are encouraged to drop by anytime at the College Union office on the first-floor landing of Reynolda's east staircase and "sign up." . . .

### "WFDD-TV"

Situated in a spot especially reserved for it in the basement of the Publications Building is the "Voice of Wake Forest"—and, presumably, the eyes, ears, and nose as well—the WFDD broadcasting studios. . . .

The two radio stations operated by WFDD broadcast popular music and lectures of interest on 88.5 MC FM and 650 KC AM. The television station, Channel 13, is renowned and chuckled at throughout North Carolina as the only one still broadcasting purely educational programs. . . .

### REGULATIONS

With no administrative meddling to speak of, no Honor Code, no Honor Council, and very little Honor itself, your Student Handbook editors are at a loss as to what to put under this heading; there just is no one to set any real guidelines for student be-



havior. Customary practice, however, dictates that the following rules be observed:

1. Student-owned vehicles, whether internal-combustion or electrically powered, may be parked only in unnumbered, unlined spaces. Unauthorized vehicles will be summarily towed away and disposed of, at the owner's expense. Inability on the part of the guards to locate the owner will result in—well, rest assured, they'll think of something. . . .
2. "Bunkies" may be changed only twice in a four-year period. Incompatibility of "bunkies" may be corrected only by a difficult and painful process of trial and error. . . . Any student found sleeping with an unauthorized "bunkie" will be compelled to "continue the relationship in later life," as the quaint phrase has it. (This rule applies only to undergraduates. Law, graduates, and medical students may sleep with anyone they damn well please.) . . .

#### EPILOGUE

As I kicked my "bunkie" out of bed this morning, she glared up at me and growled, "Who in hell ever got the bright idea to make intervisitation compulsory?" And this got me thinking. Who, indeed, were those predecessors of ours that inhabited Wake Forest back in the virtual pre-history of thirty years ago? What sort of blind men must they have been?

A walk around the campus, together with a brief moment of objective reflection, reveals what must be the sorry truth. For University life today has degenerated into a long series of endless quibbles between two seemingly incompatible groups of children-in-big-packages—the students *vs.* the administration. . . .

Using a sort of reverse logic to tell us what was the probable means to the vapid ends which we are currently suffering yields a disappointing image of those Wake Forest people of 1970. We can envision them bickering over such things as "compulsory chapel" and "drinking on campus"—the students firmly entrenched in their belief that college is first and foremost an opportunity to sleep with someone, the administration determined that the students shall have only such social facilities as will keep them from

burning down the entire campus. . . .

The students can be seen running around from office to office in the search for answers. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," became, "Knock next door—I'm sure *I* don't know what you're talking about." Is it any wonder that the students of the time could no longer lay the blame on President So-and-so, or on the board of trustees, but were forced to fall back on such vague verbal inadequacies as the "Administration" and the "System"? The whole of the University's managerial setup must have been considerably less than the sum of its parts, for, when faced with major issues, it suddenly became somehow unreachable in a frustrating display of institutional nebulosity.

Trying to get answers from such a massive non-entity must have been, no doubt, a task beyond the capabilities of Ivan College, 1970 Edition. Certainly, it was disheartening—as well as degrading—to have a proposal thrown back, labeled "AMBIGUOUS," from a no less ambiguous group of initials that "surely stand for something. . . ." And, of course, it did the students no good to become infected with the disquieting notion that *all* institutions in a "democratic" society were as ludicrously insubstantial as the "Administration." . . .

We can imagine a group of students at a clandestine meeting in the basement of Wait "Chapel." Having failed at all other attempts to extract meaning from WF's administrative brick wall, they are painting arcane signs and Moebius curves on the foundation, with mutterings in the background of, "Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble." . . . But their efforts are doomed from the start; even the Black Arts cannot help one, as the phrase goes, to "get something from nothing." . . .

So now we suffer. Inquiring students rub elbows and bump heads with each other in the Cavern of Hunting-for-Answers. The "Administration" has, to all intents and purposes, gone underground. Surely it is there somewhere; yet trying to catch it is like trying to catch a piece of the sky: It is all-pervasive, yet all-evasive. Alas, indeed, for the good old days.

Roger Thesaurus  
Editor, THE STUDENT



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Calvin S. Hall is the director of the Institute of Dream Research, and the author of numerous books, including *The Meaning of Dreams*. Richard E. Lind was a student of Dr. Hall's at Cowell College, the University of California at Santa Cruz. \$6.00

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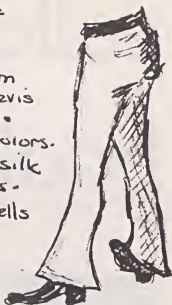
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# *The Student Summer 1970*









Claire: Your frightened guilty faces, your puckered elbows, your outmoded clothes,  
your wasted bodies, only fit for our cast-offs! You're our distorting mirrors,  
our loathsome vent, our shame, our dregs!

Solange: Go on, go on!

Claire: Please hurry. Please! I can't go on. You're . . . you're . . . My God,  
I can't think of anything. My mind's a blank. I've run out of insults.

(Genet, "The Maids")

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Of course, whenever you think that you might want to be serious for even a moment, you take chances. You risk saying what everyone else has said or what no one should ever say. A thoughtful moment is so vulnerable outside yourself where they might just walk out, might just close the book. And you look so ridiculous being happy or sad. Safer to stick to the news or the jokes.

By any of the old standards our time is great. But the time is tired of greatness. Of the living cell and the expanding universe our knowledge is potentially infinite and forever incomplete. Everything is true. Our spirits are free. The greatest burden is that we may never begin to see the end. I won't even hope that precisely accurate or aesthetically beautiful admissions of the despair can sooth or justify my speaking.





# *A Hero of Our Time*

Kevin Mauney

*I'm down, I'm really down  
I'm down, I'm on the ground*

The Beatles said that you know, or maybe you don't care. Nobody really does—oh sure, "How are you?" and a look smelling of histrionics, and a "Well, I-sure-hope-things-get-better" followed by a "Now smile and we'll see you later!" Wow! Later means whenever you're forced to make it for five minutes of cute contrivance while waiting for a number, or a check, or to use the john, or whatever. After all, she does care, there being no telling when you might be used as a conversation filler. If you're slick, your name might even be dropped. And if you've done something super-keen like winning, or losing, or running a dead heat, the other name dripper may even claim to know you.

To have somebody know who you are and aren't. Recognition, fame, success, posterity, your name in lights, make-up whenever you want it, wearing down even a Bic signing autographs—maybe that's where

it's at, where the action is, where the scene is made. To have people know who you are. Mr. Namath, do you really sleep with a real live woman on nights before the game? Mr. Gable, what type of cologne do you wear? Mr. Koufax, will you endorse our Super Sublime Egg Beater? Mr. Onassis, who might the lucky lady be? Billings, shut up! Mr. Hefner is thinking!

(Now what is that popsicle-stick cool playboy perched on his round, round bed flanked by pneumatic rabbits surrounded by just the right amount doing and why is he so cool that I'll pay my dollar sublimate with millions over a couple of pages comment knowingly on the really top-notch articles-informative!)

Sex-GMRX-and-rejects, now there's something we can talk about. You don't mind, do you? No, of course not. But what can I say? Should I mention Raquel Welch; now there's a woman! What it must be like (to a woman that is, I'm not queer!) to have every male eye peeling you like a banana—oh Chi-

quita! And *she's* not one of your dumb broads, or at least *Time* doesn't think so. Anyhow, I'm sure you know. I don't have to wink—need I dare?

*And I have known the eyes already, known them all—  
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,  
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,  
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,  
Then how should I begin  
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and wars?  
And how should I presume?*

T. S. Eliot, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock"

Now I'm no prude, but let's be honest—we can't all be studs if you know what I mean. Paxton Quigley—the "poor" guy locked in the attic—scored 50 times before he was a sophomore. Luke can eat 50 eggs, and Hull did get 50 goals—but 50 times before he was a sophomore!? I bet the Astrodome board would go wild! There's something to be proud of. There ought to be a monument, or at least a park named after him. Alexander and the world—but Paxton conquered the attic. Veni, vidi, vici—whee!

Hung up on sex—not me!

*When I'm travellin' round the world  
And I'm doin' this and inclined to that  
And I'm tryin' to make some girl  
Baby—better come back maybe next week  
'Cause you see I'm on a losing streak  
I can't get no satisfaction*

"Satisfaction," The Rolling Stones

Sex isn't what's on my mind—go ahead, move the book. Porno ay? My pal must have left it, a real loser he is! He *really* bothers me—up everyday early so he can get the window seat on the 7:05. A damn good accountant and a decent bridgeplayer, but where is he? How can he be happy: his wife's not even cute. Does he worry about me? You know what he told me—he started quoting Freud until he flicked his wrist to let the light catch the crystal on his Bulova and zipped on out to night school. And on Saturdays, he and Tulip Petal (if you ask me, she's wilted!) crank up the Ford and hit the John Wayne movie, or if it's Valentine's or anniversary, to a Doris Day deal. Sometimes, but rarely, he drives with no hands. Or if he's really feeling sexy, he wears his green suit that looks like Bond's and they drag old ladies at stop lights.

*Woke up, fell out of bed, dragged a comb across my head  
Made by way downstairs and drank a cup—  
And looking up—I noticed I was late  
Grabbed my coat and grabbed my hat,  
Made the bus in seconds flat  
Found my way upstairs and had a smoke  
Somebody spoke and I went into a dream . . .*

"A Day in the Life," The Beatles

Absurd, you say? There's a word. Don't ask *him* about it! I know about those guys; came—us and that other weird Frenchie—Mer-salt's one of my favorite characters, just to kill somebody with no reason, without a lawyer, a warrent or anything. Cram-a-

lam-a, just imagine out there on Long Island when it's hot—at a particular time at a particular spot where just a few hours ago the whole place was under water, or maybe where some chick had gone bathing nude—right there—nobody but you and him and the sun—the elements, you understand—and you, *you* squeeze the trigger and the bullet explodes out the barrel and into John Q. Whoever, but he will have a name! and he dies and the sand and the blood and his body and the tide.

ZAP! BAM! POW!

Batman

Did you catch the last scene of *Bullit*? Imagine McQueen's blue eyes lining up the jerk, and then wincing, only slightly, as the glass flies. To *Do* that, but the cop did it all the time. Just another number, another call to the morgue.

*And I'm going to stick my knife  
Right Down your throat.  
And baby it hurts!*

"Midnight Rambler," The Rolling Stones

But violence is not my game. How do you feel about the war? Nixon's a bummer, isn't he? Such a dirty little war; even the news can't really make it exciting. Don't get me wrong—I don't *like* wars—But where are the Fireside Chats, the Roger Youngs? Sure, somebody's son falls on a grenade, but do you know how many die in tunnels smoking out VC's? If it weren't for my knee, I might even have a medal or so, but what would I do with it? I couldn't even wear it in public—hell, there's even some hippie pawnbrokers nowadays. My country 'tis of thee I never think. No goosebumps before the playball bit (anyhow who goes to baseball games—football's the thing. Talk about elemental combat: did Unitas ever get crunched Sunday, you know, the play just before the timeout?) Ah yes—baseball, generals—they went out with motives!

*Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm?  
No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No.  
Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor?  
A word. . . Honor is a mere scutcheon. . .*

Shakespeare, "Henry IV, Part I"

Dylan knew it—The times, they are a'changing. Funny how we quote a folk-rock singer instead of responsible leaders. What did Lyndon ever say that you can remember? Maybe he said something cute at one of the fledgling weddings. What's Nixon and his boys ever said? Spiro has all the good lines: it's hard to forget "fat Jap"—what a ring! Jack Kennedy didn't need a mouthpiece. He could move you—with one-liners. I'll tell you, if even anybody "asks not" because of some great man today, I'll sell my copy of *Four Days*. The last time I felt scared and teary, with someone else, that is, was when they shot him. I'd almost even picked up a Peace Corps



brochure. I was in a mood for doing things then, but after that, it just wasn't the same. Sure, you hear so much about the assassinations—wow aren't we—but, but those guys—real heroes—are dead! Those three had dreams that weren't just fodder for shrinks. But where are the dreams? Where are they now?

*Has anybody seen, my old friend John  
Can you tell me where he's gone?  
He freed a lot of people  
But the good die young  
I just looked around and he's gone.*

*"Abraham Martin, and John," Dion*

Jack and Martin knew where they were going; some, they have ideals, but they knew how to make them seem possible. You just knew that there was something else there in the paperwork or on the freedom bus, besides their own fire. Something to go to, something really worth changing channels to see happen; there was an object there that made their lives worth it. There were frontiers then for real, but now they've either disappeared, or else no one's got the guts to look for them. They were here, being watched, flattered, cussed, and becoming famous. On the same channel with Johnny Carson, with the same people peering at them. But while we watched, they went after something. Dreams became more than word bubbles and cartoon captions. They became headlines and dates to remember. Now, I know that my friend has his numbers, Nixon has a casualty list, Elvis his golden records. But they don't fire me up, you know? There's something there, but it's as if I don't care. Imagination—something's lacking.

*I have a dream that one day every valley shall  
be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made  
low, the rough places will be made plain, and the  
crooked places will be made straight, and the glory  
of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall  
see it together.*

*Dr. Martin Luther King*

Charisma? Couple that with action and you've got something. Problem is—Who Do You Trust?—just like the old game show. Che? A movie, a diary, a book, thousands of well-wishers and do-Gooders (Go ahead, define Good!) Joe Willie Namath? You'll need a costly set of face hairs, a gimpy knee, a team in New York, and an ego or two. The conventional is required—a fatherly image, words of wisdom, a slingshot. Hell, all these clowns have got *something*, plus people to swear by it. But how do I know who's right? After all, everybody's entitled and all that. Certainly, I can't go by who's the most Christian—damn, who is right?

*Our nada, who art in nada, nada be thy name,  
thy kingdom nada, thy will be nada in nada as it  
is in nada. Give us this nada our daily nada and  
nada us our nada as we nada our nada, and nada us not  
into nada, but deliver us from nada; poes nada.*

*"A Clean Well Lighted Place," Hemingway*

You see, I sort of miss the days when the singing cowboy wore a white hat and always rode off in the sunset. A Cliche, I know, but at least cliches are permanent enough to hang around. The white hat always rode the same plot trail, but at least there was a plot. What kind of plot can hours of watching a guy sleep have? Warhol may know something I don't—who knows? Look at the fellow sleeping; it makes no difference who he is even. That's just it, it doesn't matter who does nothing! I can sleep, maybe even better than Andy's lackey. As long as one can identify with the plotless happening, or if the guy is *real* or if he represents a predicament or a guy toeing the abyss or such.

*On Saturday mornings, college students watch George  
of the Jungle, Super Chicken, and Tom Slick. Watch  
out for that tree!*

All these guys writing today—it makes you want to get in on the act. Not just the money interests me, but to be known for a talent whether or not you have one. Maybe you'd be interested—do you like plays? Sure you do, being literary, well, I've got this great idea about old heroes. Just ask yourself, what would happen if Ulysses, or Napoleon came back today. Now, don't get me wrong, I wouldn't use any of these gimmicks about thinking a plane was a bird, but I'd write you a bang-up play about how hard it would be to make it for a great one from way back when. Think about it—first, Ulysses would have to find a publicity agent; he'd have to find an identifying label or something. Who cares about the wandering Greek anymore except college freshmen with monograms of Homer? We'd probably have to change his name. We'd even have to change some of his stories; we can't really have a hero who doesn't get all the mileage he could out of a dish like Circe. The Cyclops action would be snipped; monster movies heroize the monster! We'll have to give him a paunch, or hide the muscle. The fans like virility but like guts more than belly flexes. (Hell, why use Ulysses—maybe an R-rated cinema *verité* look at the loyal sheepherder's disloyal doings with Penelope on the sly?) Anyhow, if Ulysses couldn't pull a screen role or a novel or two, he might learn to play a guitar or a lyre—how about Ulysses and the Three-piece Suitors? Just as long as you could tell him apart from the rest.

*Father: Ben, what are you thinking about?*

*Ben: My future.*

*Father: What about it—what do you want?*

*Ben: I want my future to be . . . (sigh) different.*

*The Graduate*

I talk a lot about famous people, you say, a lot about heroes and such. Probably, I'm still a kid at heart—a cliché, but oh so true! History used to be my thing: Landmarks, We Were there at Appomattox, etc. History was people to me, people who really did move mountains, who led, who died in an effort for

[illegible]

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some kind of life. Martyrs, Medal of Honor Winners, home-run champs, you know, I'll give you two Willie Mays for one Davy Crockett and Jim Bowie card. Reading about stars and their magnitude, I have never worried about public opinion, economics, and dialectics, or even astrology. It was just obvious that a man decided on something, led his people, and saw that thought become a thing, an event or else watched with agonizing clarity as some other man, his people and his event became the one with permanence. We know about it, and they knew we watched, but they thought and acted with only a glance at our faces of admiration. Now, I know that the askance looks were important—a lot of them needed us as much as we had wanted them. But, who can I watch now to see him doing anything? History and heroes seem to be discarded in favor of less exciting "entities"—like statistics and PR men. Sure—there are plenty of super-studs to copy, but how many of them are genuine originals? And—I can't help wondering if I'm looking only at the style instead of the events. Coming out of the dark of the theatre, where in all the lights is someone who does something? Suppose I'd found out about stuntmen earlier? Who's there to follow in the films—or, much less—in the wide screen that I hold an inner part in? And suppose I don't get a credit at the end. I can't wait to sit through it twice.

*While discussing his evil deeds with a writer of westerns, Harry looks down from the ferris wheel cab and observes that civil strife in Italy during the Renaissance produced Michelangelo, while centuries of domestic tranquility in Switzerland produced the coo-coo clock.*

#### *The Third Man*

But who am I trying to kid? I'm attracted like the rest of us to the everyday abyss-toers. Show me a fellow who can't quit asking why and I'll show you a box-office gem. As long as the poor clod is confused, then he's prime for heroic status because all of us will be able to see ourselves on screen. He'll have to be somewhat familiar-looking, maybe a missing button or such. Making him a little zoned may help: look at *The Graduate*. As long as he really doesn't know where he's at, then he'll sell. Surely, you know that feeling—maybe not so cosmically—but remember anytime you've had a bad day at the desk and you go home and the wife's bitchy and the paper tells you about crime rates. That sneaky little syllable taps on your paper, and it won't go away. Why? Or maybe you're a sensitive type, and you've gone out of your way to help a pal and the whole thing explodes, doubles back, and nothing but Bad happens. Why? Feeling down after being up? Why? People being born and dying, thalidomide and dying, boredom and living. Why? Be a man who can ask that—just that, the lines are simple—with a degree of style and art may do you right. You might read about yourself and people might even remember you. But then again, Why?

*Something's happening here  
What it is ain't exactly clear  
There's a man with a gun over there  
Telling me I've got to beware  
Think it's time we stopped—hey what's that sound?  
Everybody look what's going down.*

*"For What It's Worth," Buffalo Springfield*

Yes, I know the rules about pets. But my goldfish bothers nobody, and besides, I'm not one of your silenced conformists who fears stepping out of line. Did I bitch when the tax went up? Yes sir—this man went straight to a council member on my block and let him know that I wasn't going to sit back and watch the fat cats take my money! I've never been one to go with the crowd; I like to be free. Had I gotten the breaks, I wouldn't be a 9 to 5'er. In any case, my night hours are none. I take in a movie now and then, read a paperback or two, sometimes I like to just walk downtown looking for different things everytime. Once, I was seeing how many walk signs I could make—did I worry about making some loser brake so I could make 6 in a row? Or the time I decided to skip work one day just because I felt like it. I waited two hours to call in, making up all the excuses I could think of. And then I went to work at 11:30 anyway. You can be sure, I'm a free man. Nobody makes up my mind—excuse me, let me feed my fish.

*Cool Hand Luke, after being grossly punished for his second escape, tells one of the wardens: "Yes, boss, I've got my mind right now." Shortly thereafter, Luke escapes again. And after that, he was shot—and he dies. How do you like your blue-eyed boy, Mister Death?*

Of course, the free man should have some soul. Luke had it! No, I don't have a definition. I'm not black, of course, but I do think of myself as being mature. I've had my share of suffering, trampled ego, despair. I've borne it all pretty well, but her picture—I had to take it down. Of course, I'm no Otis, B. B. King—you just know those men have been there and back. To be capable of ecstatic joy and to confront that with wary depression—maybe that's soul. To be able to cry, to moan, rather than to smirk at those who do. To emot. To handle the whole damn thing with something other than logic. To look down the road and see nothing or even less and look back and see nothing catching up and to keep moving anyhow. Or just to stop and take it all in—the full color drabness of a pitiful panorama of forgettable memories and unmentionable hopes.

*Sitting in the morning sun  
I'll be sittin' when the evenin' comes  
Watching the ships roll in  
You know I watch 'em roll away again  
Hey, I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay  
Watching the tide roll away  
Sittin' on the dock of the bay  
Wasting time.*

*"Dock of the Bay," Otis Redding*



Hey—I guess you wonder why I keep worrying about great men, stars, heroes, if you want to call them that. Ever since a kid, I've wanted to be famous; maybe I told you about that? Anyway, there are famous men today and by talking about them for awhile I suppose I sort of live in them. But—more and more—I can't enjoy talking about them. After all, there are things about myself I can see in them that I don't like, but I can't help sympathizing, being attracted. Like some of these heroes never did anything, except maybe nailed some blonde or thought he was a monkey—did you see *Morgan*? Fellows who are odd, you know—some of them queer in a gay sense, even. Aristotle, the old line, wouldn't touch these non-noble nurds who work the tragedy bit today. Miller comes up with an over-the-hill fat salesman; hell, The Who did an opera about a blind, deaf, and dumb boy. Maybe the artists are starting to believe in equality, or less than equality; maybe they're going

for the fellows who're going to lose—or at the most—win at a sandlot game of sorts without any umpires or spectators. But like everybody I go for these stars who couldn't have made a bit part in the crowd scenes of *Ben-Hur*. There has to be something that sets these ordinaries off from the crowd, but it usually takes a camera or a pen to find it. Wow, I can see maybe some joker writing about me—I wonder what He'd say?

Our hero is probably still talking. Watching and words, waiting and words. We left him with a question that is in some sense answered. Yet, his stereo inquired as we left:

*Where have you gone, Joe Dimaggio?*

*A nation turns its lonely eyes to you—woo, woo, woo.*

*What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?—*

*Joltin' Joe has left and gone away—Hey, hey, hey*

*Hey, hey, hey.*





I ran through the night, ran within myself. Ran.  
(Ellison, "Invisible Man")





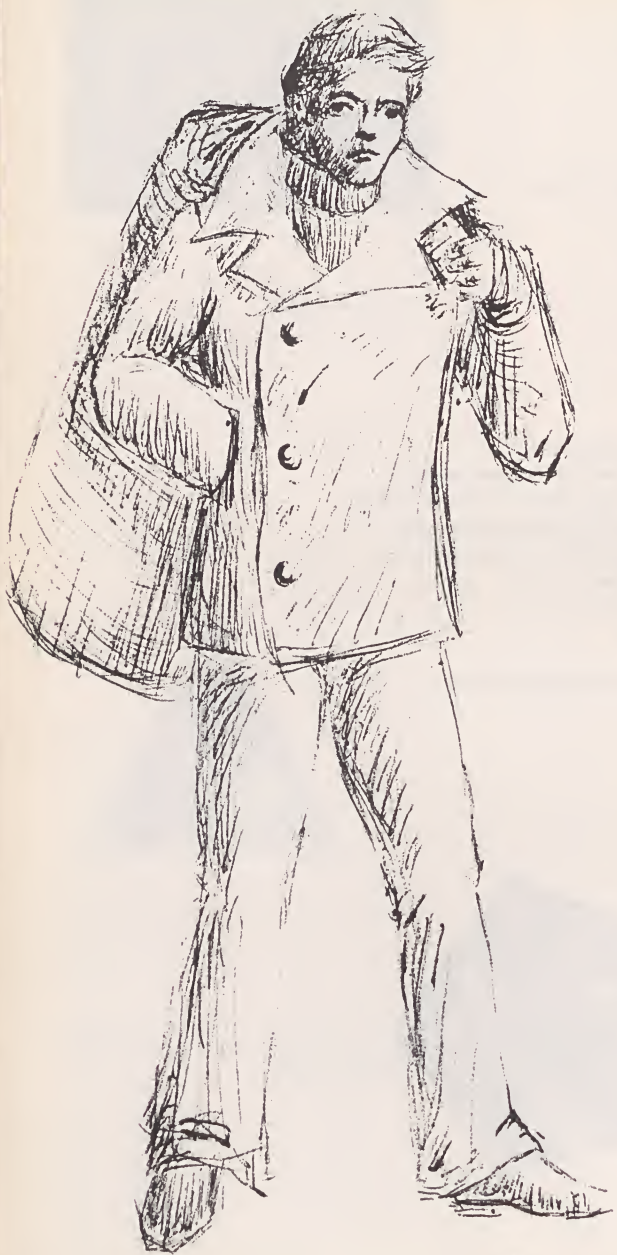
## A Synthetic Reflection of Synthetic Event

By Harold Tedford

Like slowly starving cats  
Which eat crickets only because they move,  
The nows prepare a feast of tomorrows then.  
When the now-which-will-be-then happens  
No one will betray the moment by belching,  
or by indigestion,  
or by defecation  
or by vomiting.

No amazement will grip their viscera,  
No wonder  
and  
No wonder.





# The Sea-Boy

He—  
seascaped on the good  
brig Bridget  
went to hunt the ocean.  
This at the age of 14, seaman's  
apprentice.

The dock warm and wooden  
pilings mussel-crusted, the  
powerful urge of water, sea—  
water to hold to his heart, to his  
life, and body.

The stern ship wood-wet  
guided into Atlantic waters,  
cargo-laden, to go a-  
voyaging to distant lands.

Swiftly sails cracked,  
creaked and strained the ship at last  
off Florida into sunny  
waters, clear depths;

*Steve Fedora*



He held in his hands  
the rope; tar  
—pitched were his fingers  
as he daydreamed in equatorial  
waters, but

He was quick, climb'd like  
a monkey, he was bony and sharp  
devoted to mother and ship (would have given  
his arm for the ship)

And furbished captain's cabin,  
scrubbed decks, tied knots, learned  
to fling sail at a breeze; thus,  
amazing himself with his work

he grew to the sea, listened  
as the sea blew about the growing  
dream, a man's dream  
deep within his chest

So that at night his cries  
broken in his sleep had all to do  
with the wonder of man, ship  
and ocean; the sailors' tales got

jumbled in, and he cried out  
sharp reports from an aerial perch  
of talking dolphins and leman.  
So dreamed "Michael Fansworth, aged 14,  
indentured apprentice."

Now cruising in the Caribbean,  
green isles in blue water,  
port-stops and trading. Seeing  
in these South Seas

many strange and wonderful sights,  
the blacks, the British, and the islanders—  
a race apart. Upon port last-  
leaving the Bridget,

and from harbor-land (dock, sea  
and earth) looking back in vivid  
sun-glance, his bright gaze resting  
on the figurine Bridget,

A fine lady dressed in royal blue,  
her bosom, arms and face thrust  
out to the weather,

And did not apprehend the scaling  
paint. Rather felt the sea-dream  
seize him so that he shook  
with ungodly urge,

And wished himself back on board,  
and used a sailor's epithet  
one of those he had heard before  
but never spoken.

The gangplank a-down; the bales,  
barrels, casks and sacks carried up and down  
broke his brow with sweat.  
The nights of sea-leave

he ventured just once, in a band as  
they swaggered down the streets, assignations  
to keep, tankards to down.

The women he met, loose and free,  
made no difference, he was very young  
and the sea  
beckoned to him provocatively.

Six months sail confirmed him,  
his heart to the sea; youthful as he was  
he saw angels in fleet-foam  
and demons in the rigging-wind,

heard voices from the deep,  
imagined them as a king would his household.  
By home-journey, his tawny hair  
stood up in a ruff, salt-splashed his  
thin limbs knotty and brown, there  
was a wild look in his eyes

as in a mystic's; on account  
the sailors agreed  
that he had indeed  
brought good luck;

Leaving sun-shores behind, skirted  
the Florida tip, into Atlantic's  
stark waters, he worked and sang  
even as the wind blew home-course

And when, gleaming wake, the Bridget  
brought round into home-harbor, he  
did not rest, but seeing  
his mother lone on the shore

seized her, embraced her,  
gave her his wages;  
And two days later left  
taking a new ship, a  
roving minster of the seas;  
confirmed in heart  
by sun and salt.







Steve Fedra

The collective human memory affects  
each and every one of us in ways we  
rarely are aware of, and it seems to me  
we are still  
(Berrill, "Mans' Emerging Mind,"  
p. 125)



## Children of the Hunter's Moon

by William Miller



then

—bursting flashes searing the universal twilight, scorching, burning, but always sizzling with mud, earthworm mud. The metazoa had finally journeyed through the chasm of nothingness and entered that great lonely void between the finite self and the infinite dream. An animal had confronted the existential vacuum and had known. The human animal had arrived up from *nothingness to loneliness*.

If the evolutionary source of the lonely condition of man is to be understood, it is necessary to scramble our minds back about one hundred million years ago to the flower revolution. At that time flowers, followed closely by mammals, began their march from the sea and with that dawned a new style of life. With flowers came warmth, oxygen, and high metabolic rate—all necessary for the still sleeping dreamer. A few of the mammals, primate fathers, played in the trees, and the dreamer began to yawn. The primates were a strange band with grasping hands, binocular vision, omnivorous eating habits, hand-eye coordination and mobile facial muscles. They played, and they played loudly, roaring, yakking, and barking; organized sound was filling the flowered earth. Then four million years ago the dreamer sat up and Australopithecine jogged onto the savannah from out of the trees.

Australopithecine exhibited what physical anthropologists have called protoculture, a life style developed somewhere in the shadowy penumbra between instinct and culture. He had the ability to learn and accumulate experience and then to transmit this experience among his friends; he was gregarious. These little five foot bands of slightly hairy hunters were using and making tools, and they were beginning to open the previously closed system of communication. A legendary tragicomedy occurred daily on the savannah as bands of awkward bipeds tossed and clonked their way for food. They cooperated and they communicated, but our primate ancestors were still confined to a closed "call" system. Such a system has signals which are mutually exclusive. When the non-human primate confronts a situation of danger and food, one of the two must take precedence because he cannot mix the "calls" for each. *Productivity*, the ability to emit meaningful sounds never before heard or said, and duality of patterning were lacking. Unor like a "call" system, language consists of elemental sound units called phonemes combined into meaningful utterances or morphemes, and this design feature is labeled duality of patterning.

As our ancestors scampered onto the ground they began carrying tools in their hands. This left their mouths free to chatter, and it also foresaw memory and foresight. The carrying of an unwieldy stone implies some vague remembrance of a past use for carrying it. With their vocal apparatus free for noise and their minds slowly expanding, our proto-hominid ancestors began blending calls in their rich call system. They were beginning to exhibit productivity.

Thousands of years later, probably during the time of the larger-brained *homo erectus*, man had become a full-fledged hunter and an elaborate talker. He was more discrete and articulate with his sounds and had begun to identify and represent morphemes. Duality of patterning and productivity now existed and with their advent, language and symbolization.

The dreamer was now awake, walking, and talking; we were. The confident void of instinct was overshadowed, but not replaced by an expanded cerebral cortex and symbolic culture. Our world and thought was no longer interpreted by the automatic response of instinct but was filtered through our language. For the first time in earth history, an animal knew that he knew, and he was alone.

Language and conceptual thought are intimately bound in a reciprocal interrelationship. The two evolved and developed simultaneously and in response to each other. Our thoughts are restricted by the perceptive flexibility and design of our language. It is natural for America to think that things change; our symbol system allows us this possibility. But a Trobriand Islander doesn't agree. He has no concept of change in his language and is thus unable to conceive of it. To him things are; he accepts the world as it is and it is concrete only at the moment of perception. We can be rational only within the limitations of our symbol system; our consciousness is pitted with irrational holes. The human condition of loneliness finds its roots in this problem of an incomplete consciousness coupled with the loss of most instinct.

It has been a long journey from flowers to the trees, to protoculture and the human threshold, to tools, to symbolic communication and self-conscious thought, to loneliness. Yet is not Apollo but a stone tool tossed heavenward, a deep-seated loneliness, a wanting to escape and reach some new security—to finally find the ideal food behind the refrigerator door? Because of conceptual thought we have sought escape through our tools, from the loneliness of reduced instinct. We have projected personality into the cosmos; we are mountain climbers hiding from lonely complacent despair in lonely aggressive solitude.

As our brains expanded into the solitary dimension, beauty merged as a perception and creation. Mysticism, art, and music are all extensions of our language beyond the dictionary. The creative energy arises from the abysmal emptiness left when Australopithecine made his first stone Chopper. It is



For the first time in four billion years  
a living creature had contemplated him-  
self and heard with a sudden, unac-  
countable loneliness, the whisper of the  
wind in the night reeds.

(Eiseley, "The Immense Journey,"  
p. 125)





Where shall you seek beauty, and how  
shall you find her unless she herself  
be your way and your guide? And how  
shall you speak of her except she be the  
weaver of your speech.

(Gibran, "The Prophet," p. 74)

another means of escape, yet, to quote Baudelaire from his *Hymne à la Beauté*

De Satan ou de Dieu, qu'importe? Ange ou Sirène,  
Qu'importe, si-tu rends, . . .  
L'univers moins hideux et les instants moins lourds?

From Satan or from God, what does it matter?  
Angel or Siren, what does it matter, if you make . . .  
The universe less hideous and the moments less heavy?

By now one should have begun to wonder if this feeling of lonely depth was not really fear. In many cases this is true, but fear is only one major aspect of many which blend into loneliness. Man is a very timid animal. As soon as he lowers his defenses, an overflowing sense of lonely fear overwhelms him. He wishes to scream and hide the empty pit, but his noise only echoes off the prehistoric hunters' moon.

The loneliness of love sounds almost like a paradox, yet the reason a man is lonely may also be the reason he needs to love and to be loved.

Harry Harlow has shown that baby monkeys need "contact comfort," a warm, cuddly "mother figure," or they become frightened, introverted adults. Young infants, if they do not receive sufficient loving care, progressively withdraw and emaciate until death, victims of marasmus. Love is a primate necessity. A child is helpless and alone with little instinct to direct his actions. Patterns of thinking, feeling, and acting need to be learned and self-esteem needs to be raised through love. Love is not possible until one is self-accepting. Only with self-acceptance is a person able to break out of his own self-pity and give of himself to others, and without love, an individual sinks through lonely despair into the absurd chaos and human death.

Much of what has been written above hints at the twentieth century philosophical phenomenon called existentialism, a life style for those lost in the technological swamp of modern living. One of the tenets of philosophical existentialism is, to quote Jean-Paul Sartre, "that man is condemned to be free." There is no path where freedom lies, and we have already noted the loss of most instincts in man. We are condemned to the loneliness of our unique human freedom and we must responsibly choose our actions . . . within limitations. Contrary to Sartre and others, man does have a nature. Not all of his instincts were lost; the serpent has seen to that. The human brain can be divided into two major parts: the recently expanded cortex is a thought complex, and the brain stem, which dates back unchanged to our reptilian ancestry, in an instinct center. The brain stem, and more specifically the hypothalamus and diencephalon, direct a series of patterned, instinctual responses to fear and rage. Just like the deer, who upon spotting a stalking wolf, freezes, increases heart rate, increases blood sugar, forgets hunger and sex, and defecates, so

does man in a frightening situation. Remember your last test? No amount of thought will change or prevent the above reaction. The only solution is to eliminate the source of fear.

The diencephalon and cortex function harmoniously in the wild. An aborigine sees a prowling lion; his diencephalon instantly triggers the fear/flight response and all is well. Modern man struts aimlessly by a lion's cage at a zoo and once again his diencephalon instinctively responds, but his cortex tells him all is safe; bars exist between the lion and himself. Due to an evolutionary miscue, however, the cortex is unable to relate this to the diencephalon and it keeps sending impulses to the body preparing it for flight, only modern man doesn't run. Instead he sits and drives and dies of heart disease. As man struggled down the ladder to technological success he began to think away old fears, but the cortex forgot to relate this to the brain stem, which kept right on instinctively reacting. Psychosomatic diseases—some heart failures, ulcers, and sexual disorders are the result. As societies in the western world became more complex and sex taboos increased, children were raised to be aware of premarital sex, and to wait until twenty-one for marriage. Then the honeymoon night, and both people are so frightened that the diencephalon instinctively shuts off the "sex mechanism" and our forlorn couple lapses into frigid impotence. They are alone.

It is very ironic that as soon as man was truly man he responded by desperately searching for elements to control him. He peopled the universe and earth with gods, witches, ghosts, and evil spirits. The relentless lonely infinite overwhelmed man and he needed a god to restore order and predictability. Man needs to predict and he needs a god, some ultimate concern.

Zarathustra told us that God was dead and now we believe him. But should this be? The traditional gods are dead, murdered by mass media, technology, and assembly-line education. Left is a world of confusion, turmoil, riot, and human searching. It is a world looking for a new God with its feet stuck in the mud of the old. He will be found because man, the human animal, cannot survive without one.

We live in our own secret universes and share them with each other through symbolic communication. The imperfections of the collective symbol system limit our ability to communicate. The Theater of the Absurd claims communication to be impossible, but this is extreme and misleading. Communication is more than words; it is symbols, and symbols reach out into colors, shapes, feelings. Perfect communication is impossible, but active personal relations are very possible. Samuel Beckett buries man in the muck, but Camus brings men together and cleanses them in the ocean. We are forever resigned to a lonely, seemingly absurd, existence, but we are lonely dreamers and dreamy doers, and in the words of Lao Tzu, "The way to do is to be."



With hominization, in spite of the insignificance of the anatomical leap, we have the beginning of a new age. The earth "gets a new skin." Better still, it finds its soul.

(Chardin, "The Phenomenon of Man," pp. 182-3)



Don't rely on words. Words are the absolute in horseshit. Rely on doing—go all the way every time. Move fast. If you spend too long on one plan, it becomes boring to you and the audience. When they get bored, they are turned off. They are not securing information. Get their attention, leave a few clues and vanish. Change your costume, use the props around you. Each morning begin naked.

(Hoffman, "Revolution for the Hell of It," pp. 29-30)

The old poet's spirit wanders in the rain-pipe  
With the sad voice of a chilly ghost.

(Baudelaire, "Spleen I")

## Improvisation

By Allen Shoaf

In the mellow heat of the late evening sun,  
musing my feet through the forest,  
I stumbled across an old man,  
lying there  
so dead  
in the forest,  
an improvisation in blood  
upon a theme of dust. The earth's  
fingers composing are agile clay;  
are like fingers of sunlight  
drumming the forest floor:  
I cannot touch them  
until they touch me,  
and by then,  
I am an old man  
and remember seeing these things before.





Le silence éternel de ces espaces infinis m'effraie.  
 The eternal silence of these infinite spaces frightens me.  
 (Pascal, "Les Pensées")



# Alethia

## By Allen Shoaf

"Come on in, Anthony. Long time no see. Good you are in my home again."

He stepped across the threshold and followed Maurice. A long time, yes, since he had stepped into the "Park Palace," the forty-five room home Maurice had built on the public park property four years ago.

Following Maurice, Anthony immediately realized where they were going. The "play" room was around the next corner and down the hall. Four years had passed since she had convinced him that there were other kinds of "play" rooms.

Maurice called out as they turned the corner. A voice like a cacophony of crickets answered. Yes, Joey-boy still watched over the "play" room: big and slow, he had always obeyed and always would obey. Maurice liked it that way.

"Joey-boy, open the doors."

"Sure thing, Mr. Maurice."

As the doors swung inward, their suction tugged at Anthony's breath. Another small fortune had been sacrificed on the "play" room. Anthony's eyes followed a line to the right. The walls looked like Brazilian mahogany; the pictures that were loved for what they did to the wall were hung in perfect symmetry. In the middle of the wall was a rotating bar; before she had built the other "play" room, he had fixed drinks from several thousands of dollars worth of liquor. Next to the opposite wall were three sofas, covered in silk, each a semicircle, all together forming a larger semicircle. Still no windows in the "play" room.

The left side of the room was littered with huge silk covered cushions, shaped liked swans and rabbits and dogs and butterflies. The carpet they lay on was mohair two inches thick. And then on the left were the cases, three of them, containing seven each. The fluorescents imbedded in the high ceiling reflected sharply off the glass doors of the cases.

Anthony's eyes gathered up all these sights before looking at the center, almost as if he did not want to

look in the center of the room. As his eyes slowly surrendered and shifted to the center, he heard her voice, as if real, grow from the darkness in the back of his mind:

"You'll never go again, will you, Tony? There's no need now. It's taken a long time—all the years—but it's better now and it'll stay better, darling, I promise you."

Yes, she promised, but there it was directly in front of him. Four feet off the floor, stretching mahogany nine and one half feet in front of him. The green felt smooth and flat on top of the slate, a fast table, the only kind Maurice ever shot on, the kind that had started the fortune that brought him to the public park. All championship specifications met in every respect and his initials carved in gold at the table's head.

"She's beautiful, no, Anthony? She's beautiful and fast and always clean. We play now, huh, Anthony? for first time in—how many—four years, Anthony? Go over to the cases and get a cue; they're the finest. Get you one, Anthony."

"Joey-boy, rack them up. Anthony and I shoot now, don't we, Anthony?"

Anthony stood looking at the billiard table as if the Gorgon's snakes hissed out of each pocket. Four years without a cue; four years since winning three thousand dollars in one night; four years since the weekends that left him penniless again.

"Yes, Maurice, we play."

Anthony walked to the cases. The one on the far left he remembered as having the light sticks—fourteen to sixteen ounces; orange tips, pure felt. He picked out a fifteen. Four years times fifteen times seven nights a week times Alethia's kisses in the hair of his bare chest.

"They racked, Mister Maurice."

"Good, Joey-boy. Hey, Anthony, six racks?"

"Yeah, Maurice."

"Okay, Anthony, good. Joey-boy, you flip. What 'cha want, Anthony?"



"Heads, Maurice."

As Joey-boy flipped the coin over the table, Anthony's mind jumped to Argentina and the Pampas, the rolling green grass like the smooth long green of the felt. Eleven years since he had ridden the rolling green under that brilliant sun.

"Heads, Anthony. I break?"

"Uh, oh, oh, yeah, Maurice. You break."

"Safety, then."

The cue, tapped gently with the softness of a man once hungry, rolled slowly as it had always done when food had to be won. Two balls broke loose from the pack.

"Good rack, Joey-boy."

"Thank you, Mister Maurice."

Mister Maurice. Just like Mister John on Ortega's ranch eleven years ago. And as Anthony bent over to shoot, the green of the table turned to the grass and he could not drive the grass from his mind, her ivory breast caressed by the grass, her hand on his stomach and the grass on her breast from his mind. From his mind, the flames of the hymen-burst sun dripping over the western grass poured into his eyes and he could only see the passion of twenty-one years in the green of the grass he could not drive from his mind.

"You going to shoot, Anthony?"

"Huh! Oh, yeah, sorry, Maurice. It's . . . it's been a long time."

He lined down on the eleven, choked high on the stick like he had always held it. It seemed his nerves knew what to do, even after four years; four years of her nerves sensing his needs, they still knew what to do like they had always known. He stroked, played, and broke the pack.

"Uhn, no rust, huh, Anthony. The only man who ever beat Maurice would have to be shining even after four years. You're good, boy."

Anthony looked at the configurations on the table, mapping five or six shots ahead, but almost immediately the configurations became the plan of Ortega's ranch, back then, the summer after their junior year when the money had been free and the parents could have cared less and they both decided to go to Argentina. The summer of love in the grass, the sweat that picked up the odor in the grass and made the love linger even after they came back. One summer and then seven years.

He stroked again, played two. Maurice scowled. The kid was still as good as he had always been. But he had heat in his eyes and Maurice had never liked such eyes.

Anthony stooped again. The seven ball was his shot. Seven. Seven years they had not seen each other. Returned from Ortega's, her parents took her and left for Australia. That was the location for the new series of wells; that was the location of the money that was first black and then green. They took her. Jackson would have killed her if she had refused to go. Oh, they took her and seven years had turned the

world to the ragged edges of the cosmos.

He shot the seven so hard Joey-boy jumped and Maurice ground his teeth in anger. Bank shot next, two cushions into the side pocket. Used to be one of his favorites. He missed it. Maurice's eyes gleamed as he chalked his cue stick.

As Maurice lowered himself gently over the table, Anthony stood cocked on the cue stick, seemingly calm but a tension rippling across his body that could not be missed. His eyes were riveted on the felt; his heart beating toward the Pampas and the summer.

"Oh, Tony, such a wonderful summer. O God, Tony, how I love you. I'll miss you."

"It's only two weeks, Alethia; then we'll see each other at school. Just two weeks."

Just two weeks was all, but in those two weeks the green grass turned to the redness of her eyes as Jackson made the final decision to go and go soon. A quarter of a million dollars a year salary and seven years of Anthony's life as a bonus.

He had never been able to understand what power he had to make her go unless it was the fact that Jackson had adopted her. Many nights Anthony had lain in semi-drunkenness beside the latest slut and cursed Jackson for the guilt he must have made Alethia feel; guilt eating at her goodness and rending her heart in two. She could not betray what he had given and he had given much. How he must have made her know his sacrifice.

Maurice had played six balls now; he was hot. He had always been hot to beat Anthony. Since the first time they had played not long after Anthony dropped out of the university, he had always been hot to beat him. Seven years, from coast to coast, they had followed each other: Maurice flying his jet; Anthony, thumbing. Or so it had seemed. They had not really followed each other, but they had always found each other. And then there were tables, liquor, and women. Always.

Maurice finished the rack and Joey-boy set them up again. Maurice lowered for his break shot; Anthony shifted his weight to his left foot. The tension eddied across his face.

Four years now since Anthony had arrived in the small northern California town. Four years. He had taken the job offered in the Los Angeles paper as a last chance at quitting the table and the liquor. At twenty-eight, he figured he must try at least once more; she would have liked that. He had been there about a month when the park land was put up for sale, And when Maurice came to claim it by some mysterious right. Most of Maurice's money was made south of the town, so why not base himself here in seclusion and quiet while his people worked Frisco, Los Angeles, Santa Cruz and all the others. Anthony remembered how the town had hummed about the man who had bought the land. And when the foundation for the house was being poured, Anthony, like everyone else, had gone to watch. That was when he

and Maurice spied each other and stood silently apart, each of them thinking his own thoughts about fate.

"Your shot, Anthony; I missed."

Anthony stared at Maurice, his eyes penetrating to some image carved in the mahogany by the blade of his memory. He jerked once like a toy soldier and then turned to the table. Out, out, he had to drive them out—the images; to castrate the memory and make impotent the images. He leaned over the table and began to shoot with cold accuracy. Ball after ball falling and falling. Out, out, castrate the memory. Soon the rack was finished; eleven perfect shots, but the memory was still virile, and it flexed during the time Joey-boy racked the next one.

He remembered looking up from the table that day, the day after the big game at Maurice's when he beat four men in a set of nine ball. There she was; eyes staring wet in rising California heat. She had just stood—as if for hours—and he, too: looking at each other, loving away in moments with their eyes the scars of seven years. She had found him.

"Oh, Tony, I've looked and looked—oh, Tony, hold me, please tightly, oh God, for three years I've followed trace after trace, but you never stayed long enough; I never knew where to begin in each new place; oh, Tony, oh, Tony, darling, I've found you."

They had talked, hour after hour: the heartache, the dissipation, the fear, the ignorance of seven years they spoke out of their hearts and minds and she held him and caressed him and promised him that she would never leave again. She promised him her love, her body, her existence. She would build another "play" room, and they would play and they would forget.

"Hey, Anthony, if you gonna shoot, shoot!"

"Huh, oh, okay. Sure, Maurice."

Anthony leaned over the table. He was nine points ahead now, winning, as he had always done. The muscles of his memory still flexed; the images rolled through his mind. They seemed the opposite of Maurice's paintings—expensive paintings, hung as outward symbols of Maurice's success, an abstraction. The images in Anthony's mind, however, were concrete, heavy and hard, seeming more real than Anthony himself.

Again, though, he tried to crack and break the concrete. Over and over to himself, he repeated what that Russian had once said: castrate the memory and make impotent the images. But as Anthony leaned over the table and lined down the cue stick, his mind's eye locked on the cue ball. Across its white surface he could see a portrait of Alethia, red hair and pink flesh melting into the green of the table that was the Pampas he could not force out of his memory.

She had found him and together they had left the tables and the liquor. He had gone to Berkeley a few months after she had returned and in a year and a half, he had received his Masters degree. They re-

turned then to Northern California where he taught while working on the Doctorate. Together, they had brought him back to the world of the living. Then, that Christmas Eve he took her to the hospital; she had become extremely ill after two weeks of feeling very bad. The day after Christmas they told him about the malignancy.

His face drawn like a snare drum's skin, he forced himself to see the white ball as a ball and he hit it. Played two. He forced himself now to play and play hard. Maurice shot a few times during the next twenty minutes, but Anthony controlled with a tenacity that shook Maurice to his soles.

It was the last rack. Maurice was shooting, Anthony's memory again flexed and he remembered the day in late January, three weeks ago now. In the late afternoon, with a strong coastal wind howling against the vents of his suit, he watched them bury her. She was dead. For three weeks, he had eaten that word during every waking moment.

As he stood cocked on the cue stick, he could not stop his mind from asking why she had died and broken her promise. For the pieces of the "play" room lay beneath the earth, stacked against the silk of that bed in which he could never sleep. So he had come back this evening to the other "play" room and now it was his shot again.

As Maurice moved back from the table, Anthony stepped up. The cue ball was rolling toward him very slowly, and again he saw her face on the ball. As it rolled across the table, he seemed to see her again, riding up the rolling green of the Pampas, and the summer long ago when he sat atop the Roan and watched her gallop toward him—the summer, the grass, the horses, the love-making, her, all of her, flooded his eyes and he could hardly focus on the cue ball now slowing down.

She was gone. The "play" room in the coffin. The just begun dissertation untouched for two months. Maurice and the table and the liquor. All swimming in his head, he fought to forget, but he could not. There she was, in the whiteness of the ball before him. He had to forget but he could not. Maurice was poking him. He had to shoot but he could not. He had to forget; he had to shoot; she was dead, broken promise, broken "play" room, had to shoot, had to forget, the ball before him. Her face, her face in the whiteness on the table green; his face afire and his hair aflame at the root. He had to shoot; he had to forget.

The cue stick struck and the ball careened down the table, missing everything. Scratch. Maurice muttered an oath. Joey-boy stared at both of them, unable to comprehend. Maurice shouted.

"Mark it off, Joey-boy!"

"Don't bother, Joey-boy. I'm leaving."

"Leaving!!!"

"Yeah, Maurice, it's over."





**By Nancy Andrews**

## **While Playing Golf, an Ordinary American Steps**

Driving out to the range in his golf cart and tee shirt, Felix First (president of Swift Construction, a corporation designed solely for the purpose of building shopping centers in the middle of the night, right out of nothing, all across the face of America) and his wife, Margaret, argue over TV dinners. Forgetful, mind you, Felix left his favorite club named Betsy jammed into the toilet just above the plumber's head.

"Quiet, you old woman," mumbled Margaret to her husband as she wolfed three meatloaf sandwiches. "You've never had a lay so you don't know what it's like. You can't call me a conquest, you silly bitch." Sloshing her beer in the air, "Here's to the spit in your eye, Mack."

Joggling, now, over cultivated bumps, her meaty arms steered the cart between trees straight into and above clouds he saw what he saw, nothing more.

While Margaret kept guard out front, Felix stood beneath a pine, gaping up its trunk into the sun. His mind filled itself with images of grass, sun, golf balls, clubs, office, all black and white. Words were beyond him but his heart thudded dutifully for the sake of living. Wallowing in the lushness of grass a hundred feet high, he smiled and fantasized sunlight shattering from Margaret's hair.

"Goddamn glorious day, Felix," she bellowed from around the tree. "Makes you want to fill your lungs and beat your chest, eh, my man?"

Bursting from nothing into a tiny something, popcorn-like, came the dark-faced dwarf, eyes clouded and weighed by secret knowledge. He presented himself to Felix and played with the hair



on his toes. Both cocked their heads at each other, solemnly awestruck. He seated the elfman on his hands, brought him to his face and kissed him. Forest shifted, dimensions crumbled. Felix watched the world melt and drip away, cozing between his toes, unveiling the clear-plastic videotape beneath it all. Colors mixed, brown; the tape rolled to create another world, crimson and yellow.

Fire spewed forward to dance about his head; bushes burned; arks sank; women turned to salt by the score. Earth disintegrated beneath his feet, but he remained strapped to a principle, stationed solidly in space. He weakened from hunger, became skinny, lost consciousness, slipped through the bonds, bulleted through space at a thousand miles an hour, spinning, falling back into the churning colors forgotten by his principle.

They were all there, dripping, moving—perpetual change. He knew this to be the perceived world, appearance, once called reality. God spoke in his mind, saying, “The hills are shadows.”

Swimming through the illusionary colors of appearance, he slid naked onto the clear-plastic tape. It was without shine, without splendor and, falling on his mind’s knee, he beheld it as Brahman—I am existence itself, consciousness itself.

Salty metallic light shafts focused from the dome in all the clearness of God’s glory—he became a player in ten thousand fantasies which held him victor.

And there was peace on earth, tall pines, mountain sunlight for beauty. Clouds roamed the

## behind a Tree to Take a Leak and Finds a Vision

sky, questioning its expanse, blown by the breath of gods. With some authority, one formed itself into a hand and called itself Truth. It pointed to Felix, standing far below, under a pine—

Work is the song of a flute. Then only is living. Believe there is no measure for men, only that they live. By living all men are heir to all things.

Return hate with understanding and tolerance. Peace within the heart is a state of being unshaken by wrongness.

Be one with all around you.

The mystic god came to him within a broken, stubbled body, asking, “How does the nature of harmony sing?” Silence answered with nothing, the full and complete answer. It listened to all and mingled with all around it, at one with the cosmos, yet a part to itself, its essence revealed. The god was silence. Mu. And Mu.

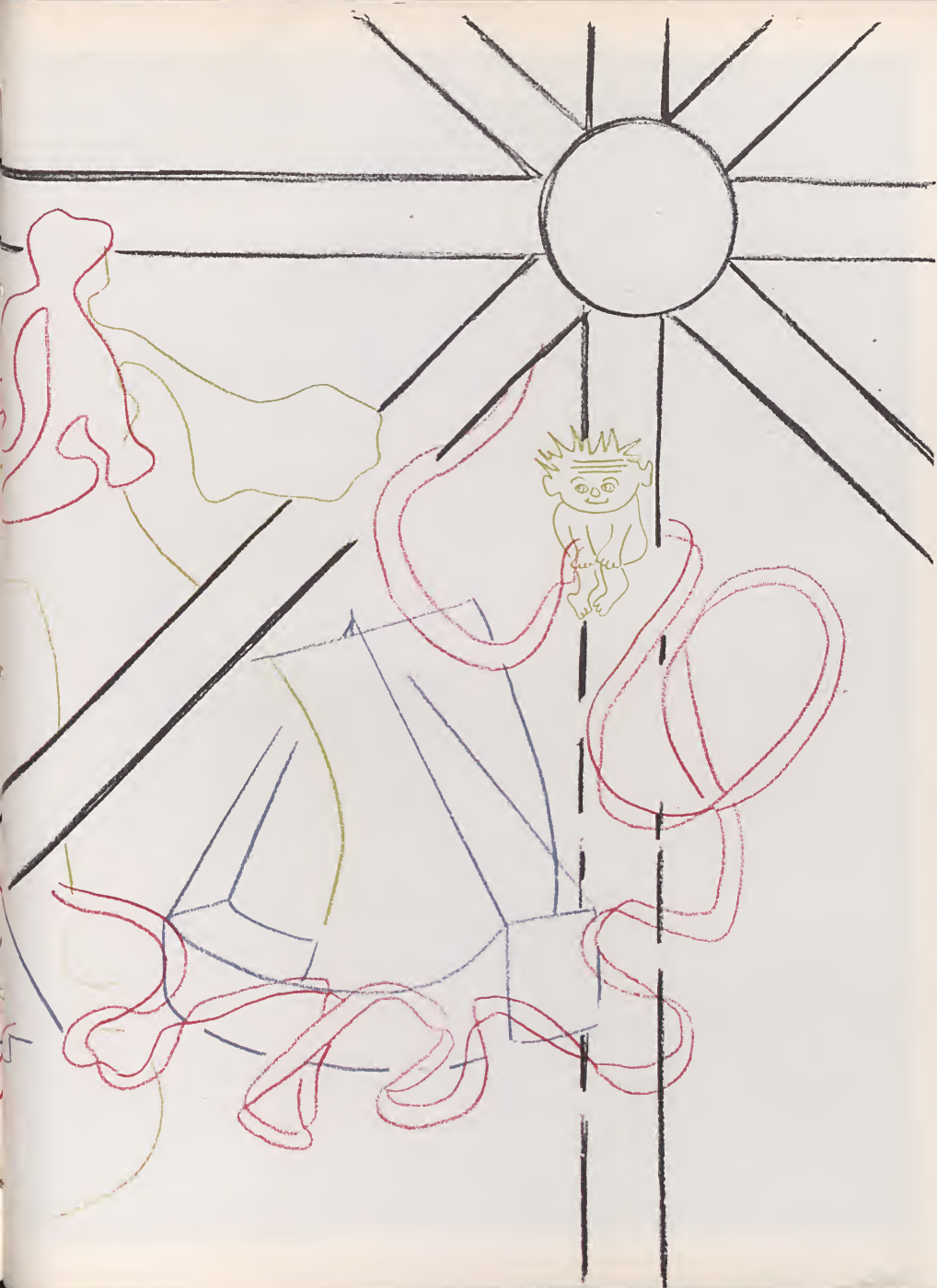
A cannonball caught Felix full in the chest—awareness. God, Truth had hold of his soul, gave fire to his heart, spread till his body burst into flames and burned itself into a charred mass.

“Jesus Christ! Will you hurry up behind that tree? I mean, for God’s sake, you *can* zip up your own pants.” She peered around the tree at him, angry to have been kept so. “Well, come on, Felix. Don’t just stand there. Get into the golf cart and open me another beer.”

They drove off into the clouds or something.







Men all alone, completely alone with horrible monstrosities, will run through the streets, pass heavily in front of me, their eyes staring, fleeing their ills yet carrying them with them, open-mouthed, with their insect-tongue flapping its wings.

(Sartre, "Nausea")

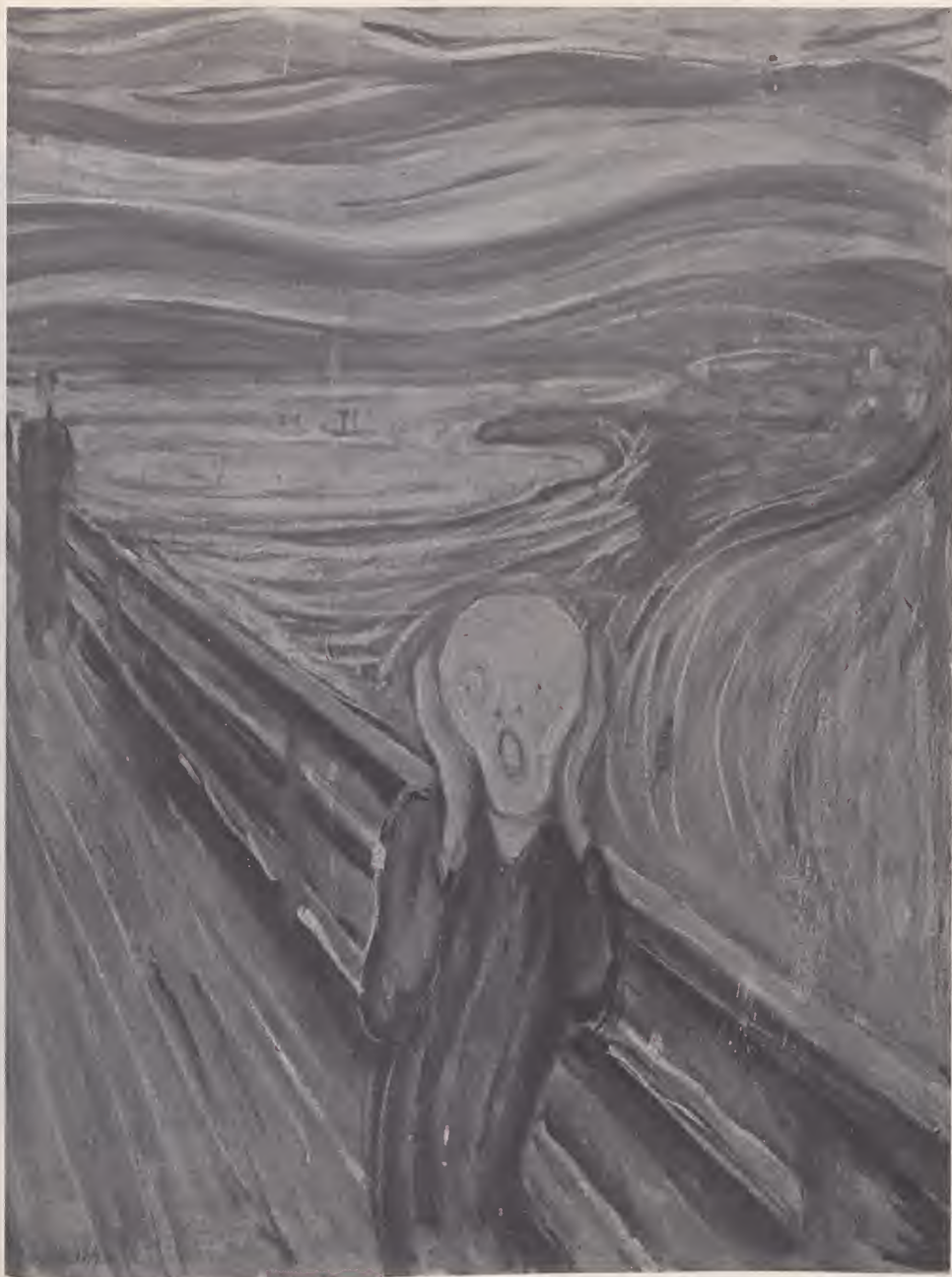
You must say words, as long as there are any, until they find me, until they say me, strange pain, strange sin . . . Perhaps they have said me already, perhaps they have carried me to the threshold of my story . . . Where I am, I don't know, I'll never know, in the silence you don't know you must go on, I can't go on, I'll go on.

(Beckett, "Beginning to End")

You never had time to learn. They threw you in and told you the rules and the first time they caught you off base they killed you.

(Hemingway, "A Farewell to Arms")





# The Answer

Love  
Suicide  
Honesty  
Individualism  
 $E=MC^2$   
The Dollar  
Freedom  
John F. Kennedy  
Come Together  
The intellect  
You are your brother's keeper  
Encounter  
Dialectic  
True Grit  
Jahweh  
Justice  
Music  
Abraham Lincoln  
Creation  
Sleep  
Adolf Hitler  
de Sade  
Do a good deed daily  
Acid  
America  
Martin Luther King  
Eat, drink, and be merry  
Be yourself  
Jesus Christ  
God is dead  
Buddha  
May the best man win  
Be kind  
Lenin  
Fate  
Liberty, equality, fraternity  
Socrates  
Do unto others as you would have them do unto you  
Revolt  
Kierkegaard  
Don Quixote  
Be useful  
Truth  
One for all and all for one  
Sisyphus  
Sex  
Buffalo Bill







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